

SEVERAL
P O E M S

Compiled with great variety of Wit and
Learning, full of Delight,
Wherein especially is contained a compleat
Discourse, and Description of

The Four

{ ELEMENTS
CONSTITUTIONS,
AGES of Man,
SEASONS of the Year

Together with an exact Epitome of
the three first *Monarchyes*

Viz. The

{ *ASSYRIAN,*
PERSIAN,
GRECIAN.

*And beginning of the Romane Common-wealth
to the end of their last King :*

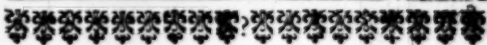
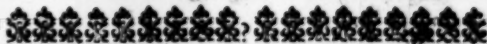
With diverse other pleasant & serious *Poems,*

By a Gentlewoman in *New-England.*

*The second Edition, Corrected by the Author,
and enlarged by an Addition of several other
Poems found amongst her Papers
after her Death.*

Boston, Printed by John Foster, 1678.





Kind Reader :

HAd I opportunity but to borrow some of the Authors wit, 'tis possible I might so trim this curious work with such quaint expressions, as that the Preface might bespeak thy further Perusal ; but I fear 'twill be a shame for a Man that can speak so little, To be seen in the title-page of this Womans Book, Iest by comparing the one with the other, the Reader should pass his sentence that it is the gift of him : n not only to speak most but to speak best ; I leave therefore to commend that, which with an ingenious Reader will too much commend the Author, unless men turn more peevish then women, to envy the excellency of the inferiour Sex. I doubt not but the Reader will quickly find more then I can say, and the worst effect of his reading will be unbelief, which will make him question whether it be a womans work, and aske, Is it possible ? If any do, take this as an answer from him that dares avow it ; It is the Work of a Woman, honoured, and esteemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her Family

To the Reader.

occasions, and more then so, these Poems are the fruit but of some few houres, curtailed from her sleep and other refreshments. I dare adde little lest I keep thee too long; if thou wilt not believe the worth of these things (in their kind) when a man sayes it, yet believe it from a woman when thou seest it. This only I shall annex, I fear the displeasure of no person in the publishing of these Poems but the Author, without whose knowledg, and contrary to her expectation, I have presumed to bring to publick view, what she resolved in such a manner should never see the Sun; but I found that diverse had gotten some scattered Papers, affected them well, were likely to have sent forth broken pieces, to the Authors prejudice, which I thought to prevent, as well as to pleasure those that earnestly desired the view of the whole.



M*ercury* shew'd *Apollo*, *Bartas* Book,
Minerva this and wisht him well to look,
And tell uprightly, which did which excell,
He view'd and view'd, and vow'd he could not tel.
They bid him Hemispher his mouldy nose,
With's crackt leering glasses, for it would pose
The best brains he had in's old pudding-pan,
Sex weigh'd, which best the Woman, or the Man?
He peer'd, and por'd, & glar'd, & said for wore,
I'me even as wise now, as I was before:
They both 'gan laugh, and said, it was no mar'l
The Auth'res was a right *Du Bartas* Girle.
Good sooth quoth the old *Don*, tell ye me so,
I muse whither at length these Girls will go;
It half revives my chil frost-bitten blood,
To see a Woman once, do ought that's good;
And chode by *Chaucers* Boots, and *Homers* Furrs,
Let Men look to't, least Women wear the Spurs:

N. Ward.

*To my dear Sister, the Author of
these Poems.*

THough most that know me, dare (I think) at-
tend ne're was born to do a Poet harm, (firm
Yet when I read your pleasant witty strains,
It wrought so strongly on my addle brains ;
That though my verse be not so finely spun,
And so (like yours) cannot so neatly run,
Yet am I willing, with upright intent,
To shew my love without a complement.
There needs no painting to that lovely face,
That in its native beauty hath such grace ;
What I (poor silly I) prefix therefore,
Can but do this, make yours admir'd the more ;
And if but only this, I do attain
Content, that my disgrace may be your gain.
If women, I with women may compare,
Your works are solid, others weak as Air ;
Some Books of Women I have heard of late,
Perused some, so witless, intricate,
So void of sense, and truth, as if to erre
Were only wisht (acting above their sphere)
And all to get, what (silly Souls) they lack,
Esteem to be the wisest of the pack ;

Though

Though (for your sake) to some this be permitted,
To print. yet wish I many better witted;
Their vanity make this to be enquired,
If Women are with wit and sence inspired:
Yet when your Works shall come to publick view,
'Twill be affirm'd, 'twill be confirm'd by you:
And I, when seriously I had revolved
What you had done I presently resolved,
Theirs was the Persons, not the Sexes failing,
And therefore did be-speak a modest vailing.
You have acutely in *Eliza's* ditty,
Acquitted Women, else I might with pitty,
Have wisht them all to womens Works to look,
And never more to meddle with their book.
What you have done, the Sun shall witness bear,
That for a woman's Work 'tis very rare;
And if the Nine, vouchsafe the Tenth a place,
I think they rightly may yield you that grace.

But least I should exceed, and too much love,
Should too too much endear'd affection move,
To super-adde in praifes, I shall cease,
Least while I please my self I should displease
The longing Reader, who may chance complain,
And so requite my love with deep disdain;
That I your silly Servant, stand i'th' Porch,
Lighting your Sun-light, with my blinking Torch;
Hindring his minds content, his sweet repose,
Which your delightful Poems do disclose.
When once the Caskets op'ned, yet to you
Let this be added, then I'll bid adieu,

If you shall think, it will be to your shame
To be in print, then I must bear the blame :
If't be a fault, 'tis mine, 'tis shame that might
Deny so fair an Infant of its right,
To look abroad ; I know your modest mind,
How you will blush, complain, 'tis too unkind :
To force a womans birth, provoke her pain,
Expose her labours to the Worlds disdain .
I know you I say, you do despise that mint,
That stampt you thus, to be a fool in print.
'Tis true it doth not now so nearly stand,
As if 'twere polliht with your own sweet hand ;
'Tis not so richly deckt, so trimly tir'd,
Yet it is such as justly is admir'd.
If it be folly, 'tis of both, or neither,
Both you and I, we'l both be fools together ;
And he that sayes, 'tis foolish, (on my word
May sway) by my consent shall make the third,
I dare out-face the worlds disdain for both,
If you alone profess you are not wroth ;
Yet if you are, a Womans wrath is little,
When thousands else admire you in each Tittle.



*Upon the Author; by
a known Friend.*

NOW I believe Tradition, which doth call
The Muses, Virtues, Graces, Females all;
Only they are not nine, eleven nor three;
Our Anth'riss proves them but one unity.
Mankind take up some blusbes in the score;
Monopolize perfection no more;
In your own Arts, confess your selves out-done,
The Moon hath totally eclips'd the Sun
Not with her sable Mantle muffling him,
But her bright silver makes his gold look dim:
Just as his beams force our pair lamps to wink,
And earthly Fires, within their ashes shrink,

B.W.

*I cannot wonder at Apollo now,
That he with Female Laurel crown'd his brow,
That made him witty: had I leave to chuse,
My Verse should be a page unto your Muse*

C. B.

In praise of the Author, Mistris *Anne Bradstreet*
Virtues true and lively Pattern, Wife of the
Worshipfull *Simon Bradstreet* Esq;

*'At present residing in the Occidental parts of the
World in America, Alias*

N O V - A N G L I A.

VV Hat golden splendent *STAR* is this
bright,

One thousand Miles twice told, both day and night,
(From th' Orient first sprung) now from the West
That shines; swift-winged Phœbus, and the rest
Of all Jove's fiery flames surmounting far
As doth each Planet, every falling Star;
By whose divine and lucid light most clear
Natures dark secret mysteries appear;
Heavens, Earths, admired wonders, noble acts
Of Kings and Princes most heroick facts,
And what e're else in darkness seem'd to dye,
Revives all things so obvious now to th' eye,
That he who these its glittering rays views o're,
Shall see what's done in all the world before.

N. H.

Upon

adstreet,
the

Upon the Author.

of the

TWere extream folly should I dare attempt,
To praise this Authors worth with comple-
ment;

this fo

None but her self must dare commend her parts,
Whose sublime brain's the Synopsis of Arts :
Nature and skill. here both in one agree,
To frame this Master-piece of Poetry :
False Fanie. belye their Sex no more, it can
Surpass, or parallel, the best of Man.

ight,
west
st

C. B.]

Another to Mrs. *Anne Bradstreet*,
Author of this Poem.

I've read your Poem (Lady) and admire,
Your Sex to such a pitch should e're aspire;
Go on to write, continue to relate,
New Historyes, of Monarchy and State :
And what the *Romans* to their Poets gave,
Be sure such honour, and esteem you'll have.

H. S.]

An Anagram.

N. H.] *Anna Bradstreet* Deer neat *An Bartas*.

So *Bartas* like thy fine spun Poems been,
That *Bartas* name will prove an Epicene.

Upon

Another.

Anne Bradstreet Artes bred neat *An*.

Upon



U P O N

Mrs. Anne Bradstreet

Her Poems; &c.

MADAM, twice through the Muses Grove
I walkt,

Under your blisfull bowres, I shrowding there,
It seem'd with Nymphs of *Melicon* I talkt.
For there those sweet-lip'd Sisters sporting were,
Apollo with his sacred Lute sate by,
On high they made their heavenly Sonnets flye,
Posies around they strow'd, of sweetest Poetrie.

Twice have I drunk the Nectar of your lines,
Which high sublim'd my mean born phantasie.
Flusht with these streams of your *Maronian* wines
Above my self rapt to an extasie :
Methought I was upon mount *Hibla* top,
There where I might those fragrant flowers lop,
Whence did sweet odors flow, and honey spangles
(drop.

To *Venus* shrine no Altars raised are,
Nor venom'd shafts from painted quiver fly,
Nor wanton Doves of *Aphrodites* Carr,
Or fluttering there, nor here forlornly lie,
Lorne Paramours, not chatting birds tell news
How sage *Apollo*, *Daphne* hot pursues,
Or stately *Jove* himself is wont to haunt the stews.
Nor

4
Nor barking Satyrs breath, nor driery clouds
Exhal'd from *Stryx*, their dismal drops distil
Within these *Fairy*, flowry fields, nor shrouds
The screeching night Raven, with his shady quill:
But Lyrick strings here *Orpheus* nimbly hits,
Orion on his saddled Dolphin sits,
Chanting as every humour, age & season fits.

5
Here silver swans, with Nightingales set spells,
Which sweetly charm the Traveller, and raise
Earths earthed Monarchs, from their hidden Cells;
And to appearance summons lapsed dayes,
There heav'nly air, becalms the swelling frayes,
And fury fell of Elements allayes.
By paying every one due tribute of his praise.

6
This seem'd the Scite of all those verdant vales,
And purled springs, whereat the Nymphs do play,
With lofty hills, where Poets rear their tales,
To heavenly vaults, which heav'nly sound repay
By ecchoes sweet rebound, here Ladyes kiss,
Circling nor songs, nor dances circle mits;
But whilst those Syrens sung, I sunk in sea of bliss.

7
Thus weltring in delight. my virgin mind
Admits a rape; truth still lyes undiscr'e,
Its singular, that plural seem'd, I find,
Twas Fancies glass alone that multipli'd;
Nature with Art. so closely did combine,
I thought I saw the Muses trebble trine, (nine.
Which prov'd your lonely Muse, superiour to the
Your

8

Your only hand those Poesies did compose,
Your head the source, whence all those springs
did flow,
Your voice, whence changes sweetest notes arose,
Your feet that kept the dance alone, I trow:
Then vail your bonnets, Poetasters all,
Strike, lower amain. and at these humbly fall,
And deem your selves advanc'd to be her Pedestal.

9

Should all with lowly Congies Laurels bring,
Waste *Flowers* Magazine to find a wreath;
Or *Pineus* Banks 'twere too mean offering,
Your Muse a fairer Garland doth bequeath
To guard your fairer front; here 'tis your name
Shall stand immarbled; this your little frame
Shall great *Colossus* be, to your eternal fame.

I'll please my self, though I my self disgrace,
What errors here be found, are in *Errata's* place.

J. Rogers.

To



To her most Honoured Fa-
ther *Thomas Dudley Esq;*
these humbly presented.

Dear Sir of late delighted with *T. D. On*
the sight *the four*
Of your four Sisters cloth'd in black *parts of*
and white, *the world.*

Of fairer Dames the Sun, ne'r saw the face;
Though made a pedestal for *Adams Race*;
Their worth so shines in those rich lines you
Their paralels to finde I scarcely know (show
To climbe their Climes, I have nor strength nor
To mount so high requires an Eagles quill; (skill
Yet view thereof did cause my thoughts to soar,
My lowly pen might wait upon those four
I bring my four times four, now meanly clad
To do their homage, unto yours, full glad:
Who for their Age, their worth and quality
Might seem of yours to claim precedency:
But by my humble hand, thus rudely pen'd
They are, your bounden handmaids to attend

These same are they from whom we being have
 These are of all, the Life the Nürse, the Grave,
 These are the hot, the cold, the moist, the dry,
 That sink, that swim, that fill, that upwards fly,
 Of these consists our bodies, Cloathes and Food,
 The World, the useful hurtful, and the good,
 Sweet harmony they keep, yet jar oft times
 Their discord doth appear, by these har h rimes
 Yours did contest for wealth, for Arts for Age,
 My first do shew their good, and then their rage.
 My other foures do intermixed tell
 Each others faults, and where themselves excell,
 How hot and dry contend with moist and cold,
 How Air and Earth no correspondence hold,
 And yet in equal tempers, how they 'gree
 How divers natures make one Unity
 Something of all (though mean) I did intend
 But fear'd you'd judge *De Baviar* was my friend
 I honour him, but dare not wear his wealth
 My goods are true (though poor) I love no
 But if I did I durst not send them you (stealth
 Who must reward a Thief, but with his due.
 I shall not need, mine innocence to clear
 These ragged lines, will do't, when they appear :
 On what they are, your mild aspect I crave
 Accept my best, my worst vouchsafe a Grave.

From her that to your self, more duty owes
 Then water in the boundless Ocean flows.

March 20. 1642.

ANNE BRADSTREET.

THE
PROLOGUE.

1.
TO sing of Wars, of Captains, and of Kings,
Of Cities founded, Common-wealths begun,
For my mean pen are too superiour things :
Or how they all, or each their dates have run
Let Poets and Historians set these forth,
My obscure Lines shall not so dim their worth.

2.
But when my wondring eyes and envious heart
Great *Bartas* sugar'd lines, do but read o're
Fool I do grudge the Muses did not part
'Twixt him and me that overfluent store,
A *Bartas* can, do what a *Bartas* will
But simple I according to my skill.

3.
From school-boyes tongue no rhet'rick we expect
Nor yet a sweet Consort from broken strings,
Nor perfect beauty, where's a main defect :
My foolish, broken blemish'd Muse so sings
And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,
'Cause nature, made it so irreparable.

4.
Nor can I, like that fluent sweet tongu'd Greek,
Who lisp'd at first, in future times speak plain
By Art he gladly found what he did seek
A full requital of his, striving pain

Art can do much, but this maxime's most sure
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

5.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits,
A Poets pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on Female wits :
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,
They'll say it's stoln, or else it was by chance.

6.

But sure the Antique Greeks were far more mild
Else of our Sexe, why feigned they those Nine
And poesy made, *Calliope's* own Child;
So 'mongst the rest they placed the Arts Divine :
But this weak knot, they will full soon untie,
The Greeks did nought, but play the fools & lye.

7.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are
Men have precedency and still excell,
It is but vain unjustly to wage warre;
Men can do best, and women know it well
Preheminence in all and each is yours;
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

8.

And oh ye high flown quills that soar the Skies,
And ever with your prey still catch your praise,
We're you daigne these lowly lines your eyes
Give Thyme or Parsley wreath I ask no bayer,
This mean and unrefined ure of mine
Will make you glistering gold, but more to shine:
The



The
Four Elements

THe Fire, Air, Earth and water did
contest
Which was the strongest, noblest and
the best,

Who was of greatest use and might'est force ;
In placide Terms they thought now to discourse,
That in due order each her turn should speak ;
But enmity this amity did break
All would be chief, and all scorn'd to be under
whence issu'd winds & rains, lightning & thunder
The quaking earth did groan, the Sky lookt black
The Fire, the forced Air, in sunder crack;
The sea did threat the heav'n's, the heav'n's the
All looked like a Chaos or new birth : (earth
Fire broyled Earth, & scorched Earth it choked
Both by their darings, water so provoked
That roaring in it came, and with its force
Soon made the Combatants abate their force
The rumbling hissing, puffing was so great
The worlds confusion, it did seem to threat
Till gentle Air, Contention so abated
That betwixt hot and cold, she arbitrated
The others difference, being less did cease
All storms now laid, and they in perfect peace

A a

That

That Fire should first begin, the rest consent,
The noblest and most active Element.

Fire.

What is my worth & both ye & all men know,
In little time I can but little show.
But what I am, let learned Grecians say,
What I can do well skil'd Mechanicks may:
The benefit all living by me find,
All sorts of Artists here declare your mind.
What tool was ever fram'd, but by my might?
Ye Martilists, what weapons for your fight,
To try your valour by, but it must feel
My force? your sword, & Gun, your Lance of steel
Your Cannon's bootless and your powder too
Without mine aid, (alas) what can they do:
The adverse walls not shak'd, the Mines not blown
And in despite the City keeps her own;
But I with one Granado or Petard,
Set ope those gates, that'fore so strong were bar'd
Ye Husband-men, your Coulter's made by me
Your Hoes your Mattocks, & what e're you see
Subdue the Earth, and fit it for your Grain
That so it might in time requite your pain:
Though strong limb'd Vulcan forg'd it by his
I made it flexible unto his will; (skil
Ye Cooks, your Kitchen implements I frame
Your Spits, Pots, Jacks, what else I need not name
You

Your dayly food I wholesome make, I warm
 Your shrinking Limbs, which winter's cold doth
 Ye *Paracelsus* too in vain's your skill (harm.
 In Chymistry, unless I help you Still.
 And you Philosopher, if e're you made
 A transmutation it was through mine aid.
 Ye silver Smiths your Ure I do refine
 What mingled lay with Earth I cause to shine;
 But let me leave these things, my flame aspires
 To match on high with the Celestial fires:
 The Sun an Orb of fire was held of old,
 Our Sages new another tale have told:
 But be he what they will, yet his aspect
 A burning fiery heat we find reflect,
 And of the self same nature is with mine
 Cold sister Earth, no witness needs but thine:
 How doth his warmth, refresh thy frozen back
 And trim thee brave, in green, after thy black:
 Both man and beast rejoyce at his approach,
 And birds do sing, to see his glittering Coach
 And though nought, but *Salmanders* live in fire
 And fly *Pyrausta* call'd, all else expire,
 Yet men and beast Astronomers will tell
 Fixed in heavenly Constellations dwell,
 My Planets of both Sexes whose degree
 Poor Heathen judg'd worthy a Dicty:
 There's *Orion* arm'd attended by his dog;
 The *Theban* stout *Alcides* with his Club,
 The valiant *Perseus*, who *Medusa* slew,
 The horse that kil'd *Belerophon*, then flew.

My Crab, my Scorpion, fishes you may see
 The Maid with ballance, wain with hories three,
 The Ram, the Bull, the Lion, and the Beagle,
 The Bear, the Goat, the Raven, and the Eagle,
 The Crown the Whale, the Archer, Bernice Hare
 The Hydra, Dolphin, Boys that water bear,
 Nay more, then these, Rivers 'mongst stars are
Eridanus, where *Phaeton* was drown'd. (found
 Their magnitude, and height, should I recount
 My story to a volume would amount,
 Out of a multitude these few I touch,
 Your wisdom out of little gather much.
 I'll here let pass, my choler, cause of wars
 and influence of divers of those stars
 When in Conjunction with the Sun do more
 Augment his heat, which was too hot before.
 The Summer ripening season I do claim
 And man from thirty unto fifty frame.
 Of old when Sacrifices were Divine,
 I of acceptance was the holy signe,
 'Mong all my wonders which I might recount,
 There's none more strange then *Etna's* Sulphry
 (mount
 The choaking flames, that from *Vesuvius* flew
 The over curious second *Pliny* flew,
 And with the Ashes that it sometimes shed
Apulia's 'jacent parts were covered.
 And though I be a servant to each man
 Yet by my force, master, my masters can.
 What famous Towns, to Cinders have I turn'd?
 What lasting sorts my kindled wrath hath burn'd?

The

Of the four Elements.

The stately Seats of mighty Kings by me
In confus'd heaps, of ashes may you see.
Wher's *Ninus* great wall'd Town, & *Troy* of old
Carthage, and hundred more in stories told
Which when they could not be o'recome by foes
The Army, through my help victorious role
And stately *Luxur*, (our great *Britain's* glory)
My raging flame did make a mournful story,
But maugre all, that I, or foes could do
That *Phoenix* from her Bed, is risen New.
Old sacred *Zion*, I demolish'd thee.
So great *Diana's* Temple was by me,
And more then brutish *Sodom*, for her lust
With neighbouring Towns, I did consume to dust
What shall I say of Lightning and of Thunder
Which Kings & mighty ones amaze with wonder,
Which made a *Caesar*, (*Romes*) the worlds proud
Foolish *Caligula* creep under's bed. (head,
Of *Meteors*, *ignis fatuus* and the rest,
But to leave those to th'wise, I judge it best.
The rich I oft make poor, the strong I maime,
Not sparing Life when I can take the same;
And in a word, the world I shall consume
And all therein, at that great day of Doom;
Not before then, shall cease, my raging ire,
And then because no matter more for fire
Now Sisters pray proceed. each in your Course
As I, impart your usefulness and force.

Earth

Earth.

The next in place Earth judg'd to be her due,
 Sister (quoth shee) I come not short of you,
 In wealth and use I do surpass you all,
 And mother earth of old men did me call:
 Such is my fruitfulness, an Epithite,
 Which none ere gave, or y^e u could claim of right
 Among my praises this I count not least,
 I am th'original of man and beast.
 To tell what sundry fruits my fat soil yields
 In Vineyards, Gardens, Orchards & Corn-fields,
 Their kinds, their tastes, their colors & their smells
 Would so pass time I could say nothing else:
 The rich, the poor, wise, fool, and every sort
 Of these so common things can make report.
 To tell you of my cuntryes and my Regions,
 x Soon would they pass not hundreds but legions:
 My cities famous, rich and populous,
 Whose numbers now are grown innumeros.
 I have not time to think of every part,
 Yet let me name my *Grecia*, 'tis my heart.
 For learning arms and arts I love it well,
 But chiefly 'cause the *Muses* there did dwell.
 Ile here skip ore my mountains reaching skyes,
 Whether *Pyrenean*, or the *Alpes*, both lyes
 On either side the country of the *Gaules*
 Strong forts, from *Spanish* and *Italian* brawles.

And

And huge great *Taurus* longer then the rest,
 Dividing great *Armenia* from the least,
 And *Hemus* whose steep sides none foot upon,
 But farewell all for dear mount *Helson*.
 And wondrous high *Oliapus*, of such fame,
 That heav'n it self was oft call'd by that name.
Parnassus sweet, I dote too much on thee,
 Unless thou prove a better friend to me :
 But Ile leap ore these hills, not touch a dale,
 Nor will I stay, no not in *Tempe* Vale,
 Ile here let go my Lions of *Nurecia*,
 My Panthers and my Leopards of *Ibia*,
 The Behemoth and rare found Unicorn,
 Poysons sure antidote lyes in his horn,
 And my *Hiena* (imitates mans voice)
 Out of great numbers I might pick my choice,
 Thousands in woods & plains, both wild & tame,
 But here or there, I list now none to name :
 No, though the sawning Dog did urge me sore,
 In his behalfto speak a word the more,
 Whose trust and valour I might here commend;
 But time's too short and precious so to spend.
 But hark you wealthy merchants, who for prize
 Send forth your well-man'd ships where sun doth
 rise,
 After three years when men and meat is spent,
 My rich Commodities pay double rent.
 Ye *Galenists*, my Drugs that come from thence,
 Do cure your Patients, fill your purse with peace;
 Besides the use of roots, of hearbs and plants,
 That with less cost near home supply your wants.
 But

But Mariners, where got you ships and Sails,
 And Oars to row, when both my Sisters fails ?
 Your Tackling, Anchor, compass too is mine,
 Which guides when sun nor moon nor stars do shine.
 Ye mighty Kings, who for your lasting fames
 Built Cities, Monuments, call'd by your names,
 Were those compiled heaps of massy stones
 That your ambition laid, ought but my bones ?
 Ye greedy misers, who do dig for gold
 For gems, for silver. Treasures which I hold,
 Will not my goodly face your rage suffice
 But you will see what in my bowels lyes ?
 And ye Artificers, all Trades and sorts
 My bounty calls you forth to make reports,
 If ought you have, to use, to wear, to eat,
 But what I freely yield upon your sweat ?
 And Cholerick Sister, thou for all thine ire
 Well knowst my fuel must maintain thy fire.
 As I ingenuously with thanks confess,
 My cold thy fruitfull heat doth crave no less :
 But how my cold dry temper works upon
 The melancholy Constitution;
 How the autumnal season I do sway,
 And how I force the grey-head to obey,
 I should here make a short, yet true Narration,
 But that thy method is mine imitation.
 Now must I shew mine adverse quality,
 And how I oft work mans mortality :
 He sometimes finds, maugre his toiling pain
 Thistles and thorns where he expected grain.

My

My sap to plants and trees I must not grant,
The vine, the olive, and the figtree want :
The Corn and Hay do fall before the're mown,
And buds from fruitfull trees as soon as blown;
Then dearth prevails, that nature to suffice
The Mother on her tender infant flies;
The husband knows no wife, nor father sons,
But to all outrages their hunger runs :
Dreadfull examples soon I might produce,
But to such Auditors 'twere of no use.
Again when Delves dare in hope of gold
To open those veins of *Mine*, audacious bold :
While they thus in mine entrails love to dive,
Before they know, they are inter'd alive.
Y'affrighted wights appal'd, how do ye shake,
When once you feel me your foundation quake?
Because in the Abbyss of my dark womb
Your cities and your selves I oft intomb :
O dreadfull Sepulcher ! that this is true
Dathan and all his company well knew,
So did that Roman, far more stout then wise,
Bur'ing himself alive for honour's prize.
And since fair *Italy* full sadly knowes
What she hath lost by these remed'less woes.
Again what veins of poyson in me lye,
Some kill outright, and some do stupifye :
Nay into herbs and plants it sometimes creeps,
In heats & colds & gripes & drowzy sleeps :
Thus I occasion death to man and beast
When food they seek, & harm mistrust the least.
My Much

Much might I say of the hot *Libian* sand
 Which rise like tumbling Billows on the Land
 Wherein *Cambyses* Armie was o'rethrown
 (but windy Sister, 'twas when you have blown)
 I'll say no more, but this thing add I must
 Remember Sons, your mould is of my dust
 And after death whether interr'd or burn'd
 As Earth at first so into Earth return'd.

Water.

Scarce Earth had done, but th'angry water mov'd
 Sister (quoth she) it had full well behov'd
 Among your boastings to have praised me
 Cause of your fruitfulness as you shall see:
 This your neglect shews your ingratitude
 And how your subtilty, would men delude
 Not one of us (all knows) that's like to thee
 Ever in craving, from the other three;
 But thou art bound to me, above the rest
 Who am thy drink, thy blood, thy sap and best:
 If I withhold what art thou? dead dry lump
 Thou bearst nor grass or plant nor tree, nor stump
 Thy extream thirst is moistned by my love
 With springs below, and showres from above
 Or else thy Sun-burnt face, and gaping chopp
 Complain to th' heavens, if I withhold my drops
 Thy Bear, thy Tyger, and thy Lion stout,
 When I am gone, their fiercenes none needs doubt
 Thy

Thy Camel hath no strength, thy Bull no force
Nor mettall's found, in the courageous Horſe
Hinds leave their calves, the Elephant, the Fens
The wolves and ſavage beaſts, forſake their Dens
The loſty Eagle, and the Stork fly low,
The Peacock and the Oſtrich, ſhare in woe,
The Pine, the Cedar, yea, and *Daphne's* Tree
Do ceaſe to flouriſh in this miſery.

Man wants his bread and wine, & pleaſant fruits
He knows, ſuch ſweets, lies not in Earths dry roots
Then ſeeks me out, in river and in well

His deadly malady I might expell:

If I ſupply, his heart and veins rejoyce,

If not, ſoon ends his life, as did his voyce;

That this is true, Earth thou canſt not deny

I call thine *Egypt*, this to verifie,

Which by my ſatting *Nile*, doth yield ſuch ſtore

That ſhe can ſpare, when nations round are poor

When I run low, and not o'reflow her brinks

To meet with want, each woful man be-thinks:

And ſuch I am, in Rivers, ſhowrs and ſprings

But what's the wealth, that my rich Ocean brings

Fiſhes ſo numberleſs, I there do hold

If thou ſhouldeſt buy, it would exhaust thy gold:

There lives the oyl'y Whale, whom all men know

Such wealth but not ſuch like, Earth thou maiſt

The Dolphin loving muſick, *Arians* friend (ſhow

The witty Barbel, whoſe craft doth her commend

With thouſands more, which now I liſt not name

Thy ſilence of thy Beaſts doth cauſe the ſame

My

My pearles that dangle at thy Darlings ears,
 Not thou, but shel-fish yield, as *Pliny* clears.
 Was ever gem so rich found in thy trunk,
 As *Egypt* wanton, *Cleopatra* drunk?
 Or hast thou any colour can come nigh
 The Roman purple double *Tirian* Dye?
 Which *Cæsars* Consuls, Tribunes all adorn,
 For it to search my waves they thought no scorn.
 Thy gallant rich perfuming Amber-greece
 I lightly cast ashore as frothy fleece:
 With rowling grains of purest massie gold,
 Which *Spains* *Americans* do gladly hold.
 Earth thou hast not moe countrys vales&mounds
 Then I have fountains, rivers lakes and ponds.
 My fundry seas, black, white and *Adriatique*,
Ionian, *Baltique* and the vast *Atlantique*,
Egean, *Cassian*, golden Rivers five,
Asphaltis lake where nought remains alive:
 But I should go beyond thee in my boasts,
 If I should name more seas then thou hast Coasts.
 And be thy mountains n'er so high and steep,
 I soon can match them with my seas as deep.
 To speak of kinds of waters I neglect,
 My diverse fountains and their strange effect:
 My wholsome bathes, together with their cures;
 My water Syrens with their guilefull lures.
 Th'uncertain cause of certain ebbs and flows,
 Which wondring *Aristotles* wit n'er knows.
 Nor will I speak of waters made by art,
 Which can to life restore a fainting heart.

Nor fruitfull dewes, nor drops distil'd from eyes,
Which pittie move, and oft deceive the wise;
Nor yet of salt and sugar, sweet and smart,
Both when we list to water we convert.
Alas thy ships and oars could do no good
Did they but want my Ocean and my flood,
The wary merchant on his weary beast
Transfers his goods from south to north and east,
Unless I ease his toil, and do transport
The wealthy freight unto his wished port:
These be my benefits, which may suffice:
I now must shew what ill there in me lies.
The flegmy Constitution I uphold,
All humors, tumors which are bred of cold:
O're childhood, and ore winter I bear sway;
And *Luna* for my Regent I obey.
As I with showers oft times refresh the earth,
So oft in my excess I cause a dearth,
And with abundant wet so cool the ground,
By adding cold to cold no fruit proves found.
The Farmer and the Grasier do complain
Of rotten sheep, lean kine, and mildew'd grain.
And with my wasting floods and roaring torrents,
Their cattel hay and corn I sweep down current.
Nay many times my Ocean breaks his bounds,
And with astonishment the world confounds,
And swallows Countreyes up, n'er seen again,
And that an island makes which once was Main:
Thus *Britain* sair (tis thought) was cut from *France*
Scicily from *Italy* by the like chance,

And but one land was *Africa* and *Spain*
 Untill proud *Gibraltar* did make them twain.
 Some say I swallow'd up (sure tis a notion)
 A mighty country in th' *Atlantique Ocean*.
 I need not say much of my hail and snow,
 My ice and extreame cold, which all men know,
 Whereof the first so ominous I rain'd,
 That *Israels* enemies therewith were brain'd:
 And of my chilling snows such plenty be.
 That *Caucasus* high mounts are seildome free.
 Mine ice doth glaze *Europes* great rivers o're,
 Till sun release, their ships can sail no more.
 All know that inundations I have made,
 Wherein not men, but mountains seem'd to wade,
 As when *Achaia*, all under water stood,
 That for two hundred years it n'er prov'd good.
Deucalions great Deluge with many moe,
 But these are trifles to the flood of *Noe*,
 Then wholly perish'd Earths ignoble race,
 And to this day impairs her beauteous face,
 That after times she never feel like woe,
 Her confirm'd sons behold my colour'd bow.
 Much might I say of wracks, but that Ile spare,
 And now give place unto our Sister *Air*,

Air.

Content (quoth Air) to speak the last of you,
Yet am not ignorant first was my due :
I do suppose you'l yield without controul
I am the breath of every living soul.
Mortals, what one of you that loves not me
Abundantly more then my Sisters three?
And though you love Fire, Earth and Water well
Yet Air beyond all these you know t'excell.
I ask the man condemn'd, that's neer his death,
How gladly should his gold purchase his breath;
And all the wealth that ever earth did give,
How freely should it go so he might live :
No earth, thy witching trash were all but vaine,
If my pure air thy soul did not sustain.
The famish'd thirsty man that craves supply,
His moving reason is, give least I dye,
So loth he is to go though nature's spent
To bid adieu to his dear Element.
Nay what are words which do reveal the mind;
Speak who or what they will they are but wind.
Your drums your trumpets & your organs sound;
What is't but forced air which doth rebound,
Air. And such are ecchoes and report of th' gun
That tells afar th'exploit which it hath done.
Your Songs and pleasant tunes they are the same,
And so's the notes which Nightingales do frame.

Ye forging Smiths, if bellows once were gone
 Your red hot work more coldly would go on.
 Ye Mariners, tis I that fill your sails
 And speed you to your port with wished gales.
 When burning heat doth cause you faint, I cool,
 And when I smile, your ocean's like a pool.
 I help to ripe the corn, I turn the mill,
 And with my self I every *Vacuum* fill
 The ruddy sweet sanguine is like to air,
 And youth and spring, Sages to me compare,
 My moist hot nature is so purely thin,
 No place so subtilly made, but I get in.
 I grow more pure and pure as I mount higher,
 And when I'm thoroughly rarifi'd turn fire :
 So when I am condens'd, I turn to water,
 Which may be done by holding down my vapour
 Thus I another body can assume,
 And in a trice my own nature resume.
 Some for this cause of late have been so bold
 Me for no Element longer to hold,
 Let such suspend their thoughts, and silent be,
 For all Philosophers make one of me :
 And what those Sages either spake or writ
 Is more authentick then our modern wit.
 Next of my fowles such multitudes there are,
 Earths beasts and waters fish scarce can compare.
 Th'Ostrich with her plumes, th'Eagle with her eye
 The Phœnix too (if any be) are mine,
 The stork, the crane, the partridg, and the pheasant
 The Thrush, the wren, the lark a prey to th' peasant
 With

With thousands more which now I may omit
 Without impeachment to my tale or wit.
 As my fresh air preserves all things in life,
 So when corrupt, mortality is rise :
 Then Fevers, Purples, Pox and Pestilence,
 With divers more work deadly consequence:
 Whereof such multitudes have di'd and fled,
 The living scarce had power to bury dead;
 Yea so contagious countryes have we known
 That birds have not 'scapt death as they have flown
 Of murrain, cattle numberless did fall,
 Men fear'd destruction epidemical.
 Then of my tempests felt at sea and land,
 Which neither ships nor houses could withstand,
 What wofull wracks I've made may well appear,
 If nought were known but that before *Algors*,
 Where famous *Charles the fifth* more loss sustained
 Then in his long hot war which *Millain* gain'd.
 Again what furious storms and Hurricanoes
 Know western Isles, as *Christophers, Barbadoes*,
 Where neither houses, trees nor plants I spare;
 But some fall down, and some fly up with air.
 Earthquakes so hurtfull, and so fear'd of all,
 Imprison'd I, am the original.
 Then what prodigious sights I sometimes show,
 As battles pitcht in th' air, as countryes know,
 Their joyning fighting, forcing and retreat,
 That earth appears in heaven, O wonder great !
 Sometimes red flaming swords and blazing stars,
 Portentous signs of famines, plagues and wars.

Which make the mighty Monarchs fear their fates
 By death or great mutation of their States.
 I have said less then did my Sisters three,
 But what's their wrath or force, the same's in me.
 To adde to all I've said was my intent,
 But dare not go beyond my Element.

Of the four Humours in Mans Constitution.

THe former four now ending their discourse,
 Ceasing to vaunt their good, or threat their
 Loother four step up, crave leave to show (force,
 The native qualities that from them flow:
 But first they wisely shew'd their high descent,
 Each eldest daughter to each Element.
 Choler was own'd by fire, and Blood by air,
 Earth knew her black swarth child, water her fair:
 All having made obeysance to each Mother,
 Had leave to speak, succeeding one the other:
 But 'mongst themselves they were at variance,
 Which of the-four should have predominance.
 Choler first hotly claim'd right by her mother,
 Who had precedency of all the other:
 But Sanguine did disdain what she requir'd,
 Bleeding her self was most of all desir'd.
 Proud Melancholy more envious then the rest,
 The second, third or last could not digest.

She

She was the silentest of all the four,
Her wisdom spake not much, but thought the more
Mild Flegme did not contest for chiefest place,
Only she crav'd to have a vacant space.
Well, thus they parle and chide; but to be brief,
Or will they, nill they, Choler will be chief.
They seeing her impetuosity
At present yielded to necessity.

Choler.

To shew my high descent and pedegree,
Your selves would judge but vain prolixity!
It is acknowledged from whence I came,
It shall suffice to shew you what I am,
My self and mother one, as you shall see,
But shee in greater, I in less degree.
We both once Masculines, the world doth know,
Now Feminines awhile, for love we owe
Unto your Sisterhood, which makes us render
Our noble selves in a less noble gender.
Though under Fire we comprehend a'l heat,
Yet man for Choler is the proper seat:
I in his heart erect my regal throne,
Where Monarch like I play and sway alone.
Yet many times unto my great disgrace
One of your selves are my Compeers in place,
Where if your rule prove once predominant,
The man proves boyish, sottish, ignorant:

But if you yield subservience unto me,
 I make a man, a man in th' high st degree :
 Be he a souldier, I more sence his heart
 Then iron Corset 'gainst a sword or dart.
 What makes him face his foe without appal,
 To storm a breach, or scale a city wall,
 In dangers to account himself more sure
 Then timerous Hares whom Castles do immure ?
 Have you not heard of worthyes, Demi-Gods ?
 Twixt them and others what is't makes the odds
 But valour? whence comes that? from none of you,
 Nay milkops at such brunts you look but blew.
 Here's sister ruddy, worth the other two,
 Who much will talk, but little dares she do,
 Unless to Court and claw, to dice and drink,
 And there she will out-bid us all, I think,
 She loves a fiddle better then a drum,
 A Chamber well, in field she dares not come,
 She'l ride a horse as bravely as the best,
 And break a staff, provided 'be in jest;
 But shuns to look on wounds, & blood that's spilt,
 She loves her sword only because its gilt.
 Then here's our sad black Sister, worse then you.
 She'l neither say she will, nor will she doe;
 But peevish Malecontent, musing sits,
 And by misprissions like to loose her witts :
 If great perswasions cause her meet her foe,
 In her dull resolution she's so slow,
 To march her pace to some is greater pain
 Then by a quick encounter to be slain.

But

But be she beaten, she'l not run away,
She'l first advise if't be not best to stay.
Now let's give cold white sifter flegme her right,
So loving unto all the scorns to fight :
If any threaten her, she'l in a trice
Conwert from water to congealed ice :
Her teeth will chatter, dead and wan's her face,
And 'fore she be assaulted, quits the place.
She dares not challeng, if I speak amiss,
Nor hath she wit or heat to blush at this.
Here's three of you all see now what you are,
Then yield to me preheminance in war.
Again who fits for learning, science, arts ?
Who rarifies the intellectual parts :
From whence fine spirits flow and witty notions :
But tis not from our dull, slow sifers motions :
Nor sifter sanguine, from thy moderate heat,
Poor sp rits the Liver breeds, which is thy seat.
What comes from thence, my heat refines the same
And through the arteries sends it o're the frame :
The vital spirits they're call'd, and well they may
For when they fail, man turns unto his clay.
The animal I claim as well as these, (freeze
The nerves, should I not warm, soon would they
But flegme her self is now provok'd at this
She thinks I never shot so far amiss.
The brain she challengeth, the head's her seat;
But know'ts a foolish brain that wanteth heat.
My absence proves it plain, her wit then flies
Out at her nose, or melteth at her eyes.

Oh

Oh who would miss this influence of thine
To be distill'd, a drop on every Line?
Alas, thou hast no Spirits, thy Company
Will feed a dropsy, or a Tympany,
The Palsy, Gout, or Cramp, or some such dolour:
Thou wast not made, for Souldier or for Scholar;
Of greazy paunch, and bloated cheeks go vaunt,
But a good head from these are dissonant.
But Melancholy, wouldst have this glory thine,
Thou sayst thy wits are staide, subtil and fine;
'Tis true, when I am Midwife to thy birth
Thy self's as dull, as is thy mother Earth:
Thou canst not claim the liver, head nor heart
Yet hast the Seat assign'd, a goodly part
The sinke of all us three, the hateful Spleen
Of that black Region, nature made thee Queen;
Where pain and sore obstruction thou dost work,
Where envy, malice, thy Companions lurk.
If once thou'rt great, what follows thereupon
But bodies wasting, and destruction?
So base thou art, that baser cannot be,
Th' excrement aduision of me.
But I am weary to dilate your shame,
Nor is't my pleasure thus to blur your name,
Only to raise my honour to the Skies,
As objects best appear by contraries.
But Arms, and Arts I claim, and higher things,
The princely qualities befitting Kings,
Whose profound heads I line with policies,
They'r held for Oracles, they are so wise,

Their

Their wrathful looks are death their words are laws
Their Courage it foe, friend, and Subject awes ;
But one of you, would make a worthy King
Like our sixth *Henry* (that same virtuous thing)
That when a Varlet struck him o're the side,
Forsooth you are to blame, he grave reply'd.
Take Choler from a Prince, what is he more
Then a dead Lion, by Beasts triumph'd o're.
Again you know, how I act every part
By th' influence, I still send from the heart :
It's nor your Muscles, nerves, nor this nor that
Do's ought without my lively heat, that's flat :
Nay th' stomach magazine to all the rest.
Without my boyling heat cannot digest :
And yet to make my greatness, still more great
What differences, the Sex ? but only heat.
And one thing more, to close up my narration
Of all that lives, I cause the propagation.
I have been sparings what I might have said
I love no boasting that's but Childrens trade.
To what you now shall say I will attend,
And to your weakness gently condescend.

Blood.

Good Sisters give me leave, as is my place
To vent my grief, and wipe off my disgrace :
Your selves may plead your wrongs are none the less
Your patience more then mine, I must confess.

Did

Did ever sober tongue such language speak,
 Or honesty such eyes unfriendly break?
 Dost know thy self so well us so amils?
 Is't arrogance or folly causeth this?
 Ile only shew the wrong thou'st done to me,
 Then let my sisters right their injury.
 To pay with railings is not mine intent,
 But to evince the truth by Argument:
 I will analyse this thy proud relation
 So full of boasting and prevarication,
 Thy foolish incongruities Ile show,
 So walk thee till thou'rt cold, then let thee go.
 There is no Souldier but thy self (thou sayest,)
 No valour upon Earth, but what thou hast
 Thy silly provocations I despise,
 And leave't to all to judge, where valour lies
 No pattern, nor no pattron will I bring
 But *David*, *Judas*'s most heroick King,
 Whose glorious deeds in Arms the world can tell,
 A rose cheek Musitian thou know'st well;
 He knew well how to handle Sword and Harp,
 And how to strike full sweet, as well as sharp,
 Thou laugh'st at me for loving merriment,
 And scorn'st all Knightly sports at Turnament.
 Thou sayst I love my Sword, because it's gilt,
 But know, I love the Blade, more then the Hilt,
 Yet do abhor such temerarious deeds,
 As thy unbridled barbarous Choler breeds:
 Thy rudeness counts good manners vanity,
 And real Complements base flattery.

For drink, which of us twain like it the best,
He go no further then thy nose for test:
Thy other scoffs, not worthy of reply
Shall vanish as of no validity:
Of thy black Calumnies this is but part,
But now He shew what souldier thou art.
And though thou'st us'd me with opprobrious
My ingenuity must give thee right. (spight
Thy choler is but rage when tis most pure,
But usefull when a mixture can endure;
As with thy mother fire, so tis with thee,
The best of all the four when they agree:
But let her leave the rest, then I presume
Both them and all things else she would consume.
VVhilst us for thine associates thou tak'st,
A Souldier most compleat in all points mak'st:
But when thou scorn'st to take the help we lend,
Thou art a Fury or infernal Fiend.
Witness the execrable deeds thou'st done,
Nor sparing Sex nor Age, nor Sire nor Son;
To satisfie thy pride and cruelty,
Thou oft hast broke bounds of Humanity,
Nay should I tell, thou would'st count me no blab,
How often for the lye, thou'st given the stab.
To take the wall's a sin of so high rate,
That nought but death the same may expiate,
To cross thy will, a challenge doth deserve
So shew'st that blood, thou'rt bounden to preserve
Wilt thou this valour, Courage, Manhood call:
No, know: 'tis pride most diabolical.

If murders be thy glory, tis no less;
 Ile not envy thy feats, nor happiness:
 But if in fitting time and place 'gainst foes
 For countreys good thy life thou dar'st expose,
 Be dangers n'er so high, and courage great,
 Ile praise that prowess, fury, Choler, heat:
 But such thou never art when all alone,
 Yet such when we all four are joyn'd in one.
 And when such thou art, even such are we,
 The friendly Coadjutors still of thee.
 Nextly the Spirits thou dost wholly claim,
 Which nat'ral, vital, animal we name:
 To play Philosopher I have no list,
 Nor yet Physitian, nor Anatomist,
 For asking these, I have no will nor Art,
 Yet shall with Equiry, give thee thy part
 For natural, thou dost not much contest;
 For there is none (thou sayst) if some not best;
 That there are some, and best, I dare averre
 Of greatest use, if reason do not erre:
 What is there living, which do'nt first derive
 His Life now Animal, from vegetive:
 If thou giv'st life, I give the nourishment,
 Thine without mine, is not, 'tis evident:
 But I without thy help, can give a growth
 As plants trees and small Embryon know'th
 And if vital Spirits, do flow from thee
 I am as sure, the natural, from me:
 Be thine the nobler, which I grant, yet mine
 Shall justly claim priority of thine.

I am the fountain which thy Cistern fills
Through warm blew Conduits of my venial rills;
What hath the heart but what's sent from the liver:
If thou'rt the taker, I must be the giver.
Then never boast of what thou dost receive:
For of such glory I shall thee bereave.
But why the he art should be usurp'd by thee,
I must confess seems something strage to me:
The spirits through thy heat made perfect are,
But the Materials none of thine, that's clear:
Their wondrous mixture is of blood and air,
The first my self, second my mother fair.
But Ile not force retorts, nor do thee wrong,
Thy fi'ry yellow froth is mixt among,
Challeng not all, 'cause part we do allow;
Thou know'st I've there to do as well as thou:
But thou wilt say I deal unequally,
Their lives the irascible faculty,
Which without all dispute, is Cholers own;
Besides the vehement heat, only there known
Can be imputed, unto none but Fire
Which is thy self, thy Mother and thy Sire
That this is true, I easily can assent:
If still you take along my Aliment;
And let me be your partner which is due,
So shall I give the dignity to you:
Again, Stomacks Concoction thou dost claim,
But by what right, nor do'st, nor canst thou name.
Unless as heat, it be thy faculty,
And so thou challengest her property.

The help she needs, the loving liver lends,
 Who th' benefit o'th' whole ever intends
 To meddle further I shall be but shent,
 Th'rest to our Sisters is more pertinent;
 Your flanders thus refuted takes no place,
 Nor what you've said, doth argue my disgrace,
 Now through your leaves, some little time I'll spend
 My worth in humble manner to commend
 This, hot, moist nutritive humour of mine
 When 'tis untaint, pure, and most genuine
 Shall chiefly take the place, as is my due
 Without the least indignity to you.
 Of all your qualities I do partake;
 And what you single are, the whole I make
 Your hot, moist, cold, dry natures are but four,
 I moderately am all, what need I more;
 As thus, if hot then dry, if moist, then cold,
 If this you can't disprove, then all I hold
 My virtues hid, I've let you dimly see
 My sweet Complexion proves the verity.
 This Scarlet die's a badge of what's within
 One touch thereof, so beautifies the skin:
 Nay, could I be, from all your tangs but pure
 Mans life to boundless Time might still endure.
 But here one thrusts her heat, wher'ts not requir'd
 So suddenly, the body all is fired,
 And of the calme sweet temper quite bereft,
 Which 'makes the Mansion, by the Soul soon left.
 So Melancholy seizes on a man,
 With her uncheerful visage, swarth and wan,

The body dryes, the mind sublime doth smother,
And turns him to the womb of's earthy mother:
And flegm likewise can shew her cruel art,
With cold distempers to pain every part:
The lungs she rots, the body wears away,
As if she'd leave no flesh to turn to clay,
Her languishing diseases, though not quick
At length demolishes the Fabrick,
All to prevent, this curious care I take,
In th' last concoction segregation make
Of all the perverse humours from mine own,
The bitter choler most malignant known
I turn into his Cell close by my side
The Melancholy to the Spleen t' abide:
Likewise the whey, some use I in the veins,
The overplus I send unto the reins:
But yet for all my toil, my care and skill,
Its doom'd by an irrevocable will
That my intents should meet with interruption,
That mortal man might turn to his corruption.
I might here shew the nobleness of mind
Of such as to the sanguine are inclin'd,
They're liberal, pleasant, kind and courteous,
And like the Liver all benignant.
For arts and sciences they are the fittest;
And maugre Choler still they are the wittiest:
With an ingenious working Phantasie,
A most voluminous large Memory,
And nothing wanting but Solidity.

But why alas, thus tedious should I be,
 Thousand examples you may daily see.
 If time I have transgressed, and been too long,
 Yet could not be more brief without much wrong,
 I've scarce wip'd off the spots proud choler cast,
 Such venom lies in words, though but a blast:
 No brags I've us'd, to you I dare appeal,
 If modesty my worth do not conceal.
 I've us'd no bitterer words, nor taxt your name,
 As I to you, to me do ye the same.

Melancholy.

He that with ~~no~~ Assailants hath to do,
 Had need be armed well and active too.
 Especially when friendship is pretended,
 That blow's most deadly where it is intended.
 Though choler rage and rail, I'll not do so,
 The tongue's no weapon to assaunt a foe:
 But since we fight with words, we might be kind
 To spare our selves and beat the whistling wind,
 Fair rosie sister, so might'st thou scape free;
 I'll flatter for a time as thou didst me:
 But when the first offender I have laid,
 Thy soothing girds shall fully be repaid.
 But Choler be thou cool'd or chaf'd, I'll venter,
 And in contentions lists now justly enter.
 What mov'd thee thus to vilifie my name,
 Not past all reason, but in truth all shame:

Thy

Thy fiery spirit shall bear away this prize,
 To play such furious pranks I am too wise :
 If in a Souldier rashness be so precious,
 Know in a General tis most pernicious.
 Nature doth teach to shield the head from harm,
 The blow that's aim'd thereat is latched by th'arm.
 When in Batalia my foes I face
 I then command proud Choler stand thy place,
 To use thy sword, thy courage and thy art
 There to defend my self, thy better part.
 This wariness count not for cowardize,
 He is not truly valiant that's not wise.
 It's no less glory to defend a town,
 Then by assault to gain one not our own ;
 And if *Marcellus* bold be call'd *Romes* sword,
 Wise *Fabius* is her buckler all accord :
 And if thy haire my slowness should not temper,
 'Twere but a mad irregular distemper;
 Enough of that by our sisters heretofore,
 Ile come to that which wounds me somewhat more
 Of learning, policy thou wouldest bereave me,
 But 's not thine ignorance shall thus deceive me :
 What greater Clark or Politician lives,
 Then he whose brain a touch my humour gives ?
 What is too hot my coldness doth abate,
 What's diffuent I do consolidate.
 If I be partial judg'd or thought to erre,
 The melancholy snake shall it aver,
 Whose cold dry head more subtilty doth yield,
 Then all the huge beasts of the fertile field.

Again thou dost confine me to the spleen,
 As of that only part I were the Queen.
 Let me as well make thy precincts the Gall,
 So prison thee within that bladder small:
 Reduce the man to's principles, then see
 If I have not more part then all you three:
 What is within, without, of theirs or thine,
 Yet time and age shall soon declare it mine.
 When death doth seize the man your stock is lost,
 When you poor bankrupts prove then have I most.
 You'll say here none shall e're disturb my right
 You high born from that lump then take your flight
 Then who's mans friend, when life & all forsake?
 His Mother mine, him to her womb retakes:
 Thus he is ours, his portion is the grave,
 But while he lives, I'll shew what part I have:
 And first the firm dry bones I justly claim,
 The strong foundation of the stately frame:
 Likewise the usefull Spleen, though not the best,
 Yet is a bowel call'd well as the rest:
 The Liver, Stomack, owe their thanks of right,
 The first it drains, of th'last quicks appetite.
 Laughter (tho thou say malice) flows from hence,
 These two in one cannot have residence.
 But thou most grossly dost mistake to think
 The Spleen for all you three was made a sink,
 Of all the rest thou'st nothing there to do,
 But if thou hast, that malice is from you.
 Again you often touch my swarthy hue,
 That black is black, and I am black tis true;

But

But yet more comely far I dare avow,
Th' n is thy torrid nose or brazen brow.
But that which shews how high your spight is
Is charging me to be thy excrement : (bent
Thy loathsome imputation I defie,
So plain a Slander needeth no reply.
When by thy heat thou'st bak'd thy self to crusty,
And so art call'd black Choler or adust,
Thou wilest think st that I am thy excretion,
So mean thou art in Art as in discretion :
But by your leave I'll let your greatness see
What Officer thou art to us all three.
The Kitchen Drudge, the cleanser of the sinks
That casts out all that man e're eats or drinks :
If any doubt the truth whence this should come,
Shew them thy passage to th' Duodenum;
Thy biting quality still irritates,
Till filth and thee nature exonerates :
If there thou'rt stopt, to th' Liver thou turn'st in,
And thence with jaundies saffrons all the skin.
No further time I'll spend in confutation,
I trust I've clear'd your slanderous imputation.
I now speak unto all, no more to one,
Pray hear, admire and learn instruction.
My virtues yours surpass without compare,
The first my constancy that jewel rare :
Choler's too rash this golden gift to hold,
And Sanguine is more fickle manifold,
Here, there her restless thoughts do ever fly,
Constant in nothing but unconstancy.

And what Flegme is, we know, like to her mother,
Unstable is the one, and so the other ;
With me is noble patience also found,
Impatient Choler loveth not the sound,
What sanguine is, she doth not heed nor care,
Now up, now down, transported like the Air :
Flegme's patient because her nature's tame,
But I, by virtue do acquire the same.
My Temperance, Chastity is eminent,
But these with you, are seldome resident ;
Now could I stain my ruddy Sisters face
With deeper red, to shew you her disgrace,
But rather I with silence vai'e her shame
Then cause her blush, while I relate the same.
Nor are ye free from this inormity,
Although she bear the greatest obloquie,
My prudence, judgement, I might now reveal
But wisdom 'tis my wisdom to conceal.
Unto diseases not inclin'd as you,
Nor cold, nor hot, Ague nor Plurisie,
Nor Cough, nor Quinsiey, nor the burning Feaver,
I rarely feel to a^t his fierce endeavour ;
My sickness in conceit chiefly doth lye,
What I imagine that's my malady.
Chymeraes strange are in my phantasy,
And things that never were, nor shall I see
I love not talk, Reason lies not in length,
Nor multitude of words argues our strength ;
I've done pray sister Flegme proceed in Course,
We shall expect much sound, but little force.

Flegme.

Flegme.

Patient I am, patient i'd need to be,
 To bear with the injurious taunts of three,
 Though wit I want, and anger I have less,
 Enough of both, my wrongs now to express
 I've not forgot, how bitter Choler spake
 Nor how her gaul on me she causeless brake;
 Nor wonder 'twas for hatred there's not small,
 Where opposition is Diametrical.
 To what is Truth I freely will assent,
 Although my Name do suffer detriment,
 What's slanderous repell, doubtful dispute,
 And when I've nothing left to say be mute.
 Valour I want no Souldier am 'tis true,
 I'll leave that manly Property to you;
 I love no thundering guns nor bloody wars,
 My polish'd Skin was not ordain'd for Skarres;
 But though the pitched field I've ever fled,
 At home the Conquerours have conquered.
 Nay, I could tell you what's more true then meet,
 That Kings have laid their Scepters at my feet;
 When Sister sanguine paints my Ivory face:
 The Monarchs bend and sue, but for my grace
 My lilly white when joyned with her red,
 Princes hath slav'd, and Captains captived.
 Country with Country, Greece with *Asia* fights
 Sixty nine Princes, all stout *Hero* Knights.

Under *Troys* walls ten years will wear away,
 Rather then loose one beauteous *Helen*.
 But 'twere as vain, to prove this truth of mine
 As at noon day, to tell the Sun doth shine.
 Next difference that 'twixt us twain doth lye
 Who doth possess the brain, or thou or I?
 Shame forc'd the say, the matter that was mine,
 But the Spirits by which it acts are thine:
 Thou speakest Truth, and I can say no less,
 Thy heat doth much, I candidly confesse;
 Yet without ostentation I may say,
 I do as much for thee another way:
 And though I grant, thou art my helper here,
 No debtor I because it's paid else where.
 With all your flourishes, now Sisters three
 Who is't that dare, or can, compare with me,
 My excellencies are so great, so many,
 I am confounded, fore I speak of any:
 The brain's the noblest member all allow,
 Its form and Situation will avow,
 Its Ventricles, Membranes and wondrous net,
Galen, Hippocrates drive to a set;
 That Divine Offspring the immortal Soul
 Though it in all, and every part be whole,
 Within this stately place of eminence,
 Doth doubtless keep its mighty residence.
 And surely, the Soul sensitive here lives,
 Which life and motion to each creature gives,
 The Conjugation of the parts, to th' braine
 Doth shew, hence flow the pow'rs which they retain
 Within

Within this high Built *Citadel*, doth lye
The Reason, fancy, and the memory :
The faculty of speech doth here abide,
The Spirits animal, from hence do slide :
The five most noble Senses here do dwell ;
Of three it's hard to say, which doth excell.
This point now to discuss, 'longs not to me,
I'll touch the sight great'st wonder of the three ;
The optick Nerve Coats, humours all are mine,
The watry, glassie, and the Chrystalline ;
O mixture strange ! O colour colourless,
Thy perfect temperament who can express :
He was no fool who thought the soul lay there,
Whence her affections passions speak so clear.
O good, O bad, O true, O traiterous eyes
What wonderments within your Balls there lyes,
Of all the Senses sight shall be the Queen,
Yet some may wish, O had mine eyes ne're seen.
Mine, likewise is the marrow, of the back,
Which runs through all the Spondles of the rack,
It is the substitute o'th royal brain,
All Nerves, except seven pair, to it retain.
And the strong Ligaments from hence arise,
Which joynt to joynt, the intire body ties.
Some other parts there issue from the Brain,
Whose worth and use to tell, I must refrain :
Some curious learned *Crooke*, may these reveal,
But modesty, hath charg'd me to conceal
Here's my Epitome of excellence ;
For what's the Brains is mine by Consequence,

A foolish brain (quoth Choler) wanting heat
 But a mad one say I, where 'tis too great,
 Phrensie's worse then folly, one would more glad
 With a tame fool converse then with a mad ;
 For learning then my brain is not the fittest,
 Nor will I yield that Choler is the wittiest,
 Thy judgement is unsafe, thy fancy little,
 For memory the sand is not more brittle ;
 Again, none's fit for Kingly state but thou,
 If Tyrants be the best, I le it allow :
 But if love be as requisite as fear,
 Then thou and I must make a mixture here.
 Well to be brief, I hope now Cholers laid,
 And I'le pass by what Sister sanguine said.
 To Melancholy I le make no reply,
 The worst she said was instability,
 And too much talk both which I here confess
 A warning good, hereafter I'le say less.
 Let's now be friends; its time our spight were spent,
 Lest we too late this rashness do repent,
 Such premises will force a sad conclusion,
 Unless we agree, all falls into confusion.
 Let Sanguine with her hot hand Choler hold,
 To take her moist my moisture will be bold:
 My cold, cold melancholy hand shall clasp;
 Her dry, dry Cholers other hand shall grasp.
 Two hot two moist, two cold, two dry here be,
 A golden Ring the Posy *UNITY*.
 Nor jars nor scoffs, let none hereafter see,
 But all admit our perfect Amiry

in Mans Constitution.

Nor be discern'd, here's water, earth, air, fire,
But here a compact body, whole intire.
This loving counsel pleas'd them all so well
That flegm was judg'd for kindness to excell.

*Of the four Ages
of Man.*

LO now four other act upon the stage,
Childhood and Youth, the Manly & Old age;
The first son unto flegm, Grand-child to water,
Unstable, supple, cold and moist's his nature.
The second frolick, claims his pedigree
From blood and air, for hot and moist is he.
The third of fire and Choier is compos'd
Vindicative and quarrellsome dispos'd.
The last of earth, and heavy melancholy,
Solid, hating all lightness and all folly.
Childhood was cloth'd in white & green to show
His spring was intermix'd with some snow:
Upon his head nature a Garland set
Of Primrose, Daizy & the Violet.

Nor

Such

Such cold mean flowrs the spring puts forth betime
 Before the sun hath throughly heat the clime.
 His Hobby striding did not ride but run;
 And in his hand an hour-glass new begun,
 In danger every moment of a fall,
 And when tis broke then ends his life and all :
 But if he hold till it have run its last,
 Then may he live out threescore years or past.
 Next Youth came up in gorgeous attire,
 (As that fond age doth most of all desire)
 His Suit of Crimson and his scarfe of green,
 His pride in's countenance was quickly seen,
 Garland of roses, pinks and gilli-flowers
 Seemed on's head to grow bedew'd with showers:
 His face as fresh as is *Aurora* fair,
 When blushing she first 'gins to light the air.
 No wooden horse, but one of mettall try'd,
 He seems to fly or swim, and not to ride.
 Then prancing on the stage, about be wheels,
 But as he went death waited at his heels.
 The next came up in a much graver sort,
 As one that cared for a good report,
 His sword by 's side, and choler in his eyes,
 But neither us'd as yet, for he was wise :
 Of Autumns fruits a basket on his arm,
 His golden God in's purse, which was his charm.
 And last of all to act upon this stage
 Leaning upon his staff came up Old Age,
 Under his arm a sheaf of wheat he bore,
 A harvest of the best, what needs he more ?

Of the four Ages of Man.

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In's other hand a glass ev'n almost run,
Thus writ about *This out then am I done.*
His hoary hairs, and grave aspect made way,
And all gave ear to what he had to say.
These being met each in his equipage
Intend to speak according to their age :
But wise Old age did with all gravity
To childish Childhood give precedency ;
And to the rest his reason mildly told,
That he was young before he grew so old.
To do as he each one full soon assents,
Their method was that of the Elements,
That each should tell what of himself he knew,
Both good and bad, but yet no more then's true.
With heed now stood three ages of frail man,
To hear the child, who crying thus began :

Childhood.

Ah me ! conceiv'd in sin and born with sorrow,
A nothing, here to day and gone to morrow,
VVhose mean beginning blushing can't reveal,
But night and darkness must with shame conceal.
My mothers breeding sickness I will spare,
Her nine moneths weary burthen not declare.
To shew her bearing pains, I should do wrong,
To tell those pangs which can't be told by tongue,
VVith tears into the world I did arrive,
My mother still did waste as I did thrive,

VVho

Of the four Ages of Man.

Who yet with love and all alacrity,
Spending, was willing to be spent for me.
With wayward cries I did disturb her rest,
Who sought still to appease me with the breast:
With weary arms she danc'd and *By By* sung,
When wretched I ingrate had done the wrong.
When infancy was past, my childishness
Did act all folly that it could express,
My silliness did only take delight
In that which riper age did scorn and slight.
In Rattles, Baubles and such toyish stuff,
My then ambitious thoughts were low enough :
My high-born soul so straightly was confin'd,
That its own worth it did not know nor mind :
This little house of flesh did spacious count,
Through ignorance all troubles did surmount;
Yet this advantage had mine ignorance
Freedom from envy and from arrogance.
How to be rich or great I did not cark,
A Baron or a Duke ne'r made my mark,
Nor studious was Kings favours how to buy,
With costly presence or base flattery :
No office coveted wherein I might
Make strong my self and turn aside weak right :
No malice bare to this or that great Peer,
Nor unto buzzing whisperers gave ear :
I gave no hand nor vote for death or life,
Pd nought to do 'twixt King and peoples strife.
No Statist I, nor Martilist in'th field,
Where ere I went mine innocence was shield.

My

Of the four Ages of Man:

My quarrels not for Diadems did rise,
But for an apple, plum, or some such prize;
My strokes did cause no blood, no wounds or scars;
My little wrath did end soon as my Wars:
My Duel was no challeng, nor did seek
My foe should weltring in his bowels reek.
I had no suits at law neighbours to vex,
Nor evidence for lands did me perplex.
I fear'd no storms, nor all the wind that blowes,
I had no ships at sea; nor freights to loose.
I fear'd no drought nor wet, I had no crop,
Nor yet on future things did set my hope.
This was mine innocence, but ah! the seeds
Lay raked up of all the cursed weeds
Which sprouted forth in mine ensuing age,
As he can tel that next comes on the stage:
But yet let me relate before I go
The sins and dangers I am subject to,
Stained from birth with *Adams* sinfull fact,
Thence I began to sin as soon as act:
A perverse will, a love to what's forbid,
A serpents sting in pleasing face lay hid:
A lying tongue as soon as it could speak,
And fifth Commandment do daily break.
Oft stubborn, peevish, fullen, pout and cry,
Then nought can please, and yet I know not why.
As many are my sins, so dangers too;
For sin brings sorrow, sickness death and woe:
And though I miss the tossings of the mind,
Yet griefs in my frail flesh I still do find.

What

VVhat gripes of wind mine infancy did pain,
 VVhat tortures I in breeding teeth sustain?
 VVhat crudities my stomach cold hath bred;
 VVhence vomits, flux and worms have issued?
 VVhat breaches, knocks and falls I daily have,
 And some perhaps I carry to my grave,
 Sometimes in fire, sometimes in water fall,
 Strangely preserv'd, yet mind it not at all:
 At home, abroad my dangers manifold,
 That wonder tis, my glass till now doth hold.
 I've done; unto my elders I give way,
 For tis but little that a child can say.

Youth.

✕

My goodly cloathing, and my beauteous skin
 Declare some greater riches are within:
 But what is best I'll first present to view,
 And then the worst in a more ugly hue:
 For thus to doe we on this stage assemble.
 Then let not him that hath most craft dissemble.
 My education and my learning such,
 As might my self and others profit much;
 VVith nurture trained up in virtues schools
 Of science, arts and tongues I know the rules,
 The manners of the court I also know,
 And so likewise what they in'th Country doe.
 The braye attempts of valiant knights I prize,
 That dare scale walls and forts rear'd to the skies.

The

The sporting Horse, the trumpet, Drum I like,
The glitt'ring sword, the Pistol and the Pike :
I cannot lye intrench'd before a town,
Nor wait till good success our hopes doth crown :
I scorn the heavy Corflet, musket-proof,
I fly to catch the bullet thats aloof.
Though thus in field, at home to all most kind,
So affable, that I can suit each mind,
I can insinuate into the breast,
And by my mirth can raise the heart deprest :
Sweet musick raps my brave harmonious soul,
My high thoughts elevate beyond the pole :
My wit, my bounty, and my courtesie,
Make all to place their future hopes on me.
This is my best, but Youth is known, Alas !
To be as wild as is the snuffing Ais :
As vain as froth, or vanity can be,
That who would see vain man, may look on me.
My gifts abus'd, my education lost,
My wofull Parents longing hopes are cross't,
My wit evaporates in merriment,
My valour in some beastly quarrell's spent :
My lust doth hurry me to all that's ill:
I know no law nor reason but my will.
Sometimes I lay wair to take a wealthy purse,
Or stab the man in's own defence (that's worse)
Sometimes I cheat (unkind) a female heir
Of all at once; who not so wise as fair
Trusteth my loving looks and glozing tongue,
Untill her friends; treasure and honour's gone.

Sometimes I sit carousing others health,
 Untill mine own be gone, my wit and wealth
 From pipe to pot, from pot to words and blows,
 For he that loveth wine, wanteth no woes.
 Whole nights with Ruffins, Roarers Piddlers spend,
 To all obscenity mine ears I lend:
 All Counsell hate, which tends to make me wise.
 And dearest friends count for mine enemies.
 If any care I take tis to be fine,
 For sure my suit, more then my virtues shine
 If time from leud Companions I can spare,
 'Tis spent to curle, and pounce my new-bought
 Some new *Adonis* I do strive to be; (hair.
Sardanapalus now survives in me.
 Cards, Dice, and Oathes concomitant I love,
 To playes, to masques, to i'averns still I move.
 And in a word, if what I am you'd hear,
 Seek out a *Brittish* bruitish Cavaleer:
 Such wretch, such Monster am I but yet more,
 I have no heart at all this to deplore,
 Remembring not the dreadfull day of doom,
 Nor yet that heavy-reckoning soon to come.
 Though dangers do attend me every hour,
 And gastly Death oft threats me with his power,
 Sometimes by wounds in idle Combates taken,
 Sometimes with Agues all my body shaken:
 Sometimes by fevers, all my moisture drinking,
 My heart lies frying, & mine eyes are sinking,
 Sometimes the Quinsy, painfull Pleurisie,
 With sad affrights of death cloth mepace me:

Of the first Ages of Man.

51

Sometimes the two fold Pox me fore be marrs
With outward marks, & inward loathsome scarrs,
Sometimes the Phrenzy strangely mads my brain,
That oft for it in *Bedlam* I remain.
Too many my diseases to recite,
That wonder tis, I yet behold the light,
That yet my bed in darkness is not made,
And I in black oblivions Den now laid.
Of aches full my bones, of woe my heart,
Clapt in that prison, never thence to start.
Thus I have said, and what I've been, you see
Childhood and Youth are vain ye vanity.

Middle Age.

Childhood and Youth (forgot) I've sometimes seen
And now am grown more staid who have bin green
What they have done, the same was done by me,
As was their praise or shame, so mine must be.
Now age is more; more good you may expect,
But more mine age, the more is my defect.
When my wild oates were sown & ripe and mown
I then receiv'd an harvest of mine own.
My reason then bad judge how little hope
My empty seed should yield a better crop:
Then with both hands I graspt the world together
Thus out of one extream into another:
But yet laid hold on virtue seemingly,
Who climbs without hold climbs dangerously:

Be my condition mean, I then take pains
 My Family to keep, but not for gains.
 A Father I, for children must provide;
 But if none, then for kindred near ally'd.
 If rich, I'm urg'd then to gather more,
 To bear a part i'th' world, and feed the poor.
 If noble, then mine honour to maintain,
 If not, riches nobility can gain.
 For time, for place, likewise for each Relation
 I wanted not, my ready allegation.
 Yet all my powers for self ends are not spent,
 For hundreds bless me for my bounty-lent.
 Whose backs I've cloth'd, and bellies I have fed
 With mine own fleece, & with my household bread,
 Yea, justice have I done, was I in place,
 To chear the good, and wicked to deface.
 The proud I crush't, th'oppressed I set free,
 The lyars curb'd, but nourish't verity.
 Was I a Pastor, I my Flock did feed,
 And gently lead the Lambs as they had need.
 A Captain I, with Skill I frain'd my Band,
 And shew'd them how in face of Foes to stand.
 A Souldier I, with speed I did obey
 As readily, as could my leader say.
 Was I a labourer, I wrought all day
 As cheerfully as e're I took my pay.
 Thus hath mine Age in all so sometimes done well,
 Sometimes again, mine Age been worse then Hell.
 In meannesse, greatnesse, riches, poverty,
 Did toyle, did broyle, oppress'd, did feare and lye.

Was I as poor as poverty could be,
Then baseness was Companion unto me.
Such scum as hedges and high-ways do yield,
As neither sow, nor reap, nor plant nor build,
If to Agriculture I was or ain'd,
Great labours, sorrows, Crosses I sustain'd.
The early Cock did summon but in vain
My wakeful thoughts up to my painful gain:
My weary Beast rest from his toyle can find,
But if I rest the more distress my mind.
If happiness my fordidness hath found,
'Twas in the Crop of my manured ground.
My thriving Cattle and my new-milch-Cow,
My fleeced Sheep, and fruitful farrowing Sow:
To greater things I never did aspire.
My dunghil thoughts or hopes could reach no high
If to be rich or great it was my fate, (er.
How was I broyl'd with envy and with hate?
Greater then was the great't was my desire,
And thirst for honour, set my heart on fire:
And by Ambition's sails I was so carried,
That over Flats and sands, and Rocks I hurried,
Opprest and sunk, and stav'd all in my way
That did oppose me, to my longed Bay.
My thirst was higher then nobility,
I oft long'd sore to taste on Royalty:
Then Kings must be depos'd or put to flight,
I might possess that Throne which was their right;
There set, I rid my self straight out of hand
Of such Competitors, as might in time withstand.

Then thought my state firm founded sure to last,
 But in a trice 'tis ruin'd by a blast,
 Though cemented with more then noble blood,
 The bottom nought, and so no longer stood.
 Sometimes vain glory is the only baite
 Whereby my empty Soul is lur'd and caught.
 Be I of wit, of learning, and of parts,
 I judge I should have room in all mens hearts,
 And envy gnaws if any do surmount,
 I hate, not to be held in high'st account.
 If *Bia* like I'm stript unto my skin,
 I glory in my wealth I have within.
 Thus good and bad, and what I am you see,
 Now in a word, what my diseases be.
 The vexing stone in bladder and in reins,
 The Strangury torments me with sore pains.
 The windy Cholic oft my bowels rend,
 To break the darksome prison where it's pen'd,
 The Cramp and Gout doth sadly torture me,
 And the restraining, lame Sciatica.
 The Astma, Megrim, Palsy, Lethargie,
 The quartan Ague, dropsey, Lunacy:
 Subject to all distempers (that's the truth)
 Though some more incident, to Age or Youth:
 And to conclude, I may not tedious be,
 Man at his best estate is vanity.

Old Age.

What you have been, ev'n such have I before
 And all you say, say I, and somewhat more.

Babes innocence, youths wildness I have seen,
 And in perplexed middle Age have been :
 Sicknes, dangers, and anxieties have past,
 And on this stage am come to act my last.
 I have been young, and strong and wise as you :
 But now *Bis pueri senex*, is too true.
 In every Age I've found much vanity,
 An end of all perfection now I see.
 It's not my valour, honour, nor my gold,
 My ruin'd house now falling can uphold.
 It's not my learning Rhetorick wit so large,
 Hath now the power, death's warfare to discharge.
 It's not my goodly state, nor bed of downe
 That can refresh, or ease, if Conscience frown.
 Nor from Alliance can I now have hope,
 But what I have done well, that is my prop;
 He that in youth is godly, wise and sage,
 Provides a staff then to support his Age.
 Mutations great, some joyfull and some sad,
 In this short pilgrimage I oft have had.
 Sometimes the Heavens with plenty smil'd on me
 Sometime again rain'd all Adversity.
 Sometimes in honour, sometimes in disgrace,
 Sometime an Abbot, then again in place.
 Such private changes oft mine eyes have seen,
 In various times of state I've also been.
 I've seen a Kingdome flourish like a tree,
 When it was rul'd by that Celestial she;
 And like a Cedar, others so surmount :
 That but for shrubs they did themselves account."

Then saw I *France* and *Holland*, sav'd *Cales* won,
 And *Philip* and *Albertus* half undone.
 I saw all peace at home, terror to foes,
 But ah, I saw at last those eyes to close,
 And then methought the day at noon grew dark
 When it had lost that radiant Sun-like Spark:
 In midst of griefs I saw our hopes revive,
 (For 'twas our hopes then kept our hearts alive)
 We chang'd our queen for king under whose rayes
 We joy'd in many blest and prosperous dayes.
 I've seen a Prince, the glory of our land
 In prime of youth seiz'd by heavens angry hand,
 Which fill'd our hearts with fears, with tears our
 Wailing his fate & our own destinies. (eyes,
 I've seen from *Rome* an execrable thing,
 A Plot to blow up Nobles and their King,
 But saw their horrid fact soon disappointed,
 And Land & Nobles sav'd with their anointed.
 I've Princes seen to live on others lands;
 A royal one by gifts from strangers hands
 Admired for their magnanimity,
 Who lost a Prince-dome and a Monarchy.
 I've seen designs for *Ree* and *Rochel* cross,
 And poor *Palatinate* for ever lost.
 I've seen unworthy men advanced high,
 (And better ones suffer extremity)
 But neither favour, riches, title, State,
 Could length their dayes or once reverse their fate
 I've seen one stab'd, and some to loose their heads
 And others fly, struck both with guilt and dread.

I've seen and so have you., for tis but late,
The desolation of a goodly State,
Plotted and acted so that none can tell,
Vvho gave the counsel, but the Prince of hell,
Three hundred thousand slaughtered innocents,
By bloody Popish, hellish miscreants :
Oh may you live, and, so you will I trust
To see them swill in blood untill they burst.
I've seen a King by force thrust from his throne,
And an Usurper subt'ly moun: thereon.
I've seen a state unmoulded. rent in twain,
But ye may live to see't made up again.
I've seen it plunder'd, taxt and soak'd in blood,
But out of evill you may see much good.
What are my thoughts, this is no time to say.
Men may more freely speak another day.
These are no old-wives tales, but this is truth.
We old men love to tell what's done in youth.
But I return from whence I stept awry,
My memory is bad, my brain is dry :
Mine Almond tree, grey hairs, doe flourish now,
And back once straight, apace begins to bow:
My grinders now are few, my sight doth fail,
My skin is wrinkled, and my cheeks are pale,
No more rejoyce at musicks pleasing noise,
But waking glad to hear the cocks thrill voice:
I cannot scent favours of pleasant meat,
Nor sapor find in what I drink or eat:
My arms and hands once strong have lost their
I cannot labour, much less can I fight. (might
My

My comely legs as nimble as the Roe
 Now stiff and numb, can hardly creep or goe,
 My heart sometimes as fierce as Lion bold,
 Now trembling is, all fearful sad and cold;
 My golden Bowl and silver Cord e're long
 Shall both be broke, by racking death so strong:
 Then shall I go whence I shall come no more,
 Sons, Nephews. leave my farewell to deplore.
 In pleasures and in labours I have found
 That Earth can give no consolation sound;
 To great to rich to poor, to young, to old,
 To mean to noble, fearful or to bold:
 From King to begger all degrees shall find
 But vanity vexation of the mind.
 Yea, knowing much the pleasants life of all,
 Hath yet among those sweets some bitter gall;
 Though reading others works doth much refresh,
 Yet studying much brings weariness to th' flesh:
 My studies, labours readings all are done,
 And my last period now ev'n almost run.
 Corruption my Father I do call,
 Mother and Sisters both, the worms that cawle
 In my dark house, such kindred I have store,
 Where I shall rest till heavens shall be no more,
 And when this flesh shall rot and be consum'd,
 This body by this Soul shall be assum'd:
 And I shall see with these same very eyes,
 My strong Redeemer coming in the Skies.
 Triumph! shall o're sin, o're death, o're Hell,
 And in that hope I bid you all farewell.

The four Seasons of the Year.

Spring.

A Nother four I've left yet to bring on,
 Of four times four, the last (*Quaternion*)
 The Winter, Summer, Autumn & the Spring,
 In season all these Seasons I shall bring:
 Sweet Spring like man in his Minority,
 At present claim'd, and had priority.
 With smiling face and garments somewhat green,
 She trim'd her locks, which late had frosted been,
 Nor hot nor cold, she spake, but with a breath,
 Fit to revive, the nummed earth from death.
 Three months (quoth she) are 'lotted to my share
 (*March, April, May*) of all the rest most fair.
 Tenth of the first, *Sol* into *Aries* enters,
 And bids defiance to all tedious winters,
 Crosseth the Line, and equals night and day,
 Stil adds to th' last til after pleasant (*May*)
 And now makes glad the darkned northern wights
 Who for some months have seen but starry lights.
 Now goes the Plow-man to his merry toyle,
 He might unloose his winter locked soyl:
 The Seeds-man too, doth lavish out his grain,
 In hope the more he casts, the more to gain:

The

The Gardener now superfluous branches lops,
 And poles erects for his young clambing hops.
 Now digs then sows his herbs, his flowers & roots
 And carefully manures his trees of fruits.

The *Pleiades* their influence now give,
 And all that seem'd as dead afresh doth live.
 The croaking frogs, whom nipping winter kill'd
 Like birds now chirp, and hop about the field,
 The Nightrigale the black-bird and the Thrush
 Now tune their layes, on sprays of every bush.
 The wanton frisking Kid, and soft-sheec'd Lambs
 Do jump and play before their feeding Dams,
 The tender tops of budding grafs they crop,
 They joy in what they have, but more in hope:
 For though the frost hath lost his binding power,
 Yet many a fleece of snow and stormy shower
 Doth darken *Sol's* bright eye, makes us remember
 The pinching North-west wind of cold *December*,
 My second moneth is *April*, green and fair,
 Of longer dayes, and a more temperate Air:
 The Sun in *Taurus* keeps his residence,
 And with his warmer beams glanceth from thence
 This is the month whose fruitful mowes produces
 All set and sown for all delights and uses:
 The Pear the Plum, and Apple-tree now flourish
 The grafs grows long the hungry beast to nourish,
 The Primrose pale, and azure violet
 Among the vir-luous grafs hath nature set,
 That when the Sun on's Love (the earth) doth shine
 These might as lace set out her garment fine.

The

The fearful bird his little house now builds
In trees and walls, in Cities and in fields.
The outside strong, the inside warm and neat,
A natural Artificer compleat.

The clocking hen her chirping chickens leads,
With wings & beak defends them from the gleads
My next and last is fruitfull pleasant May,
Wherein the earth is clad in rich array.

The Sun now enters loving *Gemini*,
And heats us with the glances of his eye,
Our thicker rayment makes us lay aside
Lest by his fervor we be torrid.

All flowers the Sun now with his beams discloses,
Except the double pinks and matchless Roses.
Now swarms the busy, witty, honey-Bee,
Whose praise deserves a page from more than me
The cleanly Huswifes Dary's now in th' prime,
Her shelves and firkirts fill'd for winter time.

The meads with Cowslips, Honey-suckles dight,
One hangs his head, the other stands upright:
But both rejoyce at th' heavens clear smiling face,
More at her showers, which water them a space.

For fruits my Season yields the early Cherry,
The hasty Peas, and wholesome cool Strawberry.

More solid fruits require a longer time,
Each Season hath his fruit, so hath each Clime:

Each man his own peculiar excellence,
But none in all that hath preheminece.

Sweet fragrant Spring, with thy short pittance fly
Let some describe thee better then can I.

Yet

Yet above all this priviledg is thine,
Thy dayes still lengthen without least decline :

Summer.

When *Spring* had done, the *Summer* did begin,
With melted tauny face, and garments thin,
Resembling Fire, Choler, and Middle age,
As *Spring* did Air, Blood, Youth in's equipage.
Wiping the sweat from of her face that ran,
With hair all wet she puffing thus began;
Bright *June*, *July* and *August* hot are mine,
In'th first *Sol* doth in crabbed *Cancer* shine.
His progress to the North now's fully done,
Then retrograde must be my burning Sun,
Who to his southward Tropick still is bent,
Yet doth his parching heat but more augment
Though he decline, because his flames so fair,
Have throughly dry'd the earth, and heat the air.
Like an Oven that long time hath been heat,
Whose vehemency at length doth grow so great,
That if you do withdraw her burning store,
Tis for a time as fervent as before.
Now go those frolick Swains, the Shepherd Lads
To wash the thick cloth'd flocks with pipes full
In the cool streams they labour with delight (glad
Rubbing their dirty coats till they look white :
Whose fleece when finely spun, and deeply dy'd
With Robes thereof Kings have been dignifi'd.

Blest

Blest rustick Swains, your pleasant quiet life,
 Hath envy bred in Kings that were at strife,
 Careless of worldly wealth you sing and pipe,
 Whilst they'r imbroyl'd in wars & troubles rise:
 VVhich made great *Buzzer* cry out in's woes,
 Oh happy shepherd which hath not to lose.
Orthobulus, nor yet *Schastia* great,
 But whist'leth to thy flock in cold and heat.
 Viewing the Sun by day, the Moon by night
Endimions, *Diana's* dear delight,
 Upon the grasse resting your healthy limbs,
 By purling Brooks looking how fishes swims.
 If pride within your lowly Cells ere haunt,
 Of him that was Shepherd then King go vaunt.
 This moneth the Rôses are distil'd in glasses,
 VVhose fragrant smel all made perfumes surpasses
 The Cherry, Gooseberry are now in th' prime,
 And for all sorts of Pease, this is the time.
July my next, the hott'st in all the year,
 The sun through *Leo* now takes his Career,
 VVhose flaming breath doth melt us from afar,
 Increased by the star Canicular.
 This Month from *Julius Caesar* took its name,
 By Romans celebrated to his fame.
 Now go the Mowers to their flashing toyle,
 The Meadows of their riches to dispoyle,
 VVith weary strokes, they take all in their way,
 Bearing the burning heat of the long day.
 The forks and Rakes do follow them amain,
 VVhich makes the aged fields look young again.

The

The groaning Carts do bear away this prize.
 To Stacks and Barns where it for Fodder lyes.
 My next and last is *August* fiery hot
 (For much the *Southward* Sun abateth not)
 This Moneth he keeps with *Virgo* for a space,
 The dried Earth is parched with his face.
August of great *Augustus* took its name,
Rome's second Emperour of lasting fame,
 With sickles now the bending Reapers goe
 The rustling tress of *terra* down to mowe;
 And bundles up in sheaves, the weighty wheat,
 Which after Manchet makes for Kings to eat:
 The Barly, Rye and Pease should first had place,
 Although their bread have not so white a face.
 The Carter leads all home with whistling voyce,
 He plow'd with pain, but reaping doth rejoyce;
 His sweat, his toyle, his careful wakeful nights,
 His fruitful Crop abundantly requites.
 Now's ripe the Pear, Pear-plumb, and Apricock,
 The prince of plumbs, whose stone's as hard as Rock
 The Summer seems but short, the Autumn hastes
 To shake his fruits, of most delicious taste
 Like good old Age, whose younger juicy Roots
 Hath still ascended, to bear goodly fruits.
 Until his head be gray, and strength be gone.
 Yet then appears the worthy deeds he 'th done:
 To feed his boughs exhausted hath his sap,
 Then drops his fruits into the eaters lap.

Autumn.

Of *Autumn* moneths *September* is the prime,
Now day and night are equal in each Clime,
The twelfth of this *Sol* riseth in the Line,
And doth in poizing *Libra* this month shine.
The vintage now is ripe, the grapes are prest,
Whose lively liquor oft is curs'd and blest:
For nought so good, but it may be abused,
But its a precious juice when well its used.
The raisins now in clusters dried be,
The Orange, Lemon dangle on the tree:
The Pomegranate, the Fig are ripe also,
And Apples now their yellow sides do show.
Of Almonds, Quinces, Wardens, and of Peach,
The season's now at hand of all and each.
Sure at this time, time first of all began,
And in this moneth was made apostate Man:
For then in *Eden* was not only seen,
Boughs full of leaves, or fruits unripe or green,
Or withered stocks, which were all dry and dead,
But trees with goodly fruits replenished;
Which shews nor Summer Winter nor the Spring
Our Grand-Sire was of Paradise made King:
Nor could that temp'rate Clime such difference
Ifscited as the most Judicious take. make;
October is my next, we hear in this
The Northern winter-blasts begin to hiss.

In *Scorpio* resideth now the Sun,
 And his declining heat is almost done.
 The fruitless Trees all withered now do stand,
 Whose sapless yellow leaves, by winds are fan'd,
 Which notes when youth and strength have past
 Decrepit age must also have its time. (their prime
 The Sap doth slyly creep towards the Earth
 There rests, until the Sun give it a birth.
 So doth old Age still tend unto his grave,
 Where also he his winter time must have;
 But when the Sun of righteousness draws nigh,
 His dead old stock, shall mount again on high.
November is my last, for Time doth haste,
 We now of winters sharpness 'gins to taste.
 This moneth the Sun's in *Sagittarius*.
 So farre remote, his glances warm not us.
 Almost at shortest is the horren'd day,
 The *Northern* pole beholdeth not one ray.
 Now *Greenland*, *Groenland*, *Finland*, *Lapland*, see
 No Sun, to lighten their obscurity:
 Poor wretches that in total darkness lye,
 With minds more dark then is the dark'ned Sky.
 Beef, Brawn and Pork are now in great request,
 And solid meats our stomachs can digest.
 This time warm cloaths, full diet and good fires,
 Our pinched flesh, and hungry mawes requires:
 Old, cold, dry Age and Earth *Autumn* resembles,
 And Melancholy which most of all dissembles.
 I must be short, and shorts, the short'ned day,
 What winter hath to tell, now let him say.

Winter.

Winter.

Cold, moist, young flegmy winter now doth lye
 In swadling Clouts, like new born Infancy
 Bound up with frosts, and furr'd with hail & snows;
 And like an Infant, still it taller grows;
 Decemb: is my first, and now the Sun
 To th' Southward (*Tropic*) his swift race doth run:
 This moneth he's hous'd in horned (*Capricorn*)
 From thence he 'gins to length the shortned morn,
 Through *Christendome* with great Feastivity,
 Now's shew'd; (but ghelt) for blest Nativity,
 Cold frozen (*Januar*) next comes in,
 Chilling the blood and shrinking up the skin;
 In *Aquarius* now keeps the long wisht Sun;
 And Northward his unwearied Course doth run:
 The day much longer then it was before,
 The cold not lessened, but augmented more.
 Now Toes and Ears, and Fingers often freeze,
 And Travellers their noses sometimes leese.
 Moist snowie *February* is my last,
 I care not how the winter time doth haste,
 In *Pisces* now the golden Sun doth shine,
 And Northward still approaches to the Line,
 The Rivers 'gin to ope, the snows to melt,
 And some warm glances from his face are felt;
 Which is increased by the lengthen'd day,
 Until by's heat, he drive all cold away,

And thus the year in Circle runneth round:
Where first it did begin, in th' end its found.

*My Subjects bare, my Brain is bad,
Or better Lines you should have had:
The first fell in so nat'rally,
I knew not how to pass it by;
The last, though bad, I could not mend,
Accept therefore of what is pen'd,
And all the faults that you shall spy
Shall at your feet for pardon cry.*

The four *Monarchyes*,
the *Assyrian* being the first,
beginning under *Nimrod*, 131. Years
after the Flood,

When time was young, & World in
Infancy,
Man did not proudly strive for Sovereignty :

But each one thought his petty Rule was high,
If of his house he held the Monarchy.
This was the golden Age, but after came
The boisterous son of *Cbus*, Grand-Child to *Ham*,
That mighty Hunter, who in his strong toyles
Both Beasts and Men subjected to his spoiles:
The strong foundation of proud *Babel* laid,
Erech, *Accad*, and *Culnech* also made.
These were his first, all stood in *Sbinar* land,
From thence he went *Assyria* to command,
And mighty *Niniveh*, he there begun,
Not finished till he his race had run.
Resen, *Calah*, and *Rebobs* likewise
By him to Cities eminent did rise.

Of *Saturn*, he was the Original.
Whom the succeeding times a God did call,
When thus with rule, he had been dignifi'd,
One hundred fourteen years he after dy'd.

Belus.

Great *Nimrod* dead, *Belus* the next his Son
Confirms the rule, his Father had begun;
Whose acts and power is not for certainty
Left to the world, by any History.
But yet this blot for ever on him lies,
He taught the people first to Idolize:
Titles Divine he to himself did take,
Alive and dead, a God they did him make.
This is that *Bel* the *Chaldees* worshiped,
Whose Priests in Stories oft are mentioned;
This is that *Baal* to whom the *Israelites*
So oft profanely offered sacred Rites:
This is *Beelzebub* God of *Eckronites*,
Likewise *Baalpeor* of the *Mohabites*,
His reign was short, for as I calculate,
At twenty five ended his Regal date.

Ninus.

His Father dead, *Ninus* begins his reign,
Transfers his seat to the *Assyrian* plain;
And mighty *Nineveh* more mighty made,
Whose Foundation was by his Grand-fire laid:
Four hundred forty Furlongs wall'd about,
On which stood fifteen hundred Towers stout.

The walls one hundred sixty foot upright,
 So broad three Chariots run abreast there might.
 Upon the pleasant banks of *Tyrrus* flood
 This stately Seat of warlike *Ninus* stood :
 This *Ninus* for a God his Father canonized,
 To whom the sottish people sacrific'd.
 This Tyrant did his Neighbours all oppress,
 Where e're he warr'd he had too good success.
Barzanes the great *Armenian* King
 By force and fraud did under Tribute bring.
 The *Median* Country he did also gain,
Ternus their King he caused to be slain,
 An Army of three millions he led out
 Against the *Bactrians* (but that I doubt)
Zoreaster their King he likewise slew,
 And all the greater *Asia* did subdue.
Semiramis from *Menon* did he take
 Then drown'd himself, did *Menon* for her sake.
 Fifty two years he reign'd, (as we are told)
 The world then was two thousand nineteen old.

Semiramis.

This great oppressing *Ninus*, dead and gone,
 His wife *Semiramis* usurp'd the Throne ;
 She like a brave *Virago* playd the *Rex*
 And was both shame and glory of her Sex :
 Her birth place was *Philistines Ajcolan*,
 Her mother *Dorceta* a Curtizan.
 Others report she was a vestal *Nun*,
 Adjudged to be drown'd for th' crime she'd done.

Transform'd into a Fish by *Venus* will,
 Her beauteous face, (they feign) retaining still.
 Sure from this Fiction *Dagon* first began,
 Changing the womans face into a man :
 But all agree that from no lawfull bed,
 This great renowned Empress issued :
 For which she was obscurely nourished,
 Whence rise that Fable, she by birds was fed.
 This gallant Dame unto the *Bactrian* warre,
 Accompanying her husband *Menon* sarr,
 Taking a town, such valour she did show,
 That *Ninus* amorous of her soon did grow,
 And thought her fit to make a Monarchs wife,
 Which was the cause poor *Menon* lost his life :
 She flourishing with *Ninus* long did reign,
 Till her Ambition caus'd him to be slain.
 That having no Compeer, she might rule all,
 Or else she sought revenge for *Menon's* fall.
 Some think the Greeks this slander on her cast,
 As on her life Licentious, and unchast,
 That undeserv'd, they blur'd her name and fame
 By their aspersions, cast upon the same :
 But were her virtues more or less, or none,
 She for her potency must go alone.
 Her wealth she shew'd in building *Babylon*,
 Admir'd of all, but equaliz'd of none;
 The Walls so strong, and curiously was wrought,
 That after Ages, Skill by them was taught :
 With Towers and Bulwarks made of costly stone,
 Quadrangle was the form it stood upon,

Each

Each Square was fifteen thousand paces long,
 An hundred gates it had of mettall strong :
 Three hundred sixty foot the walls in height,
 Almost incredible, they were in breadth
 Some writers say, six Chariots might affront
 With great facility, march safe upon't :
 About the Wall a ditch so deep and wide,
 That like a River long it did abide.
 Three hundred thousand men here day by day
 Bestow'd their labour, and receiv'd their pay.
 And that which did all cost and Art excell,
 The wondrous Temple was, she rear'd to *Bel* :
 Which in the midst of this brave Town was plac'd,
 Continuing till *Xerxes* it defac'd :
 Whose stately top above the Clouds did rise,
 From whence Astrologers oft view'd the Skies.
 This to describe in each particular,
 A structure rare I should but rudely marre.
 Her Gardens, Bridges, Arches, mounts and spires
 All eyes that saw, or Ears that hear admires,
 In *Shinar* plain on the *Euphratian* flood
 This wonder of the world, this *Babel* stood.
 An expedition to the *East* she made
Sennacherib, his Country to invade :
 Her Army of four millions did consist,
 Each may believe it as his fancy list.
 Her Camels, Chariots, Gallies in such number,
 As puzzles best Historians to remember ;
 But this is wonderful, of all those men,
 They say, but twenty e're came back agen.

The River *Judas* swept them half away,
 The rest *Satanobates* in fight did slay;
 This was last progrets of this mighty Queen,
 Who in her Country never more was seen.
 The Poets feign'd her turn'd into a Dove,
 Leaving the world to *Venus* soar'd above:
 Which made the *Affyrians* many a day,
 A Dove within their Ensigns to display:
 Forty two years she reign'd, and then she di'd
 But by what means we are not certifi'd.

Ninias or Zamies.

His Mother dead, *Ninias* obtains his right,
 A Prince wedded to ease and to delight,
 Or else was his obedience very great,
 To sit thus long (obscure) rob'd of his Seat.
 Some write his Mother put his habit on,
 Which made the people think they serv'd her Son.
 But much it is, in more then forty years
 This fraud in war nor peace at all appears:
 More like it is his lust with pleasures fed,
 He sought no rule till she was gone and dead.
 VVhat then he did of worth can no man tell,
 But is suppos'd to be that *Amraphel*
 VVho warr'd with *Sodom* and *Gomorrabs* King,
 'Gainst whom his trained bands *Abram* did bring,
 But this is farre unlike, he being Son
 Unto a Father that all Countreyes won
 So suddenly shoul' loose so great a stite,
 VVith petty Kings to joyne Confederate.

Nor can those Reasons which wise *Raileib* finds,
 VVell satisfie the most considerate minds;
 VVe may with learned *Usher* better say,
 He many Ages liv'd after that day.
 And that *Simiramis* then flourished
 VVhen famous *Troy* was so beleaguered:
 VVhat e're he was, or did, or how it fell,
 VVe may suggest our thoughts but cannot tell.
 For *Ninias* and all his race are left
 In deep oblivion, of acts bereft:
 And many hundred years in silence sit,
 Save a few Names a new *Brosius* writ.
 And such as care not what befalls their fames,
 May feign as many acts as he did Names;
 It may suffice, it all be true that's past.
 T' *Sardanapalus* next, we will make haste.

Sardanapalus

Sardanapalus, Son to *Ocraxapes*,
 VVho wallowed in all voluptuousness,
 That palliardizing sot that out of dores,
 Ne're shew'd his face but revell'd with his whores
 Did wear their garbs, their gestures imitate,
 And in their kind, to excel did emulate.
 His baseness knowing, and the peoples hate
 Kept close, fearing his well deserved fate;
 It chanc'd *Arbaces* brave unwarily,
 His Master like a Strumpet clad did spy.
 His manly heart disdain'd (in the least)
 Longer to serve this Metamorphos'd Beast;

Unto

Unto *Belofus* then, he brake his mind,
Who sick of his disease, he soon did find
These two, rul'd *Media* and *Babylon*.
Both for their King, held their Dominion ;
• *Belofus* promised *Arbaces* aid,
• *Arbaces* him fully to be repaid.
The last: The *Medes* and *Persians* do invite
Against their monstrous King, to use their might.
Belofus, the *Chaldeans* doth require
And the *Arabians*, to further his desire:
These all agree, and forty thousand make
The Rule, from their unworthy Prince to take:
Their Forces mustered, and in array
Sardanapalus leaves his *Apian* play:
And though of wars, he did abhor the fight ;
Fear of his diadem did force him fight :
And either by his valour, or his fate,
Arbaces Courage he did so abate ;
That in despair, he left the Field and fled,
But with fresh hopes *Belofus* succoured,
From *Bactria*, an Army was at hand
Prest for this Service, by the Kings Command :
These with celerity *Arbaces* meet,
And with all terms of amity them greet.
With promises their necks now to unyoke,
And their Taxations sore all to revoke ;
T'infranchise them, to grant what they could crave,
No priviledge to want, Subjects should have,
Only intreats them, to joyn their Force with his,
And win the Crown, which was the way to blifs.

Won

Won by his loving looks, more by his speech,
 T' accept of what they could, they all beseech :
 Both sides their hearts their hands, & bands unite,
 And set upon their Princes Camp that night,
 Who revelling in Cups, sung care away,
 For victory obtain'd the other day :
 And now surpris'd, by this unlookt for fright,
 Bereft of wits, were slaughtered down right.
 The King his brother leaves, all to sustain,
 And speeds himself to *Niniveh* again.
 But *Salmenau* slain, the Army falls;
 The King's pursu'd unto the City Walls,
 But he once in, pursuers came to late,
 The Walls and Gates their hast did terminate,
 There with all store he was so well provided :
 That what *Arbaces* did, was but derided :
 Who there incamp'd, two years for little end,
 But in the third, the River prov'd his friend,
 For by the rain, was *Tygris* so o'reflown,
 Part of that stately Wall was overthrow'n.
Arbaces marches in the Town he takes,
 For few or none (it seems) resistance makes:
 And now they saw fulfil'd a Prophecy,
 That when the River prov'd their Enemy,
 Their strong wal'd Town should suddenly be taken
 By this accomplishment, their hearts were shaken.
Sardanapalus did not seek to fly,
 This his inevitable destiny ;
 But all his wealth and friends together gets,
 Then on himself, and them a fire he sets.

This

This was last Monarch of great *Ninus* race
 That for twelve hundred years had held the place;
 Twenty he reign'd same time, as Stories tell,
 That *Amaziah* was King of *Israel*.
 His Father was then King (as we suppose)
 When *Jonah* for their sins denounc'd those woes.
 He did repent, the threatening was not done,
 But now accomplish'd in his wicked Son.
Arbaces thus of all becoming Lord,
 Ingeniously with all did keep his word.
 Of *Babylon Belosus* he made King,
 With overplus of all the wealth therein.
 To *Babylonians* he gave their liberty,
 Of *Ninivites* he caused none to dye.
 But suffer'd with their goods, to go else where,
 Not granting them now to inhabit there:
 For he demolished that City great,
 And unto *Media* transfer'd his Seat.
 Such was his promise which he firmly made,
 To *Medes* and *Persians* when he crav'd their aid:
 A while he and his race aside must stand,
 Not pertinent to what we have in hand;
 And *Belochus* in's progeny pursue,
 Who did this Monarchy begin anew.

Belosus or Belochus.

Belosus settled in his new old Seat,
 Not so content but aiming to be great,
 Incroaching still upon the bordering lands;
 Till *Mesopotamia* he got in's hands;

And

And either by compound or else by strength,
Assyria he gain'd also at length;
 Then did rebuild, destroyed *Niniveh*,
 A costly work which none could do but he,
 VVho own'd the Treasures of proud *Babylon*.
 And those that seem'd with *Sardanapal's* gone;
 For though his Palace did in ashes lye,
 The fire those Mettals could not damnifie,
 From these with diligence he rakes,
Arbaces suffers all, and all he takes,
 He thus inrich't by this new tryed gold.
 Raíses a Phœnix new, from grave o'th' old;
 And from this heap did after Ages see
 As fair a Town, as the first *Niniveh*.
 VVhen this was built, and matters all in peace
 Molests poor *Israe'*, his wealth t' increase.
 A thousand Talents of *Menahem* had,
 (Who to be rid of such a guest was glad;)
 In sacred writ he's known by name of *Pul*.
 Which makes the world of difference so full.
 That he and *Belochus* could not one be,
 But Circumstance doth prove the verity;
 And times of both computed so fall out,
 That these two made but one, we need not doubt.
 What else he did, his Empire to advance,
 To rest content we must, in ignorance.
 Forty eight years he re'g'd, his race then run,
 He left his new got Kingdome to his Son.

Tiglath Pulaſſar.

Reſin dead, *Tiglath* his warlike Son.
 Next treads thoſe ſteps, by which his Father won;
Damaſcus ancient Seat, of famous Kings
 Under ſubjection, by his Sword he brings.
Reſin their valiant King he alſo ſlew,
 And *Syria* to obedience did ſubdue.
Judas bad King occaſioned this war,
 When *Reſin* force his Borders fore did marre,
 And divers Cities by ſtrong hand did ſeaze:
 To *Tiglath* then, doth *Ahaz* ſend for eaſe,
 The Temple robs, ſo to fulfil his ends,
 And to *Aſſyria*'s King a preſent ſends.
 I am thy Servant and thy Son, (quoth he)
 From *Reſin*, and from *Pekah* ſet me free,
 Gladly doth *Tiglath* this advantage take,
 And ſuccours *Ahaz*, yet for *Tiglath*'s ſake.
 Then *Reſin* ſlain, his Army overthrowne,
 He *Syria* makes a Province of his own.
 Unto *Damaſcus* then comes *Judas*'s King,
 His humble thankfulneſs (in haſte) to bring,
 Acknowledging th' *Aſſyrians* high deſert,
 To whom he ought all loyalty or heart.
 But *Tiglath* having gain'd his wiſhed end,
 Proves unto *Ahaz* but a feigned friend;
 All *Iſrael*'s lands beyond *Jordan* he takes,
 In *Galilee* he woful havock makes.
 Through *Syria* now he march'd none ſtopt his,
 And *Ahaz* open at his mercy lay;

(way
Who

Who still implor'd his love, but was distress'd:
 This was that *Ahaz*, who so high transferr'd:
 Thus *Tiglath* reign'd, & warr'd twenty seven years
 Then by his death releas'd was Israel's fears.

Salmanassar or Nabassar.

Tiglath deceas'd, *Salmanassar* was next,
 He Israelites, more then his Father vext;
Hoze: their last King he did invade,
 And him six years his Tributary made;
 But weary of his servitude, he fought
 To *Egypt*: King, which did avail him nought;
 For *Salmanassar* with a mighty Host,
 Besieg'd his Regal Town, and spoyl'd his Coast,
 And did the people, nobles, and their King,
 Into perpetual thraldome that time bring;
 Those that from *Joshuah's* time had been a state,
 Did Justice now by him eradicate: [16 years]
 This was that strange, degenerated brood,
 On whom, nor threats, nor mercies could do good;
 Laden with honour, prisoners, and with spoyle,
 Return triumphphant Victor to his soyle;
 He plac'd *Israel* there, where he thought best,
 Then sent his Colonies, theirs to invest;
 Thus *Jacobs* Sons in Exile must remain,
 And pleasant *Canaan* never saw again:
 Where now those ten Tribes are, can no man tell,
 Or how they fare, rich, poor, or ill or well;
 Whether the *Indians* of the East, or West;
 Or wild *Tartarians*, as yet ne're blest.

Or else those *Chinoes* rare, whose wealth & arts
 Hath bred more wonder then belief in hearts:
 But what, or where they are; yet know we this,
 They shall return, and *Zion* see with bliss.

Senacherib.

Senacherib Salmanasser succeeds,
 Whose haughty heart is showne in words & deeds
 His wars, none better then himself can boast,
 On *Henah*, *Arpad*, and on *Tuah's* coast;
 On *Hevab*s and on *Shepharvaim's* gods,
 'Twixt them and *Israels* he knew no odds,
 Untill the thundring hand of heaven he felt,
 Which made his Army into nothing melt:
 With shame then turn'd to *Ninive* again,
 And by his sons in's Idols house was slain.

Esarhaddon.

His Son, weak *Esarhaddon* reign'd in's place,
 The fifth, and last of great *Belosus* race.
 Brave *Merodach*, the Son of *Baladan*,
 In *Babylon* Lieutenant to this man
 Of opportunity advantage takes,
 And on his Masters ruins his house makes.
 As *Belosus* his Sovereign did on throne,
 So he's now stil'd the King of *Babylon*.
 After twelve years did *Esarhaddon* dye,
 And *Merodach* assume the Monarchy.

Merodach

Merodach Balladan.

All yield to him, but *Niniveh* kept free,
Untill his Grand-child made her bow the knee.
Ambassadors to *Hezekiah* sent;
His health congratulates with complement.

Ben Merodach.

Ben Merodach Successor to this King,
Of whom is little said in any thing.
But by conjecture this, and none but he
Led King *Manasseh* to Captivity.

Nebulassar.

Brave *Nebulassar* to this King was son,
The famous *Niniveh* by him was won,
For fifty years, or more, it had been free,
Now yields her neck unto captivity :
A Vice-Roy from her foe she's glad to accept,
By whom in firm obedience she is kept.
This King's less fam'd for all the acts he's done,
Then being Father to so great a Son.

Nebuchadnezzar, or Nebopolassar.

The famous acts of this heroick King
Did neither *Homex*, *Hesiod*, *Virgil* sing :
Nor of his Wars have we the certainty
From some *Thucydides* grave history,
Nor's *Metamorphosis* from *Ovids* book,
Nor his restoriag from old Legends took:

But by the Prophets, Pen-men most divine,
 This prince in's magnitude doth ever shine.
 This was of Monarchyes that head of gold,
 The richest and the dread fullest to behold :
 This was that tree whose branches fill'd the earth,
 Under whose shadow birds and beasts had birth:
 This was that king of kings did what he pleas'd,
 Kil'd, sav'd pul'd down, set up, or pain'd or eas'd;
 And this was he, who when he fear'd the least
 Was changed from a King into a beast.
 This Prince the last year of his fathers reign
 Against *Jehojakim* marcht with his train,
Judabs poor King besieg'd and succourless
 Yields to his mercy, and the present^r rests;
 His Vassal is, gives pledges for his truth,
 Children of royal blood, unblemish'd youth :
 Wise *Daniel* and his fellowes, mongst the rest,
 By the victorious king to *Babel's* prest :
 The Temple of rich ornaments desac'd,
 And in his Idols house the vessels plac'd.
 The next year he with unresisted hand
 Quite vanquish'd *Pharaoh Necho* with his band:
 By great *Euphrates* did his army fall,
 Which was the loss of *Syria* withall.
 Then into *Egypt* *Necho* did retire,
 Which in few years proves the *Affirians* hire.
 A mighty army next he doth prepare,
 And unto wealthy *Tyre* in hast repair.
 Such was the scituation of this place,
 As might not him, but all the world out-face,

That


That in her pride she knew not which to boast
 Whether her wealth, or yet her strength was most
 How in all merchandize she did excel,
 None but the true *Ezekiel* need to tell.
 And for her strength, how hard she was to gain,
 Can *Babels* tired souldiers tell with pain.
 Within an Island had this city seat,
 Divided from the Main by channel great :
 Of costly ships and Gallies she had store,
 And Mariners to handle sail and oar :
 But the *Chaldeans* had nor ships nor skill,
 Their shoulders must their Masters mind fulfill;
 Fetcht rubbish from the opposite old town,
 And in the channel threw each burden down;
 Where after many essayes, they made at last
 The sea firm land, whereon the Army past,
 And took the wealthy town; but all the gain,
 Requited not the loss, the toyle and pain.
 Full thirteen years in this strange work he spent
 Before he could accomplish his intent :
 And though a Victor home his Army leads,
 With peeled shoulders, and with balded heads.
 When in the *Tyrian* war this King was hot,
Zebajakim his oath had clean forgot,
 Thinks this the fittest time to break his bands
 Whilest *Babels* King thus deep engaged stands :
 But he whose fortunes all were in the ebbe,
 Had all his hopes like to a spiders web;
 For this great King withdraws part of his force,
 To *Judah* marches with a speedy course,

And unexpected finds the feeble Prince
Whom he chastis'd thus for his proud offence,
Fast bound, intends to *Babel* him to send,
But chang'd his mind, & caus'd his life there end,
Then cast him out like to a naked Ass,
For this is he for whom none said alas.
His son he suffered three months to reign,
Then from his throne he pluck'd him down again,
Whom with his mother he to *Babel* led,
And seven and thirty years in prison sed :
His Uncle he establish'd in his place
(Who was last King of holy *Dauids* race)
But he as perjur'd as *Jebojakim*,
They lost more now then e're they lost by him.
Seven years he kept his faith, and safe he dwells;
But in the eighth against his Prince rebels :
The ninth came *Nebuchadnezzar* with power,
Besieg'd his city, temple, *Zions* tower,
And after eighteen months he took them all :
The Walls so strong, that stood so long, now fall.
The cursed King by flight could no wise fly
His well deserv'd and foretold misery :
But being caught to *Babels* wrathfull King
With children, wives and Nobles all they bring,
Where so the sword all but himself were put,
And with that wofull sight his eyes close shut.
Ah ! hapless man, whose darksome contemplation
Was nothing but such gasty meditation.
In midst of *Babel* now till death he lyes;
Yet as was told ne're saw it with his eyes.

The Temple's burnt the vessels had away.
 The towres and palaces brought to decay :
 Where late of harp and Lute were heard the noise
 Now *Zim* & *Jim* lift up their screeching voice.
 All now of worth are Captive led with tears,
 And sit bewailing *Zion* seventy years.
 With all these conquests *Babels* King rests not,
 No not when *Moab*, *Edom* he had got,
Kedar and *Hazar*, the *Arabians* too,
 All Vassals at his hands for Grace must sue.
 A total conquest of rich *Egypt* makes,
 All rule he from the ancient *Phraakes* takes,
 Who had for sixteen hundred years born sway,
 To *Babilons* proud King now yields the day.
 Then *Put* and *Lud* do at his mercy stand.
 Where e're he goes, he conquers every land.
 His sumptuous buildings passes all conceit,
 Which wealth and strong ambition made so great.
 His Image *Judahs* Captives worship not,
 Although the Furnace be seven times more hot.
 His dreams wise *Daniel* doth expound full well,
 And his unhappy chang with grief foretell.
 Strange melancholy humours on him lay,
 Which for seven years his reason took away,
 Which from no natural causes did proceed.
 But for his pride so had the heavens decreed.
 The time expir'd, brutish remains no more,
 But Government resumes as heretofore :
 In splendor, and in Majesty he sits,
 Contemplating those times he lost his wits.

And if by words we may ghes at the heart,
 This king among the righteous had a part :
 Fourty four years he reign'd, which being run,
 He left his wealth and conquests to his son.

Evilmerodach

Babels great Monarch now laid in the dust,
 His son possesse wealth and rule as just :
 And in the first year of his Royalty
 Easeth *Jehojakims* Captivity :
 Poor forlorn Prince,  had all state forgot
 In seven and thirty years had seen no jot.
 Among the conquer'd Kings that there did ly
 Is *Judah's* King now lifted up on high :
 But yet in *Babel* he must still remain,
 And native *Canaan* hever see again :
 Unlike his Father *Evilmerodach*,
 Prudence and magnanimity did lack;
 Fair *Egypt* is by his remifness lost,
Arabia, and all the bordering coast.
 Warrs with the *Medes* unhappily he wag'd
 (Within which broyles rich *Craſus* was ingag'd)
 His Army routed, and himself there slain:
 His Kingdome to *Belshazzar* did remain.

Belshazzar.

Unworthy *Belshazzar* next wears the crown,
 Whose acts profane a sacred Pen sets down,
 His lust and cruelties in storyes find,
 A royal State rul'd by a brutish mind.

His life so base, and dissolute invites
The noble *Persian* to invade his rights;
Who with his own, and Uncles power anon,
Layes siege to's Regal Seat, proud *Babylon*,
The coward King, whose strength lay in his walls,
To banquetting and revelling now falls,
To shew his littledread, but greater store,
To chear his friends, and scorn his foes the more.
The holy vessels thither brought long since,
They carrows'd in, and sacrilegious prince
Did praise his Gods of mettall, wood, and stone,
Protectors of his Crown, and *Babylon*,
But he above, his doings did deride,
And with a hand soon dashed all this pride.
The King upon the wall casting his eye,
The fingers of a hand writing did spy,
Which horrid sight, he fears must needs portend
Destruction to his Crown, to s Person end.
With quaking knees, and heart appall'd he cries,
For the Soothsayers, and Magicians wife;
This language strange to read, and to unfold;
With gifts of Scarlet robe and Chain of gold,
And highest dignity next to the King,
To him that could interpret, clear this thing:
But dumb the gazing Astrologers stand,
Amazed at the writing, and the hand.
None answers the affrighted Kings intent,
Who still expects some fearful sad event;
As dead, alive he sits, as one undone:
In comes the Queen, to chear her heartless Son.

Of Daniel tells, who in his grand-sires dayes
 Vvas held in more account then now he was.
 Daniel in haste is brought before the King,
 VWho doth not flatter, nor once cloak the thing;
 Reminds him of his Grand-Sires height and fall,
 And of his own notorious sins withall :
 His Drunkenness, and his profaness high,
 His pride and sottish gross Idolatry.
 The guilty King with colour pale and dead
 Then hears his *Mene* and his *Tekel* read.
 And one thing did worthy a King (though late)
 Perform'd his word to him that told his fate.
 That night victorious *Cyrus* took the town,
 VWho soon did terminate his life and crown;
 VWith him did end the race of *Baladan* :
 And now the *Persian* Monarchie began.

The End of the Assyrian Monarchy.

THE



The Second *Monarchy*,
being the *Persian*, began under
Cyrus, *Darius* being his Uncle and
Father-in-law reigned with him
about two years.

CYRUS *Cambyfes* Son of *Persia* King,
Whom Lady *Mandana* did to him bring,
She daughter unto great *Astages*,
He in descent the seventh from *Arbaces*.
Cambyfes was of *Achemenes* race,
VWho had in *Persia* the Lieftenants place
VWhen *Sardaxapalus* was overthrown,
And from that time had hel' it as h's own.
Cyrus, *Darius* Daughter took to wife,
And so unites two Kingdomes without strife.
Darius unto *Manana* was brother.
Adopts her son for his having no other.
This is of *Cyrus* the true pedegree,
VWhose Ancestors were royal in degree:
His Mothers dream, and Grand-Sires cruelty,
His preservation, in his misery,
His nourishment afforded by a Bitch,
Are fit for such, whose ears for Fables itch.

He

He in his younger dayes an Army led,
 Against great *Cressus* then of *Lidia* head;
 Who over-curious of wars event,
 For information to *Apollo* went:
 And the ambiguous Oracle did trust,
 So overthrown by *Cyrus*, as was just;
 Who him puaues to *Sardis*, takes the Town,
 Where all that dare resist, are slaughter'd down;
 Disguised *Cressus* hop'd to scape i'th' throng,
 Who had no might to save himself from wrong;
 But as he past, his Son who was born dumb,
 With pressing grief and sorrow overcome:
 Among the tumult, bloud-shed, and the strife,
 Brake his long silence, cry'd, spare *Cressus* life.
Cressus thus known, it was gr at *Cyrus* doom,
 (A hard decree) to ashes he consume;
 Then on a wood pile set. where all might eye,
 He *Solon*, *Solon*, *Solon*, thrice did cry.
 The Reason of those words *Cyrus* demands,
 Who *Solon* was? to whom he lifts his hands;
 Then to the King he makes this true report,
 That *Solon* sometimes at his stately Court,
 His Treasures, pleasures pomp and power d'd see,
 And viewing all, at all nought mov'd was he:
 That *Cressus* angry, urg'd him to express,
 If ever King equal'd his happiness.
 (Quoth he) that man for happy we commend,
 Whose happy life attains an happy end.
Cyrus with pittie mov'd, knowing Kings stand,
 Now up and down, as fortune turns her hand,

Weighing

Weighing the Age, and greatness of the Prince,
(His Mothers Uncle) stories do evince:
Gave him his life, and took him for a friend,
Did to him still his chief designs commend.
Next war the restless *Cyrus* thought upon,
Was conquest of the stately *Babylon*.
Now treble wall'd, and moated so about,
That all the world they need not fear nor doubt;
To drain this ditch, he many Sluces cut,
But till convenient time their heads kept shut;
That night *Belshazzar* feasted all his rout,
He cut those banks, and let the River out,
And to the walls securely marches on,
Not finding a defendant thereupon;
Enters the Town, the sottish King he slays,
Upon Earths richest spoyles his Souldiers preys;
Here twenty years provision good he found,
Forty five miles this City scarce could round;
This head of Kingdomes *Chaldees* excellence,
For Owles and Satyres made a residence,
Yet wondrous monuments this stately Queen,
A thousand years had after to be seen.
Cyrus doth now the Jewish Captives free,
An Edict made, the Temple builded be,
He with his Uncle *Daniel* sets on high,
And caus'd his foes in Lions Den to dye.
Long after this he' gainst the *Scythians* goes,
And *Tomyris* Son and Army overthrowes;
Which to revenge she hires a mighty power,
And sets on *Cyrus*, in a fatal hour;

There

There routs his Host, himself the prisoner takes,
 And at one blow (worlds head) the headleſs makes
 The which she bath'd, within a But of bloud,
 Using ſuch taunting words, as she thought good.
 But *Xenophon* reports he di'd in's bed,
 In honour, peace, and wealth, with a grey head;
 And in his Town of *Paſſagardes* lyes,
 VVhereſome long after ſought in vain for prize,
 But in his Tombe, was only to be found
 Two *Scythian* boys, a Sword and Target round:
 And *Alexander* coming to the ſame,
 VVith honours great, did celebrate his fame.
 Three daughters and two Sons he left behind,
 Innobled more by birth, then by their mind;
 Thirty two years in all this Prince did reign,
 But eight whiſt *Babylon*, he did retain:
 And though his conquests made the earth to groan,
 Now quiet lyes under one marble ſtone.
 And with an Epitaph, himſelf did make,
 To ſhew how little Land he then ſhould take.

Cambyſes.

Cambyſes no waves like his noble Sire,
 Yet to enlarge his State had ſome deſire,
 His reign with bloud and Inceſt firſt begins,
 Then ſends to find a Law, for theſe his ſins;
 That Kings with Siſters match, no Law they find,
 But that the *Persian* King may aſt his mind:
 He wages war the fifth year of his reign,
 'Gainſt *Egypt*s King, who there by him was ſlain:
 And

And all of Royal Bloud, that came to hand,
 He seized first of Life and then of Land,
 (But little *Namus* scap'd that cruel fate,
 VVho grown a man, resum'd again his State.)
 He next to *Cyprus* sends his bloody Host,
 VVho landing soon upon that fruitful Coast,
 Made *Evelthon* their King with bended knee,
 To hold his own, of his free Courtesie.
 Their Temple he destroys, not for his Zeal,
 For he would be profest, God of their weal;
 Yea, in his pride, he ventured so farre,
 To spoyle the Temple of great *Jupiter*:
 But as they marched o're those desert sands,
 The storm'd dust o'rewhelm'd his daring bands;
 But scorning thus, by *Jove* to be outbrav'd,
 A second Army he had almost grav'd,
 But vain he found to fight with Elements,
 So left his sacrilegious bold intents.
 The Egyptian *Apu* then he likewise slew,
 Laughing to scorn, that sottish Calvish Crew:
 If all this heat had been for pious end,
Cambyes to the Clouds we might commend,
 But he that 'fore the Gods himself prefers,
 Is more profane then gross Idolaters,
 He after this, upon suspition vain,
 Unjustly caus'd his brother to be slain.
Praxaspes into *Persia* then is sent,
 To act in secret, this his lewd intent:
 His Sister (whom Incestuously he wed,)
 Hearing her harmles brother thus was dead.

His wofull death with tears did so bemoan,
That by her husbands charge, she caught her own;
She with her fruit at once were both undone
Who would have born a Nephew and a son.
Oh helles husband, brother, uncle, Sire,
Thy cruelty all ages will admire.
This strange severity he sometimes us'd
Upon a Judge, for taking bribes accus'd,
Lay'd him alive, hung up his stuffed skin
Over his seat, then plac'd his son therein,
To whom he gave this in remembrance,
Like fault must look for the like recompence.
His cruelty was come unto that height
He spar'd nor foe, nor friend, nor favourite.
'T would be no pleasure, but a tedious thing
To tell the facts of this most bloody King,
Feared of all, but lov'd of few or none,
All wisht his short reign past before 'twas done.
At last two of his Officers he hears
Had set one *Smerdis* up, of the same years,
And like in feature to his brother dead,
Ruling, as they thought best under this head.
The people ignorant of what was done,
Obedience yielded as to *Cyrus* son.
Tougt with this news to *Persia* he makes,
But in the way his sword just vengeance takes,
Unsheathes, as he his horse mounted on high,
And with a mortal thrust wounds him ith' thigh,
Which ends before begun his home-bred warr:
So yields to death, that dreadfull Conquerour.

Grief for his brothers death he did express,
 And more, because he died Issueless.
 The male line of great *Cyrus* now had end,
 The Female to many Ages did extend.
 A *Babylon* in *Egypt* did he make,
 And *Meroe* built for his fair Sisters sake.
 Eight years he reign'd, a short, yet too long time
 Cut off in's wickedness in's strength and prime.

*The inter regnum between Cambyfes
 And Darius Hystaspes.*

Childless *Cambyfes* on the sudden dead,
 (The Princes meet, to chuse one in his stead,
 Of which the chief was seven, call'd *Satrapes*,
 Who like to Kings, rul'd Kingdoms as they please,
 Descended all of *Achemenes* blood,
 And Kinsmen in account to th' King they stood.
 And first these noble *Magi* 'gree upon,
 To thrust th' imposter *Smerdis* out of Throne:
 Then Forces instantly they raise, and rout
 This King with his Conspirators so stout,
 But yet 'fore this was done much blood was shed,
 And two of these great Peers in Field lay dead.
 Some write that sorely hurt they scap'd away,
 But so, or no, sure 'tis they won the day.
 All things in peace, and Rebels throughly quell'd,
 A Consultation by those States was held,
 What form of government now to erect
 The old, or new, which best, in what respect;

The greater part declin'd a Monarchy
 So late crusht by their Princes tyranny,
 And thought the people would more happy be
 If govern'd by an Aristocracy :
 But others thought (none of the dullest brain)
 That better one then many tyrants reign.
 What Arguments they us'd I know not well,
 Too politick, its like, for me to tell,
 But in conclusion they all agree.
 Out of the seven a Monarch chosen be.
 All envy to avoid, this was thought on
 Upon a green to meet by rising sun,
 And he whose horse before the rest should neigh,
 Of all the Peers should have precedency.
 They all attend on the appointed hour,
 Praying to fortune for a kingly power.
 Then mounting on their snorting coursers proud,
Darius lusty Stallion neigh'd full loud,
 The Nobles all alight, bow to their King,
 And joyfull acclamations shrill they ring.
 A thousand times, long live the King they cry.
 Let Tyranny with dead *Cambises* dye :
 Then all attend him to his royall room :
 Thanks for all this to's crafty stable-groom.

Darius Hystaspes.

- *Darius* by election made a King,
 His title to make strong omits no thing :
 He two of *Cyrus* daughters then doth wed,
 Two of his Nieces takes to Nuptial bed,

By which he cuts their hopes for future time,
 That by such steps to Kingdomes often clime.
 And now a King by mariage choice and blood :
 Three strings to's bow, the least of which is good;
 Yet firmly more, the peoples hearts to bind.
 Made wholsome, gentle laws which pleas'd each
 His courtesie and affability. (mind.
 Much gain'd the hearts of his nobility.
 Yet notwithstanding all he did so well,
 The *Babylonians* 'gainst their prince rebell.
 An host he rais'd the city to reduce;
 But men against those walls were of no use.
 Then brave *Zopirus* for his masters good,
 His manly face disfigures, spares no blood :
 With his own hands cutts off his ears and nose,
 And with a faithfull fraud to th' town he goes,
 Tells them how harshly the proud king had dealt;
 That for their sakes his cruelty he felt,
 Desiring of the Prince to raise the siege,
 This violence was done him by his Liege.
 This told, for entrance he stood not long;
 For they believ'd his nose more then his tongue.
 With all the city's strength they him betrust,
 If he command, obey the greatest must.
 When opportunity he saw was fit
 Delivers up the town, and all in it;
 To loose a nose, to win a town's no shame;
 But who dares venture such a stake for th' game.
 Then thy disgrace, thine honour's manifold,
 Who doth deserve a statue made of gold.

Nor can *Darius* in his Monarchy,
 Scarce find enough to thank thy l yalty:
 Yet o're thy glory we must cast this vail,
 Thy craft more then thy valour did prevail.
Darius in the second of his reign
 An Edi& for the jews publish'd again:
 The Temple to rebuild, for that did rest
 Since *Cyrus* time, *Cambyses* did molest.
 He like a King now grants a Charter large,
 Out of his own reuennues bears the charge,
 Gives Sacrifices, wheat, wine, oyle and sak,
 Threats punishment to him that through default
 Shall let the work or keep back any thing.
 Of what is freely granted by the King:
 And on all Kings he poures out Execrations
 That shall once dare to rase those firm foundations
 They thus backt by the King, in spight of foes
 Built on and prosper'd till their houle they close.
 And in the sixth year of his friendly reign,
 Set up a Temple (though a less) again
Darius on the *Scythians* made a war,
 Entering that larg and barren Country far:
 A Bridge he made, which seru'd for boat & barge
 O're *Ister* fair; with labour and with charge.
 But in that desert 'mongst his barbarous foes
 Sharp wants, not swords, his valour did oppose,
 His Army fought with hunger and with cold,
 Which to assail his royal Camp was bold.
 By these alone his host was pinch't so sore,
 He warr'd defensive, not offensive more.

The Salvages did laugh at his distress,
 Their mimes by Hiroylyphicks they express,
 A Frog a Mouſe, a bird, an arrow ſent,
 The King will needs interpret their intent,
 Poſſeſſion of water, earth and air.
 But wiſe *Gobias* reads not half ſo fair:
 (Quoth he) like frogs in water we muſt dive,
 Or like to mice un'er the earth muſt live
 Or fly like birds in un-known wayes full quick,
 Or *Scythian* arrows in our ſides muſt ſtick.
 The King ſeeing his men and viſual ſpent,
 This fruitleſs war beg'n late to repent,
 Return'd with little honour, and leſs gain.
 His enemies ſcarce ſeen, then much leſs ſlain.
 He after this intends *Greece* to invade,
 But troubles in leſs *Aſia* him ſtaid,
 Which huſh, he ſtraight ſo orders his affairs,
 For *Atreus* an army he prepares;
 But as before, ſo now with ill ſucceſs
 Return'd with wondrous loſs, and honourleſs.
Athens perceiving now their deſperate ſtate
 Arm'd all they could, which eleven thouſand made
 By brave *Miltiades* their chief being led:
Darius multitudes before them fled.
 At *Marathon* this bloody field was fought,
 Where *Greeks* prov'd themſelves right ſouldiers
 Tho' *Persians* to their gallies poſt with ſpeed (Rout
 Where an *Athenian* ſhew'd a valiant deed,
 Purſues his flying foes then on the ſand,
 He ſtays a laughing gally with his hand,

Which soon cut off, inrag'd, he with his left,
 Renews his hold, and when of that bereft,
 His whetted teeth he claps in the firm wood,
 Off flies his head, down showres his frolick bloud,
 Go *Persians*, carry home that angry piece,
 As the best Trophe which ye won in *Greece*,
Darius light, yet heavy home returns,
 And for revenge, his heart still restless burnes,
 His Queen *Atossa* Author of this stirr,
 For *Grecian* maids ('tis said) to wait on her.
 She lost her aim, her Husband he lost more,
 His men his coynre, his honour and his store ;
 And the ensuing year ended his Life,
 (Tis thought, through grief of this successless strife
 Thirty six years this noble Prince did reign,
 Then to his second Son did all remain.

Xerxes,

Xerxes, *Darius*, and *Atossa's* Son,
 Grand child to *Cyrus*, now sits on the Throne :
 (His eldest brother put beside the place,
 Because this was, first born of *Cyrus* race.)
 His Father not so full of lenity,
 As was his Son of pride and cruelty ;
 He with his Crown receives a double war,
 The *Egyptians* to reduce, and *Greece* to marr,
 The first begun, and finish'd in such haste,
 None write by whom, nor how, 'twas over past.
 But for the last, he made such preparation,
 As if to dust, he meant, to grinde that nation;

Yet

Yet all his men, and Instruments of slaughter,
 Produced but derision and laughter,
 Sage *Artabanus* Counsel had he taken,
 And's Couzen young *Maxdonius* forsaken,
 His Souldiers credit, wealth at home had staid,
 And *Greece* such wondrous triumphs ne'r had made.
 The first deborts and layes before his eyes
 His Fathers ill success, in's enterprize,
 Against the *Scythians* and *Grecians* too,
 What Infamy to's honour did accrew.
 Flatt'ring *Mardonius* on the other side;
 With conquest of all *Europe*, feeds his pride:
 Vain *Xerxes* thinks his counsel hath most wit,
 That his ambitious humour best can fit;
 And by this choise unwarily posts on,
 To present loss, future subversion.
 Although he hasted, yet four years was spent
 In great provisions, for this great intent:
 His Army of all Nations was compounded,
 That the vast *Persian* government surrounded.
 His Foot was seventeen hundred thousand strong,
 Eight hundred thousand horse to these belong
 His Camels, beasts for carriage numberless,
 For Truths asham'd, how many to express;
 The charge of all, he severally commended
 To Princes, of the *Persian* blood descended:
 But the command of these commanders all,
 Unto *Mardonius* made their Generall,
 (He was the Son of the fore nam'd *Gobrius*,
 Who married the Sister of *Darius*.)

Such his land Forces were, then next a fleet,
 Of two and twenty thousand Gallies meet
 Man'd with *Phenicians* and *Pamphylians*
Cipriots, *Dorians* and *Cilicians*,
Lycians, *Carians* and *Ionians*,
Eolians and the *Helispontimes*.
 Besides the vessels for his transportation,
 Which to three thousand came (by best relation)
 Brave *Artemisa*, *Halicarnassus* Queen
 In person present for his aid was seen,
 Whose Gallies all the rest in neatness pass,
 Save the *Zidonians*, where *Xerxes* was:
 But hers she kept still seperate from the rest,
 For to command alone, she judg'd was best.
 O noble Queen, thy valour I commend;
 But pittie 'twas thine aid thou here didst lend.
 At *Sardis* in *Lydia*, all these do meet,
 Whether rich *Pythias* comes *Xerxes* to greet,
 Feasts all this multitude of his own charge,
 Then gives the King a king-like gift full large,
 Three thousand talents of the purest gold,
 Which mighty sum all wondred to behold:
 Then humbly to the king he makes request.
 One of his five sons there might be releas'd,
 To be to's age a comfort and a stay,
 The other four he freely gave away.
 The king calls for the youth, who being brought,
 Cuts him in twain for whom his Sire besought,
 Then laid his parts on both sides of the way,
 'Twixt which his souldiers marcht in good array.
 For

For his great love is this thy recompence?
Is this to do like *Xerxes* or a Prince?
Thou shame of kings, of men the detestation,
I Rhetorick want to pour out execration.
First thing he did that's worthy of recount,
A Sea passage cut behind *Athos* mount.
Next o're the *Hellespont* a bridge he made
Of Boats together coupled, and there laid:
But winds and waves those iron bands did break;
To cross the sea such strength he found too weak,
Then whips the sea, and with a mind most vain
He fetters cast therein the same to chain.
The work-men put to death the bridge that made,
Because they wanted skill the same to've staid.
Seven thousand Gallies chain'd by *Tyrians* skill,
Firmly at last accomplished his will.
Seven dayes and nights, his host without least stay
Was marching o're this new devised way.
Then in *Abidus* plair's mustring his forces,
He gloryes in his squadrons and his horses,
Long viewing them, thought it great happiness,
One king-so many subjects should possess:
But yet this sight from him produced tears,
That none of those could live an hundred years.
What after did ensue had he foreseen,
Of so long time his thoughts had never been.
Of *Artabanus* he again demands
How of this enterprise his thoughts now stands,
His answer was, both sea and land he fear'd,
Which was not vain as after soon appear'd.

But

But *Xerxes* resolute to *Thrace* goes first,
 His Host all *Lissus* drinks, to quench their thirst;
 And for his Cattel, all *Pissyrus* Lake
 Was scarce enough for each a draught to take:
 Then marching on to th' streight *Thermopylae*,
 The *Spartan* meets him brave *Leonade*;
 This 'twixt the mountains lyes (half Acre wide)
 That pleasant *Thessaly* from *Greece* divide
 Two dayes and nights, a fight they there maintain,
 Till twenty thousand *Persians* fell down slain;
 And all that Army then dismay'd, had fled,
 But that a Fugitive discovered.
 How some might o're the mountains go about,
 And wound the backs of those brave warriors stout
 They thus behem'd with multitude of Foes,
 Laid on more fieroely their deep mortal blows.
 None cries for quarter nor yet seeks to run;
 But on their ground they die each Mothers Son.
 O noble Greeks, how now degenerate,
 Where is the valour of your ancient State?
 When as one thousand could a million daunt,
 Alas! it is *Leonatus* you want.
 This shameful victory cost *Xerxes* dear,
 Among the rest, two brothers he lost there;
 And as at Land, so he at Sea was crost,
 Four hundred stately Ships by storms was lost;
 Of Vessels small almost innumerable,
 The Harbour to contain them was not
 Yet thinking to out match his Foes at Sea
 Enclos'd their Fleet i' th' streight of *Euboea*

Who

But they as fortunate at Sea as Land,
 In this streight as the other firmly stand.
 And *Xerxes* mighty Gallies battered so,
 That their split sides witness'd his overthrow;
 Then in the streight of *Salamu* he try'd,
 If that small number his great force could bide:
 But he in daring of his forward Foe,
 Received there a shameful overthrow.
 Twice beaten thus at Sea he warr'd no more,
 But then the *Phocians* Country wasted sore;
 They no way able to withstand his force,
 That brave *Themistocles* takes this wise course,
 In secret manner word to *Xerxes* sends,
 That Greeks to break his Bridg shortly intends:
 And as a friend warns him what e're he do
 For his Retreat, to have an eye thereto,
 He hearing this, his thoughts & course home bended
 Much fearing that which never was intended.
 Yet fore he went to help out his expence,
 Part of his Host to *Delphos* sent from thence,
 To rob the wealthy Temple of *Apelle*,
 But mischief sacriledge doth ever follow.
 Two mighty Rocks brake from *Parnassus* hill,
 And many thousands of those men did kill;
 Which accident the rest affrighted so,
 With empty hands they to their Master go:
 He finding all, to tend to his decay,
 Fearing his Bridge, no longer there would stay.
 Three hundred thousand yet he left behind,
 With his *Ardonius* Index of his mind;

Vvho

Who for his sake he knew would venture farre,
 (Chief instigator of this hapless warr.)
 He instantly to *Athens* sent for peace,
 That all Hostility from thence forth cease;
 And that with *Perseus* they would be at one,
 So should all favour to their State be shown.
 The *Spartans* fearing *Athens* would agree,
 As had *Macedon*, *Thebes*, and *Thessaly*,
 And leave the matter out, this Shock now to sustain,
 By their Ambassador they thus complain,
 That *Perseus* quarrel was 'gainst *Athens* State,
 And they had helpt them as Confederate;
 If in their need they should forsake their friends,
 Their infamy would last till all things ends:
 But the *Athenians* this peace detest,
 And thus reply'd unto *Mardon's* request.
 That whilst the Sun did run his endless Course
 Against the *Persians*, they would bend their force;
 Nor could the brave Ambassador he sent,
 With Rhetorick gain better Complement:
 A *Macedonian* born, and great Commander,
 No less then grand-Sire to great *Alexander*
Mardonius proud hearing this Answer stout,
 To add more to his numbers layes about;
 And of those Greeks which by his Skill he'd won,
 He fifty thousand joyns unto his own:
 The other Greeks which were Confederate
 In all one hundred and ten thousand made.
 The *Athenians* could but forty thousand arme,
 The rest had weapons would do little harm;

But

But that which helpt defects, and made them bold,
Was victory by Oracle foretold.

Then for one battel shortly all provided
Where both their Controversies they'l decide;
Ten dayes these Armyes did each other face,
Mardonius finding victuals wast apace,
No longer dar'd, but bravely on-set gave,
The other not a hand nor Sword would wave,
Till in the Intraills of their Sacrifice

The signal of their victory did rise,
Which sound like Greeks they fight, the *Persians*
And troublesome *Mardonius* now must dye. (47)
All's lost, and of three hundred thousand men,
Three thousand only can run home agen.

For pittie let those few to *Xerxes* go,
To certifie his final overthrow:

Same day the small remainder of his Fleet,
The Grecians at *Mycale* in *Asia* meet.

And there so utterly they wrackt the same,
Scarce one was left to carry home the Fame;

Thus did the Greeks consume, destroy, disperse
That Army, which did fright the Universe.

Scorn'd *Xerxes* hated for his cruelty,
Yet ceases not to act his villany.

His brothers wife solicites to his will,
The chaste and beautilous Dame refused still;

Some years by him in this vain suit was spent,
Nor prayers nor gifts could win him least content.

Nor matching of her daughter to his Son,
But she was still as when he first begun;

When jealous Queen *Amestris* of this knew,
 She Harpy like upon the Lady flew,
 Cut off her breasts her lips, her nose and ears,
 And leavs her thus besmear'd in bloud and tears.
 Straight comes her Lord, and finds his wife thus ly,
 The sorrow of his heart did close his Eye;
 He dying to behold that wounding sight,
 Where he had sometime gaz'd with great delight,
 To see that face where rose, and Lillyes stood,
 O'reflown with Torrent of her guiltless bloud,
 To see those breasts where Chastity did dwell,
 Thus cut and mangled by a Hag of Hell:
 With loaden heart unto the King he goes,
 Tells as he could his unexpressed woes;
 But for his deep complaints and showres of tears,
 His brothers recompence was nought but jeers:
 The griev'd prince finding nor right, nor love,
 To *Bactria* his household did remove.
 His brother sent soon after him a crew,
 With him and his most barbarously there flew:
 Unto such height did grow his cruelty,
 Of life no man had least security.
 At last his Uncle did his death conspire,
 And for that end his Eunuch he did hire;
 Who privately him smother'd in his bed,
 But yet by search he was found murdered;
 Then *Artabanus* hirer of this deed,
 That from suspicion he might be fre'd:
 Accus'd *Darius Xerxes* eldest Son,
 To be the Author of the crime was done.

And

And by his craft order'd the matter so
 That the Prince innocent to death did goe:
 But in short time this wickedness was known,
 For which he died, and not he alone,
 But all his Family was likewise slain:
 Such Justice in the *Persian* Court did reign.
 The eldest son thus immaturally dead,
 The second was inthron'd in's fathers stead.

Artaxerxes Longimanns.

Amongst the Monarchs, next this prince had place
 The best that ever sprung of *Cyrus* race.
 He first war with revolted *Egypt* made,
 To whom the perjur'd *Grecians* lent their aid:
 Although to *Xerxes* they not long before
 A league of amity had firmly swore,
 Which had they kept, *Greece* had more nobly done
 Then when the world they after overrun.
Greeks and *Egyptians* both he overthrows,
 And payes them both according as he owes,
 Which done, a sumptuous feast makes like a king
 Where ninescore dayes are spent in banquetting.
 His Princes, Nobles, and his Captains calls,
 To be partakers of these Festivals:
 His hangings white and green, and purple dye,
 With gold and silver beds, most gorgeously.
 The royal wine in golden cups did pats,
 To drink more then he list, none bidden was:
 Queen *Vasthi* also feasts, but 'fore tis ended,
 She's from her Royalty (alas) suspended,

And

And one more worthy placed in her room,
 By *Memucans* advice so was the doom.
 What *Eſther* was and did, the Story read,
 And how her Country men from ſpoyle ſhe freed
 Of *Hamans* fall, and *Mordicaes* great Riſe.
 The might of th' prince, the tribute of the Iſles.
 Good *Ezra* in the ſeventh year of his reign,
 Did for the Jews commiſſion large obtain,
 With gold and ſilver, and what ere they need:
 His bounty did *Darius* far exceed.

- And *Nehemiab* in his twentieth year,
 Went to *Jeruſalem* his city dear,
 Rebuilt thoſe walls which long in ruubiſh lay,
 And o're his opposites ſtill got the day,
 Unto this King *Themiftocles* did fly,
 When under *Oſtraciſme* he did lye:
 For ſuch ingratitude did *Athens* ſhow,
 (This valiant Knight whom they ſo much did owe)
 Such royal bounty from his prince he found,
 That in his loyalty his heart was bound.
 The king not little joyfull of this chance,
 Thinking his *Greeſian* warrs now to advance,
 And for that end great preparation made
 Fair *Attica* a third time to invade.
 His grand-Sires old diſgrace did vex him ſore,
 His Father *Xerxes* loſs and ſhame much more,
 For puniſhment their breach of oath did call
 This noble *Greek*, now fit for General.
 Proviſions then and ſeaſon being fit,
 To *Themiftocles* this warr he doth commit,

Who

Who for his wrong he could not chuse but deem
 His Country nor his Friends would much esteem:
 But he all injury had soon forgit;
 And to his native land could bear no hate,
 Nor yet disloyal to his Prince would prove,
 By whom oblig'd by bounty, and by love;
 Either to wrong, did wound his heart so sore,
 To wrong himself by death he chose before:
 In this sad conflict marching on his wayes,
 Strong poyson took, so put an end to's dayes.
 The King this noble Captain having lost,
 Dispers'd again his newly levied host:
 Rest of his time in peace he did remain,
 And di'd the two and fortieth of his reign.

Darius Nothus.

Three sons great *Artaxerxes* left behind;
 The eldest to succeed, that was his mind:
 His second Brother with him fell at strife;
 Still making war, till first had lost his life:
 Then the Survivor is by *Nothus* slain,
 Who now sole Monarch doth of all remain.
 The two first sons (are by Historians thought)
 By fair Queen *Esther* to her husband brought:
 If so they were, the greater was her moan,
 That for such graeceless wretches she did groan.
 Revolting *Egypt* against this King rebels,
 His Garisons drives out that 'mongst them dwells.
 Joyns with the *Greeks*, an' so maintain their right
 For sixty years, maugre the *Persians* might.

A second trouble after this succeeds,
 Which from remissness in *Asia* breeds.
Amorges, whom for Vice-Roy he ordain'd,
 Revolts, treasure and people having gain'd,
 Plunders the Country, & much mischief wrought
 Before things could to quietness be brought.
 The King was glad with *Sparta* to make peace,
 That so he might those troubles soon appease:
 But they in *Asia* must first rest:
 All towns held by his Ancestors before.
 The King much profit reaped by this league,
 Regains his own, then doth the Rebel break
 Whose strength by *Grecians* help was overthrown,
 And so each man again possesseth his own.
 This King *Cambises* like his sister wed,
 To which his pride, more than his lust him led:
 For *Persian* Kings then deem'd themselves so good
 No match was high enough but their own blood.
 Two sons she bore, the youngest *Cyrus* nam'd,
 A Prince whose worth by *Xenophon* is fam'd:
 His Father would no notice of that take
 Prefers his brother for his birthrights sake.
 But *Cyrus* scorns his brothers feeble wit,
 And takes more on him than was judged fit.
 The King provoked sends for him to th' Court,
 Meaning to chastise him in sharpest sort.
 But in his slow approach, ere he came there
 His Father di'd, so put an end to's fear.
 'Bout nineteen years this *Noshur* reigned, which
 His large Dominions left to's eldest Son.

rub.
Artaxerxes

Artaxerxes Mneumon.

Mneumon now set upon his Fathers Throne,
 Yet fears all he enjoys, is not his own :
 Still on his Brother casts a jealous eye,
 Judging his actions tends to's injury.
Cyrus on th' other side weighs in his mind,
 What help in's enterprize he's like to find ;
 His Interest in th' Kingdome now next heir,
 More dear to's Mother then his brother sarr :
 His brothers little love like to be gone,
 Held by his Mothers Intercession.
 These and like motives hurry him amain,
 To win by force, what right could not obtain ;
 And thought it best now in his Mothers time,
 By lower steps towards the top to climbe :
 If in his enterprize he should fall short,
 She to the King would make a fair report,
 He hop'd if fraud nor force the Crown would gain
 Her prevalence, a pardon might obtain.
 From the *Lieutenant* first he takes away
 Some Towns, commodious in less *Asia*,
 Pretending still the profit of the King.
 Whose Rents and Customes duly he sent in ;
 The King finding Revenues now amended,
 For what was done seemed no whit offend.
 Then next he takes the *Spartans* into pay.
 One Greek could make ten *Persians* run away.
 Great care was his pretence those Souldiers rout,
 The Rovers in *Pisidia* should drive out ;

But lest some blacker news should fly to Court,
 Prepares himself to carry the report:
 And for that end five hundred Horse he chose;
 With posting speed on t'wards the king he goes:
 But some more quick, arrives ere he comes there,
 And fills the Court with tumult, and with fear.
 The old Queen and the young at bitter jars,
 The last accus'd the first for these late wars,
 The wife against the mother still doth cry
 To be the Author of conspiracy.
 The King dismay'd, a mighty host doth raise,
 Which *Cyrus* hears, and so foretells his pace:
 But as he goes his forces still augments,
 Seven hundred *Greeks* repair to his in-ans,
 And others to be warm'd by this new sun
 In numbers from his brother dayly run.
 The fearfull King at last musters his forces,
 And counts nine hundred thousand Foot & horses.
 Three hundred thousand he to stay is lent
 To keep those streights his brother to prevent.
 Their Captain hearing but of *Cyrus* name,
 Forsook his charge to his eternal shame.
 This place so made by nature and by art,
 Few might have kept it had they had a heart.
Cyrus despair'd a passage there to gain
 So hir'd a fleet to wait him o're the Main:
 The 'mazed King was then about to fly
 To *Bactria* and for a time there lye.
 Had not his Captains fore against his will
 By reason and by force detain'd him still,

Up then with speed a mighty trench he throws
 For his security against his foes.
 Six yards the depth and forty miles in length;
 Some fifty or six sixty foot in breadth;
 Yet for his brothers coming durst not stay;
 He safest was when farthest out of th' way.
 Cyrus finishing his camp, and no man there,
 Was not a little jocund at his fear.
 On this he and his souldiers careless grow,
 And here and there in carts their arms they throw
 When suddenly their scouts come in and cry,
Arm, Arm, the King with all his host is nigh.
 In this confusion each man as he might
 Gets on his arms, arrayes himself for fight,
 And ranged stood by great *Euphrates* side
 The brunt of that huge multitude to 'bide,
 Of whose great numbers their intelligence
 Was gather'd by the dust that rose from thence,
 Which like a mighty cloud darkned the sky,
 And black and blacker grew, as they drew nigh:
 But when their order and their silence saw,
 That more then multitudes their hearts did awe:
 For tumult and confusion they expected,
 And all good discipline to be neglected.
 But long under their fears they did not stay,
 For at first charge the *Persians* ran away,
 Which did such courage to the *Grecians* bring,
 They all adored *Cyrus* for their King:
 So had he been, and got the victory,
 Had not his too much valour put him by.

He with six hundred on a Squadron set,
Of thousands six wherein the King was yet,
And brought his Souldiers on so gallantly,
They ready were to leave their King and fly ;
Whom *Cyrus* spies cries loud, I see the man,
And with a full carreer at him he ran :
And in his speed a dart him hit i'th' eye,
Down *Cyrus* falls, and yields to destiny :
His Host in chace knows not of this disaster,
But treads down all, so to advance their master ;
But when his head they spy upon a Lance,
Who knows the sudden change made by this chance
Senseless & mute they stand, yet breath out groans,
Nor *Gorgons* head like this transform'd to stones.
After this trance, revenge new Spirits blew,
And now more eagerly their Foes pursue ;
And heaps on heaps such multitudes they laid,
Their Arms grew weary by their slaughters made.
The King unto a Country Village flies,
And for a while unkingly there he lyes.
At last displays his Ensigne on a Hill,
Hoping by that to make the Greeks stand still ;
But was deceiv'd, to him they run amain,
The King upon the spur runs back again :
But they too faint still to pursue their game,
Being Victors oft, now to their Camp they came.
Nor lackt they any of their number small,
Nor wound receiv'd, but one among them all :
The King with his disperst, also incamp'd,
With Infamy upon each Forehead stamp'd.

His hurri'd thoughts he after recollects,
Of this dayes Cowardize he fears th' effects.
If Greeks in their own Country should declare,
What dastards in the Field the *Persians* are.
They in short time might place one in his Throne:
And rob him both of Scepter and of Crown;
To hinder their return by craft or force,
He judg'd his wisest and his safest Course.
Then sends, that to his Tent, they streight address,
And there all wait, his mercy weaponless;
The Greeks with scorn reject his proud Commands
Asking no favour, where they fear'd no hands:
The troubled King his Herald sends again,
And sues for peace, that they his friends remain,
The smiling Greeks reply, they first must bait,
They were too hungry to Capitulate;
The King great store of all provision sends,
And Courtesie to th' utmost he pretends,
Such terrour on the *Persians* then did fall,
They quak'd to hear them to each other call,
The King perplext, there dares not let them stay.
And fears as much, to let them march away,
But Kings ne're want such as can serve their will,
Fit Instruments t' accomplish what is ill.
As *Tyssaphernes* knowing his masters mind,
Their chief Commanders feasts and yet more kind,
With all the Oaths and deepest Flattery,
Gets them to treat with him in privacy,
But violates his honour and his word,
And Villain like there puts them all to th' Sword.

The *Greeks* seeing their valiant Captains slain,
 Chose *Xenophon* to lead them home again:
 But *Tissaphernes* what he could devise,
 Did stop the way in this their enterprize.
 But when through difficulties all they brake,
 The Country burnt, they no relief might take.
 But on they march through hunger & through cold,
 O're mountains, rocks and hills as lions bold,
 Nor Rivers course, nor *Persians* force could stay,
 But on to *Trabesond* they kept their way:
 There was of *Greeks* settled a Colony,
 Who after all receiv'd them joyfully.
 Thus finishing their travail, danger, pain,
 In peace they saw their native soyle again.
 The *Greeks* now (as the *Persian* king suspects)
 The *Asiatics* cowardize detects,
 The many victoryes themselves did gain,
 The many thousand *Persians* they had slain,
 And now their nation with facillity,
 Might gain the universal Monarchy.
 They then *Dercilladus* send with an host,
 Who with the *Spartans* on the *Asian* coast,
 Town after town with small resistance take,
 Which rumour makes great *Artaxerxes* quake.
 The *Greeks* by this success encourag'd so,
 Their King *Agésilans* doth over goe,
 By *Tissaphernes* is encounter'd,
 Lieutenant to the King, but soon he fled:
 Which overthrow incens'd the King so fore,
 That *Tissaphern* must be Viceroy no more.

Tisbrant

Tybraustes then is placed in his stead,
 Commission hath to take the others head:
 Of that perjurious wretch this was the fate,
 Whom the old Queen did bear a mortal hate.
Tybraustes trusts more to his wit then Arms,
 And hopes by craft to quit his Masters harms;
 He knows that many Towns in *Greece* envies
 The *Spartan* State, which now so fast did rise;
 To them he thirty thousand Tallents sent
 With suit, their Arms against their Foes be bent;
 They to their discontent receiving hire,
 With broyles and quarrels sets all *Greece* on fire:
Agésilas is call'd home with speed,
 To defend, more then offend, there was need,
 Their wippings lost, and peace their glad to take
 On such conditions as the King will make.
 Dissention in *Greece* continued so long,
 Till many a Captain fell, both wise and strong;
 Whose courage nought but death could ever tame
 'Mongst these *Epimondas* wants no fame,
 VVho had (as noble *Railtigh* doth evince)
 All the peculiar virtues of a Prince;
 But let us leave these Greeks to discord bent,
 And turn to *Persia*, as is pertinent.
 The King from forreign parts now well at ease,
 His home-bred troubles sought how to appease;
 The two Queens by his means seem to abate,
 Their former envy and inveterate hate:
 But the old Queen implacable in strife,
 By poyson caus'd, the young one lose her life.

The

The King highly inrag'd doth hereupon
 From Court exile her unto *Babylon* :
 But shortly calls her home, her counsell prize,
 (A Lady very wicked, but yet wise)
 Then in voluptuousness he leads his life,
 And weds his daughter for a second wife.
 But long in ease and pleasure did not lye,
 His sons fore vext him by disloyalty.
 Such as would know at large his warrs and reign,
 What troubles in his house he did sustain,
 His match incestuous cruelties of th' Queen,
 His life may read in *Plutarch* to be seen.
 Forty three years he rul'd, then turn'd to dust,
 A King nor good; nor valiant, wise nor just.

Darius Ochus.

Ochus a wicked and Rebellious son
 Succeeds in th' throne his father being gone.
 Two of his brothers in his Fathers dayes
 (To his great grief) most subtilly he slayes:
 And being King commands those that remain,
 Of brethren and of kindred to be slain.
 Then raises forces, conquers *Egypt* land,
 Which in rebellion sixty years did stand:
 And in the twenty third of's cruel raign
 Was by his *Eunuch* the proud *Bagoas* slain.

Arfames or Arses;

Arfames plac'd now in his fathers stead,
 By him that late his father murdered.
 Some write that *Arfames* was *O. bus* brother,
 Inthron'd by *Bagoas* in the room of th' other:
 But why his brother 'fore his son succeeds
 I can no reason give, 'cause none I read.
 His brother, as tis said, long since was slain,
 And scarce a Nephew left that now might reign:
 What a&s he did time hath not now left pen'd,
 But most suppose in him did *Cyrus* end,
 Whose race long time had worne the diadem,
 But now's divolved to another stem.
 Three years he reign'd, then drank of 's fathers cup
 By the same Eunuch who first set him up.

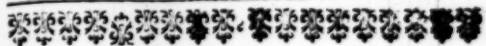
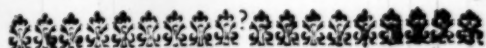
Darius Codomanus.

Darius by this *Bagoas* set in throne,
 (Complotter with him in the murther done)
 And was no sooner sealed in his reign,
 But *Bagoas* falls to 's practices again,
 And the same sauce had served him no doubt,
 But that his treason timely was found out.
 And so this wretch (a punishment too small)
 Lost but his life for horrid treasons all.
 This *Codomanus* now upon the stage
 Was to his Predecessors Chamber page
 Some write great *Cyrus* line was not *Marua*,
 But from some daughter this new king was sprung

If so, or not, we cannot tell, but find
 That severall men will have their severall mind;
 Yet in such differences we may be bold,
 Wit^h learned and judicious still to hold;
 And this 'mongst all's no Controversed thing,
 That this *Darius* was last *Persian* King.
 Whose Wars, and losses we may better tell,
 In *Alexander's* reign who did him quell,
 How from the top of worlds felicity,
 He fell to depth of greatest misery.
 Whose honours, treasures, pleasures had short stay,
 One deluge came and swept them all away.
 And in the sixth year of his hapless reign,
 Of all did scarce his winding Sheet retain:
 And last a sad Catastrophe to end,
 Him to the grave did Traitor *Bessus* send.

The End of the Persian Monarchy:

THE



The *Third Monarchy*,
 being the *Grecian*, beginning
 under *Alexander the Great* in the
 112. Olympiad.

Great *Alexander* was wise *Philips* son,
 He to *Amyntas*, Kings of *Macedon*;
 The cruel proud *Olympias* was his Mother,
 She to *Epirus* warlike King was daughter.
 This Prince (his father by *Pausanias* slain)
 The twenty first of 's age began to reign.
 Great were the Gifts of nature which he had,
 His education much to those did adde:
 By art and nature both he was made fit,
 To 'complish that which long before was writ.
 The very day of his Nativity
 To ground was burnt *Dianas* Temple high:
 An Omen to their near approaching woe,
 Whose glory to the earth this king did throw.
 His Rule to *Greece* he scorn'd should be confin'd,
 The Universe scarce bound his proud vast mind.
 This is the He-Goat which from *Greece* came,
 That ran in Choler on the *Parthian* Ram,

That

That brake his horns, that threw him on the ground
To save him from his might no man was found :
Philop on this great Conquest had an eye,
But death did terminate those thoughts so high.
The Greeks had chose him Captain General,
Which honour to his Son did now befall.
(For as Worlds Monarch now we speak not on,
But as the King of little *Macedon*)
Restless both day and night his heart then was,
His high resolves which way to bring to pass ;
Yet for a while in *Greece* is forc'd to stay,
Which makes each moment seem more then a day.
Thebes and stiff *Athens* both 'gainst him rebel,
Their mutinies by valour doth he quell.
This done against both right and natures Laws,
His kinsmen put to death, who gave no cause ;
That no rebellion in his absence be,
Nor making Title unto Sovereignty.
And all whom he suspects or fears will climbe,
Now taste of death least they deserv'd in time,
Nor wonder is it if he in blood begin,
For Cruelty was his parental sin,
Thus eas'd now of troubles and of fears,
Next spring his course to *Asia* he steers,
Leaves *Sare Autopae* , at home to sway,
And through the *Hellspoint* his Ships made way ;
Coming to Land, his dart on shore he throws,
Then with alacrity he after goes ;
And with a bount'ous heart and courage brave,
His little wealth among his Souldiers gave.

And

And being ask'd what for himself was left,
 Reply'd enough, such only hope he kept.
 Thirty two thousand made up his Foot force,
 To which were joyn'd five thousand goodly horse.
 Then on he marcht, in's way he view'd old *Troy*,
 And on *Achilles* tomb with wondrous joy
 He offer'd, and for good success did pray
 To him, his Mothers Ancestors, (men say)
 When news of *Alexander* came to Court,
 To scorn at him *Darius* had good sport ;
 Sends him a frothy and contemptuous Letter,
 Stiles him disloyal servant, and no better ;
 Reproves him for his proud audacity
 To lift his hand 'gainst such a Monarchy.
 Then to's Lieutenant he in *Asia* sends,
 That he be ta'ne alive, for he intends
 To whip him well with rods, and so to bring
 That boy so mallipert before the King.
 Ah ! fond vain man, whose pen ere while
 In lower terms was taught a higher stile.
 To River *Granick* *Alexander* hies
 Which in *Phrygia* near *Propontike* lyes.
 The *Persians* ready for encounter stand,
 And strive to keep his men from off the land,
 Those banks so steep the *Greeks* yet scramble up,
 And heat the coward *Persians* from the top,
 And twenty thousand of their lives bereave.
 Who in their backs did all their wounds receive.
 This victory did *Alexander* gain,
 With loss of thirty four of his there slain ;

Then

Then *Sardis* he, and *Ephesus* did gain,
 VVhere stood of late, *Diana's* wondrous *Phane*,
 And by *Parmenio* (of renowned Fame,)
Miletus and *Panphilia* overcame.
Halicarnassus and *Pisidia*
 He for his Master takes with *Lycia*.
 Next *Alexander* marcht towards the black Sea,
 And easily takes old *Gordium* in his way;
 Of *As* ear'd *Midas*, once the Regal Seat,
 VVhose touch turn'd all to gold, yea even his meat:
 VVhere the Prophetick knot he cuts in twain,
 VVhich who so doth, must Lord of all remain.
 Now news of *Memnon's* death (the Kings Viceroy)
 To *Alexander's* heart's no little joy,
 For in that Peer, more valour did abide,
 Then in *Darius* multitude beside:
 In's stead, was *Arses* plac'd, but durst not stay,
 Yet set one in his room, and ran away;
 His substitute as fearfull as his master,
 Runs after two, and leaves all to Disaster.
 Then *Alexander* all *Cilicia* takes,
 No stroke for it he struck, their hearts so quakes.
 To *Greece* he thirty thousand talents sends.
 To raise more Force to further his intends:
 Then o're he goes *Darius* now to meet,
 Who came with thousand thousands at his feet.
 Though some there be (perhaps) more likely write
 He but four hundred thousand had to fight,
 The rest Attendants, which made up no less,
 Both Sexes there was almost numberless.

For this wise King had brought to see the sport,
With him the greatest Ladyes of the Court,
His mother, his beauteous Queen and daughters,
It seems to see the *Macedonian* slaughters,
Its much beyond my time and little art,
To shew how great *Darius* plaid his part;
The splendor and the pomp he marched in,
For since the world was no such sight seen.
Sure 'twas a goodly sight there to behold,
The *Persians* clad in silk, and glistering gold,
The stately horses trapt, the lances gilt,
As if addrest now all to run a tilt.
The holy fire was borne before the host,
(For Sun and fire the *Persians* worship most)
The Priests in their strange habit follow after,
An object, not so much of fear as laughter.
The King sate in a chariot made of gold,
With crown and Robes most glorious to behold,
And o're his head his golden Gods on high,
Support a party coloured Canopy.
A number of spare horses next were led,
Left he should need them in his Chariots stead;
But those that saw him in this state to lye,
Suppos'd he neither meant to fight nor flye.
He fifteen hundred had like women drest;
For thus to fright the Greeks he judg'd was best.
Their golden ornaments how to set forth,
Would ask more time then was their bodies worth
Great *Sygambris* she brought up the Reer,
Then such a world of waggon did appear,

Like several houses moving upon wheels,
 As if she'd drawn whole *Sushan* at her heels:
 This brave *Virago* to the King was mother,
 And as much good she did as any other.
 Now lest this gold, and all this goodly stuff
 Had not been spoyle and booty rich enough.
 A thousand mules and Camels ready wait
 Loaden with gold, with jewels and with plate:
 For sure *Darius* thought at the first sight,
 The *Greeks* would all adore, but none would fight
 But when both Armies met, he might behold
 That valour was more worth then pearls or gold,
 And that his wealth serv'd but for baits to 'lure
 To make his overthrow more fierce and sure.
 The *Greeks* came on, and with a gallant grace
 Let fly their arrows in the *Persians* face.
 The *Greeks* feeling this sharp stinging charge
 Most basely ran, and left their king at large:
 Who from his golden coach is glad to 'light,
 And cast away his crown for swifter flight:
 Of late like some immoveable he lay,
 Now finds both legs and horse to run away.
 Two hundred thousand men that day were slain,
 And forty thousand prisoners also tane:
 Besides the Queens and Ladies of the court,
 If *Curtius* be true in his report.
 The Regal Ornaments were lost, the treasure
 Divided at the *Macedonians* pleasure;
 Yet all this grief, this loss, this overthrow,
 Was but beginning of his future woe.

The royal Captives brought to *Alexander*
 T'ward them demean'd himself like a Commander
 For though their beauties were unparaled,
 Conquer'd himself now he had conquered.
 Preserv'd their honour, us'd them bounteously;
 Commands no man should doe them injury:

And this to *Alexander* is more fame
 Then that the *Persian* King he overcame.
 Two hundred eighty Greeks he lost in fight,
 By too much heat, not wounds (as authors write)
 No sooner had this Victor won the field,
 But all *Phenicia* to his pleasure yield,
 Of which the Government he doth commit
 Unto *Parmenio* of all most fit.

Darius now lets lofty then before,
 To *Alexander* writes he would restore
 Those mournfull Ladies from Captivity,
 For whom he offers him a ranfome high:
 But down his haughty stomach could not bring
 To give this Conquerour the Stile of King.

This Letter *Alexander* doth disdain,
 And in short terms sends this reply again,
 A King he was, and that not only so,
 But of *Darius* King, as he should know.

Next *Alexander* unto *Tyre* doth goe,
 His valour and his victoryes they know:
 To gain his love the *Tyrians* intend,
 Therefore a crown and great Provision send,
 Their present he receives with thankfullness,
 Desires to offer unto *Hercules*,

Protector of their town, by whom defended,
 And from whom he lineally descended.
 But they accept not this in any wise,
 Lest he intend more fraud then sacrifice,
 Sent word that *Hercules* his temple stood
 In the old town, (which then lay like a wood)
 With this reply he was so deep enrag'd,
 To win the town his honour he ingag'd:
 And now *Babels* King did once before,
 More time he made the sea firm shore,
 But far less time and cost he did expend,
 The former Ruines forwarded his end:
 Moreover had a Navy at command,
 The other by his men fetcht all by land.
 In seven months time he took that wealthy town,
 Whose glory now a second time's brought down.
 Two thousand of the chief he crucifi'd,
 Eight thousand by the sword then also di'd,
 And thirteen thousand Gally slaves he made,
 And thus the *Tyrians* for mistrust were paid.
 The rule of this he to *Philotas* gave,
 Who was the son of that *Parmenio* brave.
Cilicia to *Socrates* doth give,
 For now's the time Captains like Kings may live.
Zidon he on *Ephesion* bestowes,
 (For that which freely comes, as freely goes)
 No scorns to have one worse then had the other,
 So gives his little Lordship to another.
Ephesion having chief command of th' Fleet,
 At *Gaza* now must *Alexander* meet.

Darius

Darius finding troubles still increase,
By his Ambassadors now sues for peace,
And layes before great *Alexander* eyes
The dangers difficultyes like to rise,
First at *Euphrates* what he's like to 'bide,
And then at *Tygris* and *Araxis* side,
These he may scape, and if he so desire,
A league of friendship make firm and entire.
His eldest daughter he in mariage profers,
And a most princely dowry with her offers.
All those rich Kingdomes large that do abide
Betwixt the *Hellspont* and *Halys* side.
But he with scorn his courtesie rejects,
And the distressed King no whit respects,
Tells him, these proffers great, in truth were none
For all he offers now was but his own.
But quoth *Parmenio* that brave Commander,
Was I as great, as is great *Alexander*,
Darius offers I would not reject,
But th' kingdomes and the Lady soon accept.
To which proud *Alexander* made reply,
And so if I *Parmenio* was, would I.
He now to *Gaza* goes, and there doth meet,
His Favorite *Ephesion* with his Fleet,
Where valiant *Betis* stoutly keeps the town,
(A loyal Subject to *Darius* Crown)
For more repulse the *Grecians* here abide
Then in the *Persian* Monarchy beside;
And by these walls so many men were slain,
That *Greece* was forc'd to yield supply again.

But yet this well defended Town was taken,
 For 'twas decree'd, that Empire should be shaken;
 Thus *Betis* ta'en had holes bor'd through his feet;
 And by command was drawn through every street
 To imitate *Achilles* in his shame,
 Who did the like to *Hector* (of more fame)
 What hast thou lost thy magnimity,
 Can *Alexander* deal thus cruelly?
 Sith valour with *Heroicks* is renown'd,
 Though in an Enemy it should be found ;
 If of thy future fame thou hadst regard,
 Why didst not heap up honours and reward ?
 From *Gaza* to *Jerusalem* he goes,
 But in no hostile way, (as I suppose)
 Him in his Priestly Robes high *Jaddus* meets,
 Whom with great reverence *Alexander* greets;
 The Priest shews him good *Daniel's* Prophecy,
 How he should overthrow this Monarchy,
 By which he was so much encouraged ,
 No future dangers he did ever dread.
 From thence to fruitful *Egypt* marcht with speed,
 Where happily in's wars he did succeed ;
 To see how fast he gain'd was no small wonder,
 For in few dayes he brought that Kingdome under.
 Then to the *Phae* of *Jupiter* he went,
 To be install'd a God, was his intent.
 The *Pagan* Priest through hire, or else mistake,
 The Son of *Jupiter* did straight him make :
 He Diobolical must needs remain,
 That his humanity will not retain.

Thence

Thence back to *Egypt* goes, and in few dayes;
 Fair *Alexandria* from the ground doth raise;
 Then setting all things in less *Asia*;
 In *Syria*, *Egypt*, and *Phœnicia*,
 Unto *Euphrate* marcht and overgoes,
 For no man's there his Army to oppose;
 Had *Batu* now been there, but with his band,
 Great *Alexander* had been kept from Land.
 But as the King, so is the multitude,
 And now of valour both are destitute.
 Yet he (poor prince) another Host doth muster,
 Of *Parthians*, *Scythians*, *Indians* in a cluster;
 Men but in shape and name, of valour none
 Most fit, to blunt the Swords of *Atacedon*.
 Two hundred fifty thousand by account,
 Of Horse and Foot his Army did amount;
 For in his multitudes his trust still lay,
 But on their fortitude he had small stay;
 Yet had some hope that on the spacious plain,
 His numbers might the victory obtain.
 About this time *Darius* beaurious Queen,
 Who had sore travail and much sorrow seen,
 Now bids the world adieu, with pain being spent,
 Whose death her Lord full sadly did lament.
 Great *Alexander* mourns as well as he,
 The more, because not set at liberty;
 When this sad news (at first *Darius* hears,
 Some injury was offered he fears:
 But when inform'd how royally the King
 Had used her, and hers, in every thing.

He prays the immortal Gods they would reward
 Great *Alexander* for this good regard ;
 And if they down his Monarchy will throw,
 Let them on him this dignity bestow
 And now for peace he sues as once before,
 And offers all he did and Kingdomes more ;
 His eldest daughter for his princely bride,
 (Nor was such match in all the world beside)
 And all those Countreyes which (betwixt) did lye
Phanisian Sea, and great *Euphrates* high :
 With fertile *Egypt* and rich *Syria*,
 And all those Kingdomes in less *Asia*.
 With thirty thousand Talents to be paid,
 For the Queen Mother, and the royal maid ;
 And till all this be well perform'd, and sure,
Ochus his Son for Hostage should endure.
 To this stout *Alexander* gives no ear,
 No though *Parmenio* plead, yet will not hear ;
 Which had he done. (perhaps) his fame he'd kept,
 Nor Infamy had wak'd, when he had slept,
 For his unlimited prosperity
 Him boundless made in vice and Cruelty.
 Thus to *Darius* he writes back again,
 The Firmament, two Suns cannot contain.
 Two Monarchyes on Earth cannot abide,
 Nor yet two Monarchs in one world reside ;
 The afflicted King finding him set to jar,
 Prepares against to morrow, for the war,
Parmenio, *Alexander*, wisht that night,
 To follow the Camp, so vanquish them by flight.

For tumult in the night doth cause most dread,
And weakness of a Foe is covered,
But he disdain'd to steal a victory :
The Sun should witness of his valour be,
And careless in his bed, next morne he lyes,
By Captains twice is call'd before hee'l rise,
The Armyes joyn'd a while; the Persians fight,
And spilt the Greeks some blood before their flight
But long they stood not e're they're forc'd to run,
So made an end, As soon as well begun.
Forty five thousand *Alexander* had,
But is not known what slaughter here was made,
Some write th' other had a million, some more,
But *Quintus Curtius* as before.
At *Arbela* this victory was gain'd,
Together with the Town also obtain'd ;
Darius stript of all, to *Media* came,
Accompan'd with sorrow, fear, and shame,
At *Arbela* left his Ornaments and Treasure,
Which *Alexander* deals as suits his pleasure.
This conqueror to *Babylon* then goes,
Is entertain'd with joy and pompous shewes,
With shewrs of flours the streets along are strown,
And incense burnt the silver Altars on.
The glory of the Castle he admires,
The strong Foundation and the lofty Spires,
In this, a world of gold and Treasure lay.
Which in few hours was carried all away,
With greedy eyes he views this City round,
Whose fame throughout the world was found.

And to possess he counts no little bliss
 The towres and bowres of proud *Semiramis*,
 Though worne by time, and rac'd by foes full force,
 Yet old foundations shew'd and somewhat more.
 With all the pleasures that on earth are found,
 This city did abundantly abound,
 Where four and thirty dayes he now did stay,
 And gave himself to banqueting and play :
 He and his souldiers wax effeminate,
 And former discipline begin to hate.
 Whilst revelling at *Babylon* he lyes,
Antipater from *Greece* sends fresh supplies.
 He then to *Shushan* goes with his new bands,
 But needs no force, tis rendred to his hands.
 He likewise here a world of treasure found;
 For 'twas the seat of *Persian* Kings renown'd.
 Here stood the royal Houses of delight, (might
 Where Kings have shown their glory wealth and
 The sumptuous palace of Queen *Ester* here,
 And of good *Mordicai*, her kinsman dear,
 Those purple hangings, mixt with green and white
 Those beds of gold and couches of delight.
 And furniture the richest in all lands,
 Now fall into the *Macedonians* hands.
 From *Shushan* to *Persipolis* he goes,
 Which news doth still augment *Darius* wots.
 In his approach the governour sends word,
 For his receipt with joy they all accord,
 With open gates the wealthy towne did stand,
 And all in it was at his high command.

Of all the Cities that on earth was found,
None like to this in riches did abound:
Though *Babylon* was rich, and *Shushan* too
Yet to compare with this they might not doe:
Here lay the bulk of all those precious things
That did pertain unto the *Persian* Kings:
For when the souldiers rifled had their pleasure,
And taken money plate and golden treasure,
Statues some gold, and silver numberless,
Yet after all, as storyes do exprets
The share of *Alexander* did amount
To an hundred thousand talents by account.
Here of his own he lets a Garison,
(As first at *Shushan* and at *Babylon*)
On their old Governours titles he laid,
But on their faithfulness he never staid,
Their place gave to his Captains (as was just)
For such revoltors false, what King can trust?
The riches and the pleasures of this town
Now makes this King his virtues all to drown,
That wallowing in all licentiousness,
In pride and cruelty to high excess.
Being inflam'd with wine upon a season,
Filled with madness, and quite void of reason,
He at a bold proud strumpets leud desire,
Commands to set this goodly town on fire.
Parmenio wise intreats him to desist,
And layes before his eyes if he persist
His fames dishonour, loss unto his state,
And just procuring of the *Persians* hate:

But

But deaf to reason, bent to have his will,
Those stately Streets with raging flame did fill.
Then to *Darius* he directs his way,
Who was retir'd as far as *Media*,
And there with sorrows, fears & cares surrounded
Had now his army fourth and last compounded,
Which forty thousand made, but his intent
Was these in *Bactria* soon to augment :
But hearing *Alexander* was so near,
Thought now this once to try his fortunes here,
And rather chose an honourable death,
Then still with infamy to draw his breath :
But *Bessus* false, who was his chief Commander
Perswades him not to fight with *Alexander*.
With sage advice he sets before his eyes
The little hope of profit like to rise :
If when he'd multitudes the day he lost,
Then with so few, how likely to be cross'd.
This counsel for his safety he pretended,
But to deliver him to's foe intended.
Next day this treason to *Darius* known
Transported sore with grief and passion,
Grinding his teeth, and plucking off his hair,
Sate overwhelm'd with sorrow and despair :
Then bids his servant *Artabasu* true,
Look to himself, and leave him to that crew,
Who was of hopes and comforts quite bereft,
And by his guard and Servitors all left.
Straight *Bessus* comes, & with his trait'rous hands
Layes hold on's Lord, and binding him with bands
Throws

Throws him into a Cart, covered with hides,
Who wanting means t' resist these wrongs abides,
Then draws the cart along with chains of gold,
In more despite the thral'd prince to hold,
And thus t'ward *Alexander* on he goes,
Great recompence for this, he did propose :
But some detesting this his wicked fact,
To *Alexander* flies and tells this act, ●
Who doubling of his march, posts on amain,
Darius from that traitors hands to gain.
Bessus gets knowledg his disloyalty
Had *Alexanders* wrath incensed high,
Whose army now was almost within sight,
His hopes being dash'd prepares himself for flight : ●
Unto *Darius* first he brings a horse,
And bids him save himself by speedy course :
The wofull King his courtelie refuses,
Whom thus the execrable wretch abuses,
By throwing darts gave him his mortal wound,
Then slew his Servants that were faithfull found,
Yea wounds the beasts that drew him unto death,
And leaves him thus to gasp out his last breath.
Bessus his partner in this tragedy,
Was the false Governour of *Media*.
This done, they with their host soon speed away,
To hide themselves remote in *Bactria*.
Darius bath'd in blood, sends out his groans,
Invokes the heav'ns and earth to hear his moans :
His lost felicity did grieve him sore,
But this unheard of treachery much more:

But

But above all, that neither Ear nor Eye
 Should hear nor see his dying misery ;
 As thus he lay, *Polistrates* a Greek,
 Wearied with his long march, did water seek,
 So chanc'd these bloody Horses to espy,
 Whose wounds had made their skins of purple dye
 To them repairs then looking in the Cart,
 Finds poor *Darius* pierced to the heart,
 Who not a little chear'd to have some eye,
 The witness of this horrid Tragedy ;
 Prays him to *Alexander* to commend
 The just revenge of this his woful end :
 And not to pardon such disloyalty,
 Of Treason, Murther, and base Cruelty.
 If not, because *Darius* thus did pray,
 Yet that succeeding Kings in safety may
 Their lives enjoy, their Crowns and dignity,
 And not by Traitors hands untimely dye.
 He also sends his humble thankfulness,
 For all the Kingly grace he did express ;
 To's Mother, Children dear, and wife now gone,
 Which made their long restraint seem to be none ;
 Praying the immortal Gods, that Sea and Land
 Might be subjected to his royal hand,
 And that his Rule as far extended be,
 As men the rising setting Sun shall see,
 This said, the Greek for water doth intreat,
 To quench his thirst, and to allay his heat :
 Of all good things quoth he) once in my power,
 I've nothing left, at this my dying hour ;

Thy

Thy service and compassion to reward,
 But *Alexander* will, for this regard.
 This laid, his fainting breath did fleet away,
 And though a Monarch late, now lyes like clay,
 And thus must every Son of *Adam* lye,
 Though Gods on Earth like Sons of men they dye.
 Now to the East, great *Alexander* goes,
 To see if any dare his might oppole,
 For scarce the world or any bounds thereon,
 Could bound his boundless fond Ambition;
 Such as submits again he doth restore
 Their riches, and their honours he makes more,
 On *Artabaces* more then all bestow'd,
 For his fidelity to's Master show'd.
Thalestris Queen of th' *Amazons* now brought
 Her Train to *Alexander*, (as 'tis thought) •
 Though most of reading best and soundest mind,
 Such Country there, nor yet such people find.
 Then tell her errand, we had better spare
 To th' ignorant, her title will declare:
 As *Alexander* in his greatness grows,
 So dayly of his virtues doth he lose.
 He baseness couns, his former Clemency,
 And not hecensing such a dignity;
 His past sobriety doth also hate,
 As most incompatible to his State;
 His temperance is but a sordid thing,
 No wayes becoming such a mighty King;
 His greatness now he takes to represent
 His tancy'd Gods above the Firmament.

And

And such as shew'd but reverence before,
Now are commanded strictly to adore;
With *Persian* Robes himself doth cignific,
Charging the same on his nobility,
His manners habit, gestures, all did fashion
After that conquer'd and luxurious Nation.
His Captains that were virtuously inclin'd,
Griev'd at this change of manners and of mind.
The ruder sort did openly deride,
His feigned Diety and foolish pride;
The certainty of both comes to his Ears,
But yet no notice takes of what he hears:
With those of worth he still desires esteem,
So heaps up gifts his credit to redcem
And for the rest new wars and travails finds,
That other matters might take up their minds,
And hearing *Bessus*, makes himself a King,
Intends that Traitor to his end to bring.
Now that his Host from luggage might be free,
And with his burthen no man burthened be,
Commands forthwith each man his fardle bring,
Into the market place before the King;
VWhich done sets fire upon those goodly spoyles,
The recompence of travails wars and toyles.
And thus unwise in a mading fume,
The wealth of many Kingdomes did consume,
But marvell 'tis that without mutiny,
The Souldiers should let pass this injury;
Nor won let less to Readers may it bring,
Here to observe the rashness of the King.

Now with his Army doth he pest away
False *Bessus* to find out in *Bactria* ;
But much distressed for water in their march,
The drought and heat their bodies sore did parch.
At length they came to th' river *Oxus* brink,
Where so immoderately these thirsty drink,
Which more mortality to them did bring,
Then all their warrs against the *Persian* King.
Here *Alexander's* almost at a stand,
To pass the River to the other land.
For boats here's none, nor near it any wood,
To make them Rafts to waite them o're the flood:
But he that was resolved in his mind,
Would without means some transportation find.
Then from the Carriages the hides he takes,
And stuffing them with straw, he bundles makes.
On these together ti'd, in six dayes space,
They all pass over to the other place.
Had *Bessus* had but valour to his will,
With little pain there might have kept them still:
But Coward durst not fight, nor could he fly,
Hated of all for's former treachery,
Is by his own now bound in iron chains,
A Coller of the same, his neck contains.
And in this sort they rather drag then bring
This Malefactor vile before the King.
Who to *Darius* brother gives the wretch,
With racks and tortures every limb to stretch:
Here was of *Greeks* a town in *Bactria*,
Whom *Xerxes* from their Country led away,

These not a little 'oy'd this day to see,
Wherein their own had got the sov'raignty
And now reviv'd, with hopes held up their head
From bondage long to be Enfranchis'd.
But *Alexander* puts them to the sword,
Without least cause from them in deed or word;
Nor Sex, nor age, nor one, nor other spar'd,
But in his cruelty alike they shar'd :
Nor reason could he give for this great wrong,
But that they had forgot their mother tongue.
While thus some time he spent in *B. Eria*,
And in his camp strong and securely lay.
Down from the mountains twenty thousand came
And there most fiercely set upon the ame :
Repelling these, two marks of honour got
Imprinted in his leg, by arrows shot.
The *Bactrians* against him now rebel;
But he their stubbornness in time doth quell.
From hence he to *Taxartes* River goes
Where *Scythians* rude his army doth oppose,
And with their outcries in an hideous sort
Beset his camp or military court,
Of darts and arrows, made so little spare,
They flew so thick they seem'd to dark the air:
But soon his souldiers forc'd them to a flight,
Their nakedness could not enaure their might.
Upon this rivers bank in seventeen dayes
A goodly City doth compleatly raise,
Which *Alexandria* he doth likewise name,
And sixty furlongs could but round the same,

A third Supply *Antipater* now sent,
 Which did his former forces much augment,
 And being one hundred twenty thousand strong;
 He enters then the Indian Kings among:
 Those that submit, he gives them rule again,
 Such as do not both them and theirs are slain.
 His wars with sundry nations I'll omit,
 And also of the *Mallians* what is writ.
 His Fights, his dangers, and the hurts he had,
 How to submit their necks at last they're glad,
 To *Nisa* goes by *Baschns* built long since,
 Whose feasts are celebrated by this prince;
 Nor had that drunken god one who would take
 His Liquors more devoutly for his sake.
 When thus ten days his brain with wine he'd soakt,
 And with delicious meats his palate choakt:
 To th' River *Indus* next his course he bends,
 Boats to prepare. *Ephesion* first he sends,
 Who coming thither long before his Lord,
 Had to his mind made all things to accord,
 The vessels ready were at his command,
 And *Omphis* King of that part of the land,
 Through his perswasion *Alexander* meets,
 And as his Sov'raign Lord him humbly greets
 Fifty six Elephants he brings to's hand,
 And tenders him the strength of all his land;
 Presents himself first with a golden crown,
 Then eighty talents to his captains down:
 But *Alexander* made him to behold
 He glory sought; no silver nor no gold;

His presents all with thanks he did restore,
And of his own a thousand talents more.
Thus all the Indian Kings to him submit,
But *Porus* stout, who will not yield as yet :
To him doth *Alexander* thus declare,
His pleasure is that forthwith he repair
Unto his Kingdomes borders and as due,
His homage to himself as Sovereign doe :
But kingly *Porus* this brave answer sent,
That to attend him there was his intent,
And come as well provided as he could,
But for the rest, his sword advise him should.
Great *Alexander* vext at this reply,
Did more his valour then his crown envy,
Is now resolv'd to pass *Hydaspes* flood,
And there by force his sovereignty make good.
Stout *Porus* on the banks doth ready stand
To give him welcome when he comes to land.
A potent army with him like a King,
And ninety Elephants for warr did bring :
Had *Alexander* such resistance seen
On *Tygris* side, here now he had not been.
Within this spacious River deep and wide
Did here and there Isles full of trees abide.
His army *Alexander* doth divide
With *Ptolemy* sends part to th' other side.
Porus encounters them and thinks all's there,
When covertly the rest get o're else where,
And whilst the first he valiantly assail'd,
The last set on his back, and so prevail'd.

Yet work enough here *Alexander* found,
For to the last stout *Porus* kept his ground:
Nor was't dishonour at the length to yield,
When *Alexander* strives to win the field.
The kingly Captive 'fore the Victor's brought,
In looks or gesture not abased ought,
But him a Prince of an undaunted mind
Did *Alexander* by his answers find:
His fortitude his royal foe commends,
Restores him and his bounds farther extends.
Now eastward *Alexander* would goe still,
But so to doe his souldiers had no will,
Long with excessive travails wearied,
Could by no means be farther drawn or led,
Yet that his same might to posterity
Be had in everlasting memory.
Doth for his Camp a greater circuit take,
And for his souldiers larger Cabbins make.
His mangers he erected up so high
As never horse his Provender could eye.
Huge bridles made, which here and there he left,
Which might be found, and for great wonders kept:
Twelve altars then for monuments he rears,
Whereon his acts and travels long appears.
But doubting wearing time might these decay,
And so his memory would fade away,
He on the fair *Hydaspes* pleasant side,
Two Cities built, his name might there abide,
First *Niera*, the next *Bacophaton*,
Where he entomb'd his stately Station.

His fourth and last supply was hither sent,
 Then down *Hydaspes* with his Fleet he went;
 Some time he after spent upon that shore,
 Whether Ambassadors, ninety or more,
 Came with submission from the Indian Kings,
 Bringing their presents rare and precious things,
 These all he feasts in state on beds of gold,
 His Furniture most sumptuous to behold;
 His meat & drink, attendants, every thing,
 To th' utmost shew'd the glory of a King.
 With rich rewards he sent them home again,
 Acknowledged their Masters sovereign;
 Then sailing South, and coming to that shore,
 Those obscure Nations yielded as before:
 A City here he built, call'd by his Name,
 Which could not sound too oft with too much fame
 Then sailing by the mouth of *Indus* flood,
 His Gallies stuck upon the flats and mud;
 Which the stout *Macedonians* amazed fore,
 Depriv'd at once the use of Sail and Oar:
 Observing well the nature of the Tide,
 In those their fears they did not long abide,
 Passing fair *Indus* mouth his course he steer'd
 To th' coast which by *Euphrates* mouth appear'd,
 Whose inlets near unto, he winter spent,
 Unto his starv'd Souldiers small content,
 By hunger and by cold so many slain,
 That of them all the fourth did scarce remain.
 Thus winter, Souldiers, and provisions spent,
 From hence he then into *Cedrosia* went,

And thence he marcht into *Carmania*,
 And so at length drew near to *Persia*,
 Now through these goodly Countreyes as he past,
 Much time in teyts and ryoting did waste;
 Then visits *Cyrus* Sepulchre in's way,
 Who now obscure at *Assarardus* lay:
 Upon his Monument his Robe he spread,
 And set his Crown on his supped head.
 From hence to *Babylon*, some time there spent,
 He at the last to royal *Shalban* went;
 A wedding Feast to's Nobles then he makes,
 And *Satyrus*, *Darius* daughter takes,
 Her Sister gives to his *Ephesian* dear,
 That by this match he might be yet more near;
 He fourscore *Persia* Ladies also gave,
 At this same time unto his Captains brave:
 Six thousand guests unto this Feast invites.
 Whose Sences all were glutt with delights.
 It far exceeds my mean abilities
 To shadow forth these short felicities,
 Spectators here could scarce relate the story,
 They were so rapt with this external glory:
 If an Ideal Paradise a man would frame,
 He might this Feast imagine by the same;
 To every guest a cup of gold he sends,
 So after many dayes the Banquet ends.
 Now *Alexanders* conquests all are done,
 And his long Travails past and overgone;
 His virtues dead, buried, and quite forgot,
 But vice remains to his Eternal blot.

Mongst those that of his cruelty did taste,
Philotas was not least, nor yet the last,
Accus'd because he did not certifie
The King of treason and conspiracy:
Upon suspicion being apprehended,
Nothing was prov'd wherein he had offended
But silence, which was of such consequence,
He was judg'd guilty of the same offence,
But for his fathers great deserts the King
His royal pardon gave for this foul thing.
Yet is *Phylotas* unto judgment brought,
Must suffer, not for what is prov'd, but thought.
His master is accuser, judge and King,
Who to the height doth aggravate each thing,
Inveighs against his father now absent,
And's brethren who for him their lives had spent.
But *Philotas* his unpardonable crime,
No merit could obliterate, or time:
He did the Oracle of *Jove* deride,
By which his Majesty was destin'd.

Philotas thus o'recharg'd with wrong and grief
Sunk in despair without hope of Relief,
Fain would have spoke and made his own defence,
The King would give no ear, but went from thence
To his malicious Foes delivers him,
To wreak their spight and hate on every limb.

Philotas after him sends out this cry,
O *Alexander*, thy free clemency
My foes exceeds in malice, and their hate
Thy kingly word can easily terminate.

Such

Such torments great as wit could worst invent,
Or flesh and life could bear, till both were spent
Were now inflicted on *Parmenio's* son
He might accuse himself, as they had done,
At last he did, so they were justifi'd.
And told the world that for his guilt he di'd.
But how these Captains should, or yet their master
Look on *Parmenio*, after this disaster
They knew not, wherefore best now to be done,
Was to dispatch the father as the son.
This sound advice at heart pleas'd *Alexander*,
Who was so much engag'd to this Commander,
As he would ne're confess, nor yet reward,
Nor could his Captains bear so great regard:
Wherefore at once, all these to satisfie,
It was decreed *Parmenio* should dye:
Polidamus, who seem'd *Parmenio's* friend
To do this deed they into *Media* send:
He walking in his garden to and fro,
Fearing no harm, because he none did doe,
Most wickedly was slain without least crime,
(The most renowned captain of his time)
This is *Parmenio* who so much had done
For *Philip* dead, and his surviving son,
Who from a petty King of *Macedon*
By him was set upon the *Persian* throne,
This that *Parmenio* who still overcame,
Yet gave his Master the immortal fame.
Who for his prudence, valour, care and trust
Had this reward, most cruel and unjust.

The

The next, who in untimely death had part,
 Was one of more esteem, but less desert;
Clitus belov'd next to *Ephessian*,
 And in his cups his chief companion;
 When both were drunk, *Clitus* was wont to jeer,
Alexander to rage, to kill, and swear;
 Nothing more pleasing to mad *Clitus* tongue,
 Then's Masters Godhead to defie and wrong;
 Nothing toucht *Alexander* to the quick,
 Like this, against his Diety to kick:
 Both at a Feast when they had tippled well,
 Upon this dangerous Theam fond *Clitus* fell;
 From jest to earnest, and at last so bold,
 That of *Parmenio's* death him plainly told.
 Which *Alexander's* wrath incens'd so high,
 Nought but his life for this could satisfie;
 From one stood by he snatcht a partizan,
 And in a rage him through the body ran.
 Next day he tore his face for what he'd done,
 And would have slain himself for *Clitus* gone:
 This pot Companion he did more bemoan,
 Then all the wrongs to brave *Parmenio* done.
 The next of worth that suffered after these,
 Was learn'd, virtuous, wise *Calisthenes*,
 VVho lov'd his Master more then did the rest,
 As did appear, in flattering him the least;
 In his esteem a God he could not be,
 Nor would adore him for a Diety:
 For this alone and for no other cause,
 Against his Sovereign, or against his Law,

He on the Rack his Limbs in pieces rent,
 Thus was he tortur'd till his life was spent.
 Of this unkingly act doth *Seneca*
 This censure pass, and not unwisely say.
 Of *Alexander* this th' eternal crime,
 Which shall not be obliterate by time.
 Which virtues fame can ne're redeem by far,
 Nor all felicity of his in war.
 When e're 'tis said he thousand thousands slew,
 Yea, and *Calisthenes* to death he drew.
 The mighty *Persian* King he overcame,
 Yea, and he kill'd *Calisthenes* of same.
 All Countreys, Kingdomes, Provinces, he won
 From *Hellispon*, to th' farthest Ocean.
 All this he did, who knows' not to be true?
 But yet withal, *Catisthenes* he slew.
 From *Macedon*, his Empire did extend
 Unto the utmost bounds, o'th' orient:
 All this he did, yea, and much more, 'tis true,
 But yet withal, *Catisthenes* he slew.
 Now *Alexander* goes to *Media*,
 Finds there the want of wise *Parmenis*;
 Here his chief favourite *Ephestian* dies,
 He celebrates his mournful obsequies:
 Hangs his Physician, the Reason why
 He suffered, his friend *Ephestian* dye.
 This act (me-thinks) his Godhead should a shame,
 To punish where himself deserved blame;
 Or of necessity he must imply.
 The other was the greatest Dicty.

The Mules and Horses are for sorrow shorne,
 The battlements from off the walls are torne.
 O! stately *Ecbatane* who now must shew,
 A rueful face in this so general woe;
 Twelve thousand Talents also did intend,
 Upon a sumptuous monument to spend:
 What e're he did, or thought not so content,
 His messenger to *Jupiter* he sent,
 That by his leave his friend *Ephesion*,
 Among the Demy Gods they might inthrone.
 From *Media* to *Babylon* he went,
 To meet him there t' *Antipater* he'd sent,
 That he might act also upon the Stage,
 And in a Tragedy there end his age.
 The Queen *Simpia* bears him deadly hate,
 Not suffering her to meddle with the State,
 And by her Letters did her Son incite,
 This great indignity he should requite;
 His going so, no whit displeas'd the King,
 Though to his Mother he disprov'd the thing.
 But now *Antipater* had liv'd so long,
 He might well dye though he had done no wrong
 His service great is suddenly forgot,
 As if remembred yet regarded not:
 The King doth intimate 'twas his intent,
 His Honours and his riches to augment;
 Of larger Provinces the rule to give,
 And for his Council near the King to live.
 So to be caught, *Antipater* too wise,
Parricid's death too fresh before his eyes;

He was too subtil for his crafty foe.
Nor by his baits could be insnared so :
But his excuse with humble thanks he sends,
His Age and journey long he then pretends ;
And pardon craves for his unwilling stay,
He shews his grief, he's forc'd to disobey.
Before his Answer came to *Babylon*,
The thread of *Alexander's* life was spun ;
Poyson had put an end to's dayes ('twas thought)
By *Philip* and *Cassander* to him brought,
Sons to *Antipater*, and bearers of his Cup.
Lest of such like their Father chance to sup ;
By others thought, and that more generally,
That through excessive drinking he did dye :
The thirty third of's Age do all agree,
This Conquerour did yield to destiny.
When this sad news came to *Darius* Mother,
She laid it more to heart, then any other,
Nor meat, nor drink, nor comfort would she take,
But pin d in grief till life did her forsake ;
All friends she shuns, yea, banished the light,
Till death inwrapt her in perpetual night. (Stand,
This Monarchs fame must last whilst world doth
And Conquests be talkt of whilst there is land ;
His Princely qualities had he retain'd,
Unparalled for ever had remain'd.
But with the world his virtues overcame,
And so with black beclouded, all his fame ;
Wife *Aristotle* Tutor to his youth.
Had so instructed him in moral Truth :

The

The principles of what he then had learn'd
 Might to the last (when sober) be discern'd.
 Learning and learned men he much regarded,
 And curious Artist evermore rewarded:
 The Illiads of *Homer* he still kept,
 And under's pillow laid them when he slept.
Achilles happiness he did envy,
 'Cause *Homer* kept his acts to memory.
 Profusely bountifull without desert,
 For such as pleas'd him had both wealth and heart
 Cruel by nature and by custome too,
 As oft his acts throughout his reign doth shew:
 Ambitious so, that nought could satisfie,
 Vain, thirsting after immortality,
 Still fearing that his name might hap to dye,
 And fame not last unto eternity.
 This Conqueror did oft lament (tis said)
 There were no more worlds to be conquered.
 This folly great *Augustus* did deride,
 For had he had but wisdom to his pride,
 He would have found enough there to be done,
 To govern that he had already won.
 His thoughts are perisht, he aspires no more,
 Nor can he kill or save as heretofore.
 A God alive, him all must Idolize,
 Now like a mortal helpless man he lyes.
 Of all those Kingdomes large which he had got,
 To his Posterity remain'd no jot.
 For by that hand which still revengeth bloud,
 None of his kindred, nor his race long stood:

But

But as he took delight much bloud to spill,
So the same cup to his, did others fill.
Four of his Captains now do all divide,
As *Daniel* before had prophesied.
The Leopard down the four wings gan to rise,
The great horn broke, the less did tyranize.
What troubles and contentions did ensue
We may hereafter shew in season due.

Aridans.

Great *Alexander* dead, his Armyes left,
Like to that Giant of his Eye bereft;
When of his monstrous bulk it was the guide,
His matchless force no creature could abide.
But by *Ulysses* having lost his sight,
All men began streight to contemn his might;
For aiming still amiss, his dreadful blows
Did harm himself, but never reacht his Foes.
Now Court and Camp all in confusion be,
A King they'l have, but who, none can agree;
Each Captain wist this prize to bear away,
But none so hardy found as so durst say:
Great *Alexander* did leave Issue none,
Except by *Artabasu* daughter one;
And *Roxane* fair whom late he married,
Was near her time to be delivered.
By natures right these had enough to claim,
But meanness of their mothers bar'd the same,
Alledg'd by those who by their subtle Plea
Had hope themselves to bear the Crown away.

A sister

A Sister *Alexander* had, but she
 Claim'd not, perhaps, her Sex might hindrance be.
 After much tumult they at last proclaim'd
 His base born brother *Aridaus* nam'd,
 That so under his feeble wit and reign,
 Their ends they might the better still attain.
 This choice *Perdiccas* vehemently disclaim'd,
 And Babe unborn of *Roxane* he proclaim'd;
 Some wished him to take the style of King,
 Because his Master gave to him his Ring,
 And had to him still since *Ephesion* di'd
 More then to th' rest his favour testifi'd.
 But he refus'd, with feigned modesty,
 Hoping to be elect more generally.
 He hold on this occasion should have laid,
 For second offer there was never made.
 'Mongst these contentions, tumults, jealousies,
 Seven dayes the corps of their great master lies
 Untoucht, uncovered slighted and neglected,
 So much these prince's their own ends respected:
 A Contemplation to astonish Kings,
 That he who late possess all earthly things,
 And yet not so content unless that he
 Might be esteemed for a Diety;
 Now lay a Spectacle to testifie
 The wretchedness of mans mortality.
 After some time, when stirs began to calm,
 His body did the *Egyptians* embalm;
 His countenance so lively did appear,
 That for a while they durst not come so near:

No sign of poyson in his intrails found,
 But all his bowels coloured, well and found.
Peraiccas seeing *Arideus* must be King
 Under his name began to rule each thing.
 His chief Opponent who Control'd his sway,
 Was *Melager* whom he would take away,
 And by a wile he got him in his power,
 So took his life unworthily that hour.
 Using the name and the command of th' King
 To authorize his acts in every thing.
 The princes seeing *Perdiccas* power and pride;
 For their security did now provide.
Antigonus for his share *Asia* takes,
 And *Tolmy* next sure of *Egypt* makes :
Seleucus afterward held *Babylon*,
Antipater had long rul'd *Macedon*.
 These now to govern for the king pretends,
 But nothing lets each one himself intends.
Peraiccas took no province like the rest,
 But held command of th' Army (which was best)
 And had a higher project in his head,
 His Masters sister secretly to wed :
 So to the Lady, covertly he sent,
 (That none might know, to frustrate his intent)
 But *Cleopatra* this Suitor did deny,
 For *Leontius* more lovely in her eye,
 To whom she sent a message of her mind,
 That if he came good welcome he should find.
 In these tumultuous dayes the thrall'd *Greeks*;
 Their Ancient Liberty afresh now seeks.

And gladly would the yoke shake off, laid on
 Sometimes by *Philip* and his conquering son.
 The *Athenians* force *Antipater* to fly
 To *Lamia* where he shut up doth lye.
 To brave *Craterus* then he sends with speed
 For succours to relieve him in his need.
 The like of *Leonatus* he requires,
 (Which at this time well suited his desires)
 For to *Antipater* he now might goe,
 His Lady take in th' way, and no man know.
Antiphilus the *Athenian* General
 With speed his Army doth together call,
 And *Leonatus* seeks to stop, that so
 He joyne not with *Antipater* their foe.
 The *Athenian* Army was the greater far,
 (Which did his Match with *Cleopatra* mar)
 For fighting still, while there did hope remain
 The valiant Chief amidst his foes was slain.
 'Mongst all the princes of great *Alexander*
 For personage, none like to this Commander.
 Now to *Antipater* *Craterus* goes,
 Blockt up in *Lamia* still by his foes,
 Long marches through *Cilicia* he makes,
 And the remains of *Leonatus* takes:
 With them and his he into *Grecia* went,
Antipater releas'd from prisonment:
 After which time the *Greeks* did never more
 Act any thing of worth, as heretofore:
 But under servitude their necks remain'd,
 Nor former liberty or glory gain'd.

Now

Now di'd about the end of th' *Lamian* war
Demosthenes, that sweet-tongue'd Orator,
 Who fear'd *Antipater* would take his life
 For animating the *Athenian* strife:
 To end his dayes by poison, rather chose
 Then fall into the hands of mortal foes.
Craterus and *Antipater* now joyne,
 In love and in affinity combine,
Craterus doth his daughter *Philawet*
 Their riendship might the more be strengthened.
 Whilst they in *Macedon* do thus agree,
 In *Asia* they all asunder be.
Perdiccas griev'd to see the princes bold
 So many Kingdomes in their power to hold,
 Yet to regain them, how he did not know,
 His souldiers 'gainst those captains would not goe
 To suffer them go on as they begun,
 Was to give way himself might be undone.
 With *Antipater* to joyne he sometimes thought,
 That by his help, the rest might low be brought,
 But this again dislikes; he would remain,
 If not in stile, in deed a soveraign;
 (For all the princes of great *Alexander*
 Acknowledged for Chief that old Commander)
 Desires the King to goe to *Macedon*,
 Which once was of his Ancestors the throne,
 And by his presence there to nullifie
 The acts of his Vice-Roy now grown so high.
Antigonus of treason first attaints,
 And summons him to answer his complaints.

This he avoides, and ships himself and son,
 goes to *Antipater* and tells what's done.
 He and *Craterus*, both with him do joyne,
 And 'gainst *perdiccas* all their strength combine.
 Brave *ptolemy*, to make a fourth then sent
 To save himself from danger imminent.
 In midst of these garboyles with wondrous state
 His masters Funeral doth celebrate:
 In *Alexanaria* his tomb he plac'd,
 Which eating time hath scarcely yet defac'd.
 Two years and more, since natures debt he paid,
 And yet till now at quiet was not laid.
 Great love did *Ptolemy* by this act gain,
 And made the souldiers on his side remain.
Perdiccas hears his foes are all combin'd,
 'Gainst which to goe, is not resolv'd in mind.
 But first 'gainst *Ptolemy* he judg'd was best,
 Neer'st unto him, and farthest from the rest,
 Leaves *Enmenes* the *Asian* Coast to free
 From the invasions of the other three,
 And with his army unto *Egypt* goes
 Brave *Ptolemy* to th' utmost to oppose.
Perdiccas surly cariage, and his pride
 Did alinate the souldiers from his side.
 But *Ptolemy* by affability
 His sweet demeanour and his courtesie,
 Did make his own, firm to his cause remain,
 And from the other side did dayly gain.
Perdiccas in his pride did ill intreat
Pytho of haughty mind, and courage great.

Who could not brook so great indignity,
But of his wrongs his friends doth certifie,
The souldiers 'gainst *Perdiccas* they incense,
Who vow to make this captain recompence,
And in a rage they rush into his tent,
Knock out his brains: to *Ptolemy* then went
And offer him his honours, and his place,
With stile of the Protector him to grace.
Next day into the camp came *Ptolemy*,
And is receiv'd of all most joyfully.
Their proffers he refus'd with modesty,
Yields them to *Pytho* for his courtesie.
With what he held he was now more content,
Then by more trouble to grow eminent.
Now comes there news of a great victory
That *Enmenes* got of the other three.
Had it but in *Perdiccas* life arriv'd,
With greater joy it would have been receiv'd.
Thus *Ptolemy* rich *Egypt* did retain,
And *Pytho* turn'd to *Asia* again.
Whilst *Perdiccas* encamp'd in *Africa*,
Antigonus did enter *Asia*,
And fain would *Enmenes* draw to their side,
But he alone most faithfull did abide:
The other all had Kingdoms in their eye,
But he was true to 's masters family,
Nor could *Craterus*, whom he much did love,
From his fidelity once make him move:
Two Battles fought, and had of both the best,
And brave *Craterus* slew among the rest:

For this sad strife he poures out his complaints,
And his beloved foe full sore laments.

I should but snip a story into bits

And his great Acts and glory much eclipse,

To shew the dangers *Eumenes* besel,

His stratagems wherein he did excel :

His Policies, how he did extricate

Himself from out of Lab'rins intricate :

He that at large would satisfie his mind,

In *Plutarchs Lives* his history may find.

For all that should be said, let this suffice,

He was both valiant, faithfull, patient, wise.

Python now chose Protector of the state,

His rule Queen *Envidice* begins to hate,

Sees *Arriens* must not King it long,

If once young *Alexander* grow more strong,

But that her husband serve for supplement,

To warm his seat, was never her intent.

She knew her birth-right gave her *Macedon*,

Grand-child to him who once sat on that throne

Who was *Perdiccas*, *Philips* eldest brother,

She daughter to his son, who had no other.

Pythons commands, as oft she countermands,

What he appoints, she purposely withstands.

He wearied out at last, would needs be gone,

Resign'd his place, and so let all alone:

In's room the souldiers chose *Antipater*,

Who vext the Queen more then the other far.

From *Macedon* to Asia he came,

That he might settle matters in the same.

He plac'd, displac'd, control'd rul'd as he list,
And this no man durst question or resist;
For all the nobles of King *Alexander*
Their bonnets vail'd to him as chief Commander.
When to his pleasure all things they had done,
The King and Queen he takes to *Macedon*,
Two sons of *Alexander*, and the rest,
All to be order'd there as he thought best.
The Army to *Antigonus* doth leave,
And Government of Asia to him gave.
And thus *Antipater* the ground-work layes,
On which *Antigonus* his height doth raise,
Who in few years, the rest so overtops,
For universal Monarchy he hopes.
With *Eumenes* he diverse Battels fought,
And by his flights to circumvent him sought:
But vain it was to use his policy,
'Gainst him that all deceits could scan and try:
In this Epitome too long to tell
How finely *Eumenes* did here excell,
And by the self same Traps the other laid,
He to his cost was righteously repaid.
But while these Chieftains doe in Asia fight,
To Greece and *Macedon* lets turn our sight.
When great *Antipater* the world must leave,
His place to *Polisperchon* did bequeath,
Fearing his son *Cassander* was unstaide,
Too rash to bear that charge, if on him laid.
Antigonus hearing of his decease
On most part of *Assyria* doth seize.

And *Ptolemy* next to incroach begins,
 All *Syria* and *Phenicia* he wins,
 Then *Polisperchon* 'gins to act in's place,
 Recalls *Olimpias* the Court to grace.
 • *Antipater* had banish'd her from thence
 Into *Epire* for her great turbulence;
 This new Protector's of another mind,
 Thinks by her Majesty much help to find.
Cassander like his Father could not see,
 This *Polisperchon's* great ability,
 Slights his Command: his actions he disclaims,
 And to be chief himself now bends his aims;
 Such as his Father had advanc'd to place,
 Or by his favours any way had grac'd.
 Are now at the devotion of the Son,
 Prest to accomplish what he would have done;
 Besides he was the young Queens favourite,
 On whom 't'was thought) she set her chief delight:
 Unto these helps at home he seeks out more,
 Goes to *Antigonus* and doth implore,
 By all the Bonds 'twixt him and's Father past,
 And for that great gift which he gave him last.
 By these and all to grant him some supply,
 To take down *Polisperchon* grown so high;
 For this *Antigonus* did need no spurs,
 Hoping to gain yet more by these new stirs,
 Creight furnish'd him with a sufficient aid,
 And so he quick returns thus well appaid,
 With Ships at Sea, an Army for the Land,
 His proud opponent heppes soon to withstand.

But in his absence *Polisperchon* takes
 Such friends away as for his Interest makes
 By death by prison, or by banishment,
 That no supply by these here might be lent,
Cassander with his Host to *Greece* goes,
 Whom *Polisperchon* labours to oppose;
 But beaten was at Sea, and foil'd at Land,
Cassander's forces had the upper hand,
Athens with many Towns in *Greece* beside,
 Firm (for his Fathers sake) to him abide.
 Whil'st not in wars these two in *Greece* remain,
Antigonus doth all in *Asia* gain;
 Still labours *Enemics*, would with him side,
 But all in vain, he faithful did abide:
 Nor Mother could. nor Sons of *Alexander*,
 Put trust in any but in this Commander.
 The great ones now began to shew their mind,
 And act as opportunity they find.
Antigonus the scorn'd and simple King,
 More then he bidden was could act no thing.
Polisperchon for office hoping long,
 Thinks to introne the Prince when riper grown;
Euridates this injury disdains,
 And to *Cassander* of this wrong complains.
 hateful the name and house of *Alexander*,
 Was to this proud vindicative *Cassander*;
 He still kept lockt within his memory,
 His Fathers danger, with his Family;
 Nor thought he that indignity was small,
 When *Alexander* knockt his head to th' wall.

These with his love unto the amorous Queen,
Did make him vow, her servant to be seen.
Olympias, *Aridaus* deadly hates,
As all her Husbands, Children by his mates,
She gave him poyson formerly ('tis thought)
Which damage both to mind, and body brought ;
She now with *Polisperchon* doth combine,
To make the King by force his Seat resigne:
And her young grand-child in his State inthroned,
That under him, she might rule. all along.
For aid she goes t' *Epire* among her friends,
The better to accomplish these her ends ;
Euridice hearing what she intends,
In haste unto her friend *Cassander* sends,
To leave his siege at *Tegæa*, and with speed,
To save the King and her in this their need :
Then by intreaties, promises and Coyne,
Some forces did procure with her to joyn.
Olympias soon enters *Macedon*,
The Queen to meet her bravely marches on,
But when her Souldiers saw their ancient Queen,
Calling to mind what sometime she had been ;
The wife and Mother of their famous Kings,
Nor darts, nor arrows, now none shoots or flings.
The King and Queen seeing their destiny,
To save their lives t' *Amphipolis* do fly ;
But the old Queen pursues them with her hate ;
And needs will have their lives as well as State :
The King by extream torments had his end,
And to the Queen these presents she did send ;

A Halter, cup of poyson, and a Sword,
Bids chuse her death, such kin .ness she'l afford.
The Queen with many a curse, and bitter cheek,
At length yields to the Halter her fair neck,
Praying that fatal day might quickly haste,
On which *Olimpias* of the like might taste.
This done the cruel Queen rests not content,
'Gainst all that lov'd *Cassander* she was bent;
His Brethren, Kinsfolk and his chiefest friends,
That fell within her reach came to their ends:
Dig'd up his brother dead, 'gainst natures right,
And threw his bones about to shew her spight:
The Courtiers wondring at her furious mind,
Wisht in *Epire* she had been still confin'd.
In *Peloponessus* then *Cassander* lay,
Where hearing of this news he speeds away,
With rage, and with revenge he's hurried on,
To find this cruel Queen in *Macedon*;
But being stopt, at streight *Thermopoli*,
Sea passage gets, and lands in *Therapy*:
His Army he divides, sends post away,
Polisperchon to hold a while in play;
And with the rest *Olimpias* pursues,
For all her cruelty, to gi .e her dues.
She with the chief o'th' Court to *Pydna* flies,
Well fortifi'd, (and on the Sea it lyes)
There by *Cassander* she's blockt up so long,
Untill the Famine grows exceeding strong,
Her Couzen of *Epire* did what he might,
To raise the Siege, and put her foes to flight.

Cassander

Cassander is resolv'd there to remain,
 So succours and endeavours proves but vain;
 Fain would this wretched Queen capitulate,
 Her foe would give no Ear, (such is his hate)
 The Souldiers pinch'd with this scarcity,
 By stealth unto *Cassander* dayly fly;
Olimpius means to hold out to the last,
 Expecting nothing but of death to tast:
 But his occasions calling him away,
 Gives promise for her life, so wins the day.
 No sooner had he got her in his hand,
 But made in judgement her accusers stand;
 And plea: the blood of friends and kindreds spilt;
 Desiring justice might be done for guilt;
 And so was he acquitted of his word,
 For justice sake she being put to th' Sword:
 This was the end of this most cruel Queen,
 Whose fury scarcely parallel'd hath been.
 The daughter sister, Mother, Wife to Kings,
 But Royalty no good conditions brings;
 To Husbands death ('tis thought) she gave consent,
 The murd'rerer she did so much lament:
 With Garlands crown'd his head, bemoan'd his
 His Sword unto *Apollo* consecrates. (fates,
 Her Outrages too tedious to relate,
 How for no cause but her inveterate hate;
 Her Husbands wives and Children after's death,
 Some flew, some fry'd, of others stopt the breath:
 Now in her Age she's forc'd to tast that Cup,
 Which she had often made to sup.

Now

Now many Towns in *Macedon* suppress,
 And *Pellus* fain to yield among the rest,
 The Funerals *Cassander* celebrates,
 Of *Aridanus* and his Queen with State:
 Among their Ancestors by him they're laid,
 And shews of lamentation for them made.
 Old *Thebes* he then rebuilt so much of same,
 And *Cassandria* rais'd after his name.
 But leave him building, others in their Urne,
 Let's for a while, now into *Asia* turn
 True *Enmenes* endeavours by all Skill,
 To keep *Antigonus* from *Shushan* still;
 Having command o'th' Treasure he can hire,
 Such as no threats, nor favour could acquire.
 In divers Battels he had good success,
Antigonus came off still honourless;
 When Victor oft he'd been, and so might still,
Peucestes did betray him by a wile.
 T' *Antigonus*, who took his Life unjust,
 Because he never would forgoe his trust;
 Thus lost he all for his fidelity,
 Striving t'uphold his Masters Family.
 But to a period as that did haste,
 So *Enmenes* (the prop) of death must taste;
 All *Persia* now *Antigonus* doth gain,
 And Master of the Treasure sole remain:
 Then with *Selenus* streight at odds doth fall,
 And he for aid to *Ptolomy* doth call,
 The Princes all begin now to envy
Antigonus, his growing up so high;

Fearing his' force, and what might hap'e're long,
 Enters into a Combination strong,
Seleucus, Ptolemy Cassander joynes,
Lyfimachus to make a fourth combines:
Antigonus desirous of the *Greeks*,
 To make *Cassander* odious to them seeks,
 Sends forth his declarations near and far,
 And clears what cause he had to make this war;
Cassanders outrages at large doth tell,
 Shews his ambitious practises as well.
 The mother of their King to death he'd put,
 His wife and son in prison close had shut:
 And aiming now to make himself a king,
 And that some title he might seem to bring,
The Salonica he had newly wed,
 Daughter to *Philip* their renowned head:
 Had built and call'd a City by his name.
 Which none e're did, but those of royal fame:
 And in despight of their two famous Kings
 Hatefull *Olinthians* to *Greece* rebrings.
 Rebellious *Thebes* he had reedified,
 Which their late King in dust had damnified,
 Requires them therefore to take up their arms
 And to requite this traitor for these harms.
 Then *Ptolemy* would gain the *Greeks* likewise,
 And he declares the others injuries:
 First how he held the Empire in his hands,
Seleucus driven from Government and lands;
 The valiant *Eumenes* unjustly slain,
 And Lord of royal *Shushan* did remain,

There.

Therefore requests their help to take him down
Before he wear the universal Crown.
These princes at the sea soon had a fight,
Where great *Antigonus* was put to flight;
His son at *Gaza* likewise lost the field,
So *Syria* to *Ptolemy* did yield:
And *Selencus* recovers *Babylon*,
Still gaining Countreyes eastward he goes on.
Demetrius with *Ptolemy* did fight,
And coming unawares, put him to flight;
But bravely sends the prisoners back again,
With all the spoyle and booty he had tane.
Courteous as noble *Ptolemy*, or more,
VVho at *Gaza* did the like to him before.
Antigonus did much rejoyce, his son
VVith victory, his lost repute had won.
At last these princes tired out with warrs,
Sought for a peace, and laid aside their jarrs:
The terms of their agreement, thus express
That each should hold what now he did possess,
Till *Alexander* unto age was grown,
VVho then should be enstalled in the throne.
This toucht *Cassander* sore, for what he'd done,
Imprisoning both the mother and the son:
He sees the Greeks now favour their young Prince
Whom he in durance held, now and long since,
That in few years he must be forc'd or glad,
To render up such Kingdomes as he had;
Resolves to quit his fears by one deed done,
So puts to death the Mother and her Son.

This

This *Roxane* for her beauty all commend,
 But for one act she did, just was her end.
 No sooner was great *Alexander* dead,
 But she *Darius* daughters murdered.
 Both thrown into a well to hide her blot,
Perdiccas was her Partner in this plot.
 The heavens seem'd slow in paying her the same;
 But at the last the hand of vengeance came.
 And for that double fact which she had done,
 The life of her must goe, and of her son
Perdiccas had before for his amiss,
 But by their hands who thought not once of this:
Cassanders deed the princes do detest,
 But 'twas in shew, in heart it pleas'd them best.
 That he is odious to the world, they'r glad:
 And now they were free Lords of what they had.
 When this foul tragedy was past and done,
Polysperchon brings the other son
 Call'd *Hercules*, and elder then his brother,
 (But *Olympias* would prefer the other)
 The *Greeks* toucht with the murder done of late,
 This Orphan prince 'gan to compassionate,
 Begin to mutter much 'gainst proud *Cassander*,
 And place their hopes on th' heir of *Alexander*.
Cassander fear'd what might of this ensue,
 So *Polysperchon* to his counsel drew,
 And gives *Peloponnesus* for his hire,
 Who slew the prince according to desire.
 Thus was the race and house of *Alexander*
 Exinct by this inhumane wretch *Cassander*.

Antig.

Antigonus, for all this doth not mourne,
He knows to's profit. this at last will turn,
But that some Title now he might pretend,
To *Cleopatra* doth for marriage send;
Lysimachus and *Ptolemy* the same,
And lewd *Cassander* too, sticks not for shame:
She then in *Lydia* at *Sardis* lay,
Where by Embassage all these Princes pray.
Choice above all, of *Ptolemy* she makes,
With his Embassador her journey takes;
Antigonus Lieutenant stayes her still,
Untill he further know his Masters will:
Antigonus now had a Wolf by th' Ears,
To hold her still, or let her go he fears.
Resolves at last the Princess should be slain,
So hinders him of her, he could not gain;
Her women are appointed for this deed,
They for their great reward no better speed:
For by command, they streight were put to death,
As vile Conspirators that stopt her breath.
And now he hopes, he's order'd all so well,
The world must needs believe what he doth tell;
Thus *Philip's* house was quite extinguished,
Except *Cassander's* wife who yet not dead.
And by their means who thought of nothing less,
Then vengeance just. against them to express;
Now blood was paid with blood for what was done
By cruel Father, Mother cruel Son:
Thus may we hear, and fear, and over say,
That hand is righteous still which doth repay.

These Captains now the stile of Kings do take,
 For to their Crowns their's none can Title make;
Demetrius first the royal stile assum'd,
 By his Example all the rest presum'd.
Antigonus himself to ingratiate,
 Doth promise liberty to *Athens* State;
 With Arms and with provision stores them well,
 The better 'gainst *Cassander* to rebel.
Demetrius thether goes, is entertain'd
 Not like a King, but like some God they feign'd;
 Most grossly base was their great Adulation,
 Who Incense burnt, and offered oblation:
 These Kings afresh fall to their wars again,
Demetrius of *Ptolemy* doth gain.
 'Twould be an endless Story to relate
 Their several Battels and their several fate,
 Their fights by Sea, their victories by Land,
 How some when down, straight got the upper hand
Antigonus and *Selencus* then fight
 Near *Ephesus*, each bringing all his might,
 And he that Conquerour shall now remain,
 The Lordship of all *Asia* shall retain.
 This day 'twixt these two Kings ends all the strife,
 For here *Antigonus* lost rule and life:
 Nor to his Son, did e're one foot remain
 Of those vast Kingdomes, he did sometimes gain.
Demetrius with his Troops to *Athens* flies,
 Hopes to find succours in his miserie;
 But they adoring in prosperity,
 Now shut their gates in his adversity:

He sorely griev'd at this his desperate State
 Tryes Foes, sith friends will not compassionate.
 His peace he then with old *Silencus* moves,
 Who his fair daughter *Stratonica* takes,
Antiochus, *Silencus*, dear lov'd Son
 Is for this fresh young Lady quite undone;
 Falls so extreemly sick, all fear'd his life.
 Yet durst not say, he lov'd his Fathers wife,
 When his disease the skill'd Physician found,
 His Fathers mind he wittily did sound,
 Who did no sooner understand the same,
 But willingly resign'd the beautilous Dame:
Cassander now must dye his race is run,
 And leaves the ill got Kingdomes he had won.
 Two Sons he left, born of King *Philips* daughter,
 Who had an end put to their dayes by slaughter;
 Which should succeed at variance they sell,
 The Mother would, the youngest might excell:
 The eld'st inrag'd did play the Vipers part,
 And with his Sword did run her through the heart:
 Rather then *Philips* race should longer live,
 He whom she gave his life, her death shall give.
 This by *Lyfimachus* was after slain,
 Whose daughter he not long before had gain'd;
Demetrius is call'd in by th' youngest Son,
 Against *Lyfimachus* who from him won.
 But he a Kingdome more then's friend did eye,
 Seaz'd upon that, and slew him traitrouly.
 Thus *Philips* and *Cassander's* race both gone,
 And so falls out to be extinct in one,

And though *Cassander* died in his bed,
 His Seed to be extirpt, was destined;
 For blood which was decre'd that he should spill,
 Yet must his Children pay for Fathers ill;
Iehu in killing *Anab's* house did well,
 Yet be aveng'd must blood of *Iezabel*.

Demetrius thus *Cassander's* Kingdome gains,
 And now in *Macedon* as King he reigns;
 Though men and mony both he hath at will,
 In neither fin is content if he sits still.

That *Silencium* holds *Asia* grieves him sore,
 Those Countreyes large his Father got before.
 These to recover, musters all his might,
 And with his Son in Law will needs go fight;
 A mighty Navy rig'd, an Army stout,
 With these he hopes to turn the world about:
 Leaving *Antigonus* his eldest Son,
 In his long absence to rule *Macedon*.

Demetrius with so many troubles met,
 As Heaven and Earth against him had been set;
 Disaster on disaster him pursue,
 His story seems a Fable more then true:
 At last he's taken and imprisoned
 Within anisle that was with pleasures fed,
 Injoy'd what ere befeem'd his Royalty,
 Only restrained of his liberty:
 After three years he died. left what he'd won,
 In *Greece* unto *Antigonus* his Son.
 For his Posterity unto this day,
 Did ne're regain one foot in *Asia*;

His Body *Selencus* sends to his Son,
 Whose obsequies with wondrous pomp was done.
 Next di'd the brave and noble *Ptolemy*,
 Renown'd for bounty, valour, clemency,
 Rich *Egypt* left, and what else he had won,
 To *Philadelphus* his more worthy Son
 Of the old *Heroe*, now but two remain,
Selencus and *Tymachus* these twain,
 Must needs go try their fortune and their might,
 And so *Tymachus* was slain in fight;
 'Twas no small joy unto *Selencus* breast,
 That now he had out lived all the rest:
 Possession of *Europe* thinks to take.
 And so himself the only Monarch make;
 Whil' with these hopes in *Greece* he did remain;
 He was by *Ptolemy Ceraunus* slain.
 The second Son of the first *Ptolemy*,
 Who for Rebellion unto him did fly;
Selencus was a Father and a friend,
 Yet by him had this most unworthy end.
 Thus with these Kingly Captains have we done,
 A little now how the Succession run,
Antigonus, *Selencus* and *Cassander*,
 With *Ptolemy*, reign'd after *Alexander*;
Cassander's Sons soon after's death were slain,
 So three Successors only did remain:
Antigonus his Kingdoms lost, and life;
 Unto *Selencus*, Author of that life.
 His Son *Demetrius*, all *Cassander's* gains,
 And his posterity, the same retains;

Demetrius Son was call'd *Antigonus*,
 And his again was nam'd *Demetrius*.
 I must let pass those many Battels fought,
 Betwixt those Kings, and noble *Pyrhus* stout,
 And his Son *Alexander* of *Epire*,
 Whereby immortal honour they acquire;
Demetrius had *Philip* to his Son,
 (Part of whose Kingdomes *Titus Quintius* won)
Philip had *Perseus* who was made a Thrale
 To *Emilius* the Roman General;
 Hun with his Sops in Triumph lead did he,
 Such riches too as *Rome* did never see;
 This of *Antigonus*, his Seed's the Fate,
 Whose Empire was subdu'd to th' Roman State.
 Longer *Selencus* held the royalty,
 In *Syria* by his Posterity;
Antiochus Soter his Son was nam'd,
 To whom the old *Berosus* (so much fam'd,)
 His Book of *Assurs* Monarchs dedicates
 Tells of their names, their wars, their riches, fates,
 But this is perished with many more,
 Which oft we wish was extant as before.
Antiochus Theos was *Soter's* Son,
 Who a long war with *Egypt's* King begun;
 The Affinityes and Wars *Daniel* sets forth.
 And calls them there the Kings of South & North,
 This *Theos* murder'd was by his lewd wife,
Selencus reign'd, when he had lost his life.
 A third *Selencus* next sits on the Seat,
 And then *Antiochus* firmam'd the great,

VVhose

VVhose large Dominions after was made small,
 By *Scipio* the Roman General;
 Fourth *Selencus Antiochus* succeeds,
 And next *Epiphanes* whose wicked deeds,
 Horrid Massacres, Murthers, cruelties,
 Amongst the Jews we read in *Machabees*.
Antiochus Eupater was the next,
 By Rebels and Impostors dayly vex;
 So many Princes still were murdered,
 The Royal Blood was nigh extinguished;
 Then *Tygranes* the great *Armenian* King,
 To take the Government was called in,
Lucullus, Him, (the Roman General)
 Vanquish'd in fight, and took those Kingdomes all;
 Of *Greece* and *Syria* thus the rule did end,
 In *Egypt* next, a little time wee'l spend.
 First *Ptolemy* being dead, his famous Son
 Call'd *Philadelphus*, did possess the Throne.
 At *Alexandria* a Library did build,
 And with seven hundred thousand Volumes fill'd;
 The seventy two Interpreters did seek,
 They might translate the Bible into Greek.
 His Son was *Evergetes* the last Prince,
 That valour shew'd, virtue or excellence,
Philopater was *Evergetes* Son,
 After *Epiphanes* late on the Throne;
Philometor, *Evergetes* again,
 And after him, did false *Lathurus* reign:
 Then *Alexander* in *Lathurus* stead,
 Next *Anules*, who cut off *Pompeys* head.

To all these names, we *Ptolemy* must add,
 For since the first, they still that Title had.
 Fair *Cleopatra* next, last of that race,
 Whom *Julius Caesar* set in Royal place,
 She with her Paramour, *Mark Anthony*
 Held for a time, the *Egyptian* Monarchy,
 Till great *Augustus* had with him a fight
 At *Aethium*, where his Navy s put to flight ;
 He seeing his honour lost, his Kingdome end,
 Did by his Sword his life soon after send.
 His brave *Virago Alpes* sets to her Arms,
 To take her life, and quit her from all harms ;
 For 'twas not death nor danger she did dread,
 But some disgrace in triumph to be led.
 Here ends at last the *Grecian* Monarchy,
 Which by the Romans had its destiny ;
 Thus King & Kingdomes have their times & dates,
 Their standings, overturnings, bounds and fates:
 Now up now down now chief, & then brought under,
 The heavn's thus rule, to fil the world with wonder
 The *Assyrian* Monarchy long time did stand,
 But yet the *Persian* got the upper hand ;
 The *Grecian* them did utterly subdue,
 And millions were subjected unto few :
 The *Grecian* longer then the *Persian* stood,
 Then came the *Roman* like a raging flood,
 And with the torrent of his rapid course,
 Their Crowns, their Titles, riches bears by force.
 The first was likened to a head of gold.
 Next Arms and breast of silver to behold ,

The third, Belly and Thighs of brass in sight,
And last was Iron, which breaketh all with might;
The stone out of the mountain then did rise,
and smote those feet, those legs, those arms & thighs
Then gold, silver, brass, Iron and all the store,
Became like Chaff upon the threshing floor.
The first a Lion, second was a Bear,
The third a Leopard, which four wings did rear;
The last more strong and dreadful then the rest,
Whose Iron teeth devoured every Beast,
And when he had no appetite to eat,
The residue he stamped under feet;
Yet shall this Lion, Bear, this Leopard, Ram,
All trembling stand before the powerful Lamb.
With these three Monarchyes now have I done,
But how the fourth, their Kingdomes from them
And how from small beginnings it did grow, (won,
To fill the world with terrour and with woe;
My tyred brain leavs to some better pen,
This task befits not women like to men:
For what is past, I blush, excuse to make,
But humbly stand, some grave reproof to take;
Pardon to crave for errours, is but vain,
The Subject was too high beyond my strain,
To frame Apology for some offence,
Converts our boldness into impudence:
This my presumption some now to requite,
Ne sutor ultra crepidam may write.

The End of the Grecian Monarchy.

After

After some dayes of rest, my restless heart
 To finish what's begun, new thoughts impart,
 And maugre all resolves, my fancy wrought
 This fourth to th' other three, now might be
 Shortness of time and inability. (brought :
 Will force me to a confus'd brevity.
 Yet in this Chaos, one shall easily spy
 The vast Limbs of a mighty Monarchy,
 What e're is found amiss take in good part,
 As faults proceeding from my head, not heart:



The Roman Monarchy,

being the fourth and last, be-
 ginning *Anno Mundi,*

3 2 1 3.

STout *Romulus*, *Romes* founder, and first King,
 Whom vestal *Rhea* to the world did bring,
 His Father was not *Mars* as some devis'd,
 But *Emulus* in Armour all disguiz'd :
 Thus he deceiv'd his *Niece*, she might not know
 The double injury he then did do.

Where

Where sheperds once had Coats, & sheep their folds
Where Swains & rustick Peasants kept their holds,
A City lair did *Romulus* erect,
The Mistres of the World, in each respect,
His brother *Rhemus* there by him was slain,
For leaping o're the wall with some disdain.
The stones at first was cemented with blood,
And bloody hath it prov'd, since first it stood.
This City built and Sacrifices done,
A Form of Government, he next begun ;
A hundred Senators he likewise chose,
And with the style of *Patres*, honoured those,
His City to replenish, men he wants,
Great priviledges then to all he grants ;
That will within those strong built walls reside,
And this new gentle Government abide.
Of wives there was so great a scarcity,
They to their neighbours sue for a supply ;
But all disdain Alliance, then to make,
So *Romulus* was forc'd this course to take :
Great shews he makes at *Tilt* and *Turnament*,
To see these sports, the *Sabins* all are bent.
Their daughters by the Romans then were caught,
Then to recover them a Field was fought ;
But in the end, to final peace they come,
And *Sabins* as one people dwelt in *Rome*.
The Romans now more potent 'gin to grow,
And *Fedimates* they wholly overthrow.
But *Romulus* then comes unto his end.
Some seigning to the Gods he did ascend :

Others

Others the seven and thirtyeth of his reign,
Affirm, that by the Senate he was slain,

Numa Pompilius.

Numa Pompilius next chose they King,
Held for his piety some sacred thing,
To *Janus* he that famous Temple built;
Kept shut in peace, set ope when blood was spilt;
Religious Rites and Customes instituted,
And priests and Flamines likewise he deputed,
Their Augurs strange, their gestures and attire,
And vestal maids to keep the holy fire.
The Nymph *Egeria* this to him told,
So to delude the people he was bold:
Forty three years he rul'd with general praise,
Accounted for a God in after dayes.

Tullius Hostilius.

Tullius Hostilius was third Roman King,
Who Martial discipline in use did bring;
War with the antient *Albans* he did wage,
This strife to end six brothers did engage.
Three call'd *Horatii* on the Romans side,
And *Curiatii* three *Albans* provide:
The Romans conquer, th' other yield the day,
Yet in their Compact, after false they play.
The Romans sore incens'd their General slay,
And from old *Alba* fetch the wealth away;
Of Latin Kings this was long since the Seat,
But now demolished, to make *Rome* great.

Thirty two years did *Tullus* reign, then dye.
Left *Rome* in wealth and power still growing high.

Ancus Martins.

Next *Ancus Martins* sits upon the Throne,
Nephew unto *Pompeius* dead and gone:
Rome he enlarg'd, new built again the wall,
Much stronger, and more beautiful withal;
A stately Bridge he over *Tyber* made.
Of Boats and Oars no more they need the aid:
Fair *Ostia* he built this Town, it stood
Close by the mouth of famous *Tyber* fould,
Twenty four years time of his Royal race,
Then unto death unwillingly gives place.

Tarquinus Priscus

Tarquin a Greek at *Corinth* born and bred,
Who from his Country for Sepition fled.
Is entertain'd at *Rome*, and in short time.
By wealth and favour doth to honour climb;
He after *Martins* death the Kingdome had,
A hundred Senators he more did add:
Wars with the Latins he again renews,
And Nations twelve of *Tuscan* subdues,
To such rude triumphs as young *Rome* then had,
Some State and splendor did this *Priscus* add:
Thirty eight years (this stronger born) did reign,
And after all, by *Ancus* Sons was slain.

Servius Tullius.

Next *Servius Tullius* gets into the Throne,
 Ascends not up By merits of his own,
 But by the favour and the special grace
 Of *Tanquil* late Queen, obtains the place.
 He ranks the people into each degree,
 As wealth had made them of ability ;
 A general Muster takes, which by account,
 To eighty thousand Souls then did amount.
 Forty four years did *Servius Tullius* reign,
 And then by *Tarquin Priscus* Son was slain.

*Tarquinus Superbus the last
 King of the Romans*

Tarquin the proud, from manners called so,
 Sat on the Throne, when he had slain his Foe.
Sexus his Son did most unworthily,
Lucretia force, mirrour of Chastity ;
 She loathed so the fact, she loath'd her life,
 And shed her guiltless blood with guilty knife
 Her Husband sore incens'd to quit this wrong,
 With *Iunius Brutus* rose, and being strong,
 The *Tarquins* they from *Rome* by force expel,
 In banishment perpetual to dwell ;
 The Government they change, a new one bring,
 And people swear ne'r to accept of King.

An Apology.

To finish what's begun, was my intent,
My thoughts and my endeavours thereto bent;
Essays I many made but still gave out,
The more I mus'd, the more I was in doubt:
The subject large my mind and body weak,
With many moe discouragements did speak.
All thoughts of further progress laid aside,
Though oft perswaded, I as oft deny'd,
At length resolv'd, when many years had past,
To prosecute my story to the last;
And for the same, I hours not few did spend,
And weary lines (though lanke) I many pen'd:
But 'fore I could accomplish my desire,
My papers fell a prey to th' raging fire.
And thus my pains (with better things) I lost,
Which none had cause to wail, nor I to boast.
No more I'll do, sith I have suffer'd wrack,
Although my Monarchies their legs do lack:
Nor matter is't this last, the world now sees,
Hath many Ages been upon his knees.



A Dialogue between Old *En.*

gland and New; concerning their
present Troubles, *Anno*, 1642.

New-England.

A Las dear Mother, fairest Queen and best,
With honour, wealth, and peace, happy and
blest;

What ails thee hang thy head, & cross thine arms?

And sit i'th' dust, to sigh these sad alarms?

What deluge of new woes thus over-whelme

The glories of thy ever famous Realme?

What means this wailing tone, this mournful guise?

Ah, tell thy daughter, she may sympathize.

Old England.

Art ignorant indeed of these my woes?

Or must my forced tongue these griefs disclose?

And must my self dissect my tatter'd state,

Which 'mazed Christendome stands wondring at?

And thou a Child, a Limbe. and dost not feel

My fainting weakned body now to reel?

This

This Physick purging porcion, I have taken,
Will bring consumption, or an Ague quaking,
Unless some Cordial, thou fetch from high,
Which present help may ease my malady.
If I decease. dost think thou shalt survive?
Or by my wasting state dost think to thrive?
Then weigh our case, if't be not justly sad;
Let me lament alone, while thou art glad.

New-England.

And thus (alas) your state you much deplore
In general terms, but will not say wherefore:
What medicine shall I seek to cure this woe,
If th' wound so dangerous I may not know.
But you perhaps, would have me guess it out:
What hath some *Hengist* like that *Saxon* stout
By fraud or force usurp'd thy flowring crown,
Or by tempestuous wars thy fields trod down?
Or hath *Canutus*, that brave valiant *Dane*
The Regal peacefull Scepter from thee tane?
Or is't a *Norman*, whose victorious hand
With English blood bedews thy conquered land?
Or is't Intestine wars that thus offend?
Do *Maud* and *Stephen* for the crown contend?
Do Barons rise and side against their King,
And call in foraign aid to help the thing?
Must *Edward* be depos'd? or is't the hour
That second *Richard* must be clapt i'th tower?
Or is't the fatal jarre, again begun
That from the red white pricking roses spring?

Must *Richmonds* aid, the Nobles now implore?
 To come and break the Tushes of the Boar,
 If none of these dear Mother, what's your woe?
 Pray do you fear *Spains* bragging *Armado*?
 Doth your Allye, fair *France*, conspire your wrack,
 Or do the *Scots* play false, behind your back?
 Doth *Holland* quit you ill for all your love?
 Whence is the storm from Earth or Heaven above?
 Is't drought, is't famine, or is't pestilence?
 Dost feel the smart, or fear the Consequence?
 Your humble Child intreats you, shew your grief,
 Though Arms; nor Purse she hath for your relief,
 Such is her poverty; yet shall be found
 ▲ Suppliant for your help, as she is bound.

Old England.

- I must confess some of those sores you name,
 My beauteous body at this present maime;
 But forreign foe, nor feigned friend I fear,
 For they have work enough (thou knowst) else-
 Nor is it *Alcids* Son, nor *Henries* daughter; (where
 Whose proud contention cause this slaughter,
 Nor Nobles siding, to make *John* no King,
 French Jews unjustly to the Crown to bring;
 No *Edward*, *Richard*, to lose rule and life,
 Nor no *Lancastrians* to renew old strife:
 No Duke of *Tork*, nor Earl of *March* to soyle
 Their hands in kindreds blood whom they did soyle
 No crafty Tyrant now usurps the Seat.
 Who Nephews slew that so he might be great;

No need of *Tudor*, *Roses* to unite,
 None knows which is the red, or which the white;
Spain's braving Fleet a second time is sunk,
France knows how oft my fury she hath drunk:
 By *Edward* third, and *Henry* fifth of fame,
 Her Lillies in mine Arms avouch the same.
 My Sister *Scotiana* hurts me now no more,
 Though she hath been injurious heretofore;
 What *Holland* is I am in some suspence?
 But trust not much unto his excellence.
 For wants, sure some I feel, but more I fear,
 And for the Pestilence, who knows how near;
 Famine and Plague, two Sisters of the Sword,
 Destruction to a Land, doth soon afford:
 They're for my punishment ordain'd on high,
 Unless our tears prevent it speedily.
 But yet I Answer not what you demand,
 To shew the grievance of my troubled Land?
 Before I tell th' Effect, I'll shew the Cause
 Which are my sins the breach of sacred Laws;
 Idolatry supplanter of a Nation,
 With foolish Superstitious Adoration,
 Are lik'd and countenanc'd by men of might,
 The Gospel troden down and hath no right:
 Church Offices were sold and bought for gain;
 That Pope had hope to find, *Rome* here again,
 For Oaths and Blasphemies, did ever Ear,
 From *Belzebub* himself such language hear;
 What scorning of the Saints of the most high?
 What injuries did daily on them lye?

What false reports, what nick-names did they take
 Not for their own, but for their Masters sake?
 And thou poor soul, wert jeer'd among the rest,
 Thy flying for the truth was made a jest.
 For Sabbath-breaking, and for drunkenness,
 Did ever land profaness more express?
 From crying blood yet cleansed am not I,
 Martyres and others, dying causelessly.
 How many princely heads on blocks laid down
 For nought but title to a fading crown?
 'Mongst all the cruekyes by great ones done
 Of *Edwards* youths, and *Clarence* hapless son,
 O *Jane* why didst thou dye in flowring prime?
 Because of royal stem, that was thy crime.
 For bribery Adultery and lyes,
 Where is the nation, I can't paralyze
 With usury, extortion and oppression,
 These be the *Hydras* of my stout transgression.
 These be the bitter fountains, heads and roots,
 Whence flow'd the source, the sprigs, the boughs &
 Of more then thou canst hear or I relate, (fruits
 That with high hand I still did perpetrate:
 For these were threatned the wofull day,
 I mockt the Preachers, put it far away;
 The Sermons yet upon Record do stand
 That cri'd destruction to my wicked land:
 I then believ'd not, now I feel and see,
 The plague of stubborn incredulity.
 Some lost their livings, some in prison pent,
 Some fin'd, from house & friends to exile went:
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Their silent tongues to heaven did vengeance cry,
Who saw t' eir wrongs. & hath judg'd righteously
And will repay it seven-fold in my lap:
This is fore-runner of my Afterclap.
Nor took I warning by my neighbours falls,
I saw sad *Germanyes* dismantled walls,
I saw her people famish'd, Nobles slain,
Her fruitfull land, a barren Heath remain.
I saw unmov'd, her Armyes soil'd and fled,
VVives forc'd, babes tols'd, her houses calcined.
I saw strong *Rochel* yielded to her Foe,
Thousands of starved Christians there also.
I saw poor *Ireland* bleeding out her last,
Such cruelties as all reports have past;
Mine heart obdurate stood not yet agast.
Now sip I of that cup, and just't may be
The bottome dreggs reserved are for me.

New-England:

To all you've said, sad Mother I assent,
Your fearfull sin's great cause there's to lament,
My guilty hands in part, hold up with you,
A Sharer in your punishment's my due,
But all you say amounts to this effect,
Not what you feel, but what you do expect,
Pray in plain terms, what is your present grief?
Then let's joya heads & hearts for your relief.

*A Dialogue between
Old England.*

Well to the matter then, there's grown of late
 'Twixt King and Peers a Question of State,
 Which is the chief, the Law, or else the King.
 One said, it's he, the other no such thing.
 'Tis said, my better part in Parliament
 To ease my groaning Land, shew'd their intent,
 To crush the proud, and right to each man deal,
 To help the Church, and stay the Common-weal.
 So many Obstacles came in their way,
 As puts me to a stand what I should say;
 Old customs, new Prerogatives stood on,
 Had they not held Law fast, all had been gone:
 Which by their prudence stood them in such stead
 They took high *Stratford* lower by the head.
 And to their *Band* be't spoke, they held i'th tower
 All *Englands* Metropolitane that hour;
 This done, an act they would have passed fain,
 No Prelate should his Bishoprick retain;
 Here tugg'd they hard (indeed,) for all men saw
 This must be done by Gospel, not by Law.
 Next the Militia they urged fore,
 This was deny'd, (I need not say wherefore)
 The King displeas'd at *York*, himself absents,
 They humbly beg return, shew their intents;
 The writing, printing, posting too and fro,
 Shews all was done, I'le therefore let it go.
 But now I come to speak of my disaster,
 Contention grown, 'twixt Subjects & their Master,
 They

They worded it so long, they fell to blows,
That thousands lay on heaps, here bleeds my woes,
I that no wars so many years have known,
Am now destroy'd and slaught' red by mine own;
But could the Field alone this strife abide,
One Battel two or three I might abide:
But these may be beginnings of more woe
Who knows, but this may be my overthrow.
Oh pity me in this sad perturbation,
My plundred Towns, my houses devastation,
My weeping Virgins and my young men slain;
My wealthy trading fall'n, my dearth of grain.
The seed-times come, but ploughman hath no hope
Because he knows not, who shall inn his Crop:
The poor they want their pay, their children bread,
Their woful Mothers tears unpittied,
If any pity in thy heart remain,
Or any child-like love thou dost retain,
For my relief, do what there lyes in thee,
And recompence that good I've done to thee:

New-England.

Dear Mother cease complaints & wipe your eyes
Shake off your dust, chear up, and now arise,
You are my Mother Nurse, and I your flesh,
Your sunken bowels gladly would refresh,
Your griefs I pity, but soon hope to see,
Out of your troubles much good fruit to be;
To see those latter dayes of hop'd for good,
Though now beclouded all with tears and blood:

After dark Popery the day did clear,
 But now the Sun in's brightness shall appear.
 Blest be the Nobles of thy noble Land,
 With ventur'd lives for Truths defence ~~that~~ stand.
 Blest be thy Commons, who for common good,
 And thy infringed Laws have boldly stood.
 Blest be thy Counties, who did aid thee still,
 With hearts and States to testify their will.
 Blest be thy Preachers; who do cheer thee on,
 O cry the Sword of God, and *Gideon*;
 And shall I not on them with *Mero's* curse,
 That help thee not with prayers, Arms and purse?
 And for my self let miseries abound,
 If mindless of thy State I e're be found.
 These are the dayes the Churches foes to crush,
 To root out Popelings head, tail, branch and rush;
 Let's bring *Baals* vestments forth to make a fire,
 Their Mytires, Surplices, and all their Tire,
 Copes, Rotchets, Crossiers, and such empty trash,
 And let their Names consume, but let the flash
 Light Christendome, and all the world to see
 We hate *Romes* whore, with all her trumpery.
 Go on brave *Essex* with a Loyal heart,
 Not false to King, nor to the better part;
 But those that hurt his people and his Crown,
 As duty binds, expel and tread them down.
 And ye brave Nobles chase away all fear,
 And to this hopeful Cause closely adhere;
 O Mother can you weep, and have such Peers,
 When they are gone, then drop your self in tears

If now you weep so much, that then no more
The briny Ocean will o'reflow your shore.
These, these are they I trust, with *Charles* our King,
Out of all mists such glorious dayes shall bring;
That dazled eyes beholding much shall wonder
At that thy settled peace, thy wealth and splendor.
Thy Church and weal establish'd in such manner.
That all shall joy, that thou display'dst thy Banner;
And discipline erected so I trust,
That nursing Kings shall come and lick thy dust:
Then Justice shall in all thy Courts take place,
Without respect of person, or of case;
Then Bribes shall cease, & Suits shall not stick long
Patience and purse of Clients oft to wrong:
Then high Commissions shall fall to decay,
And Pursivants, and Catchpoles want their pay.
So shall thy happy Nation ever flourish,
When truth & righteousness they thus shall nourish.
When thus in peace, thine Armies brave send out,
To sack proud *Rome*, and all her Vassals rout;
There let thy Name, thy fame, and glory shine,
As did thine Ancestors in *Palestine*:
And let her spoils full pay, with Interest be,
Of what unjustly once she poll'd from thee.
Of all the woes thou canst, let her be sped,
And on her pour the vengeance threatned;
Bring forth the Beast that rul'd the World with's
And tear his flesh, & set your feet on's neck; (beck,
And make his filthy Den so desolate,
To th' Annihilation of all that knew his state:

This

This done with brandish'd Swords to *Turky* goe,
For then what is't, but English blades dare do,
And lay her waste for so's the sacred Doom,
And do to *Goe* as thou hast done to *Rome*.
Oh *Abraham's* seed lift up your heads on high,
For sure the day of your Redemption's nigh;
The Scales shall fall from your long blinded eyes,
And him you shall adore who now despise,
Then fulness of the Nations in shall flow,
And Jew and Gentile to one worship go;
Then follows dayes of happiness and rest,
Whose lot doth fall to live therein is blest:
No Canaanite shall then be found i'th' Land,
And holiness on horses bells shall stand.
If this make way thereto, then sigh no more,
But if at all, thou didst not see't before;
Farewel dear Mother, rightest cause prevail,
And in a while, you'll tell another tale.



An Elegie upon that Honourable and renowned Knight *Sir Philip Sidney*,
who was untimely slain at the Siege
of *Zutphen*, Anno, 1586.

When *England* did enjoy her Halcyon dayes,
Her noble *Sidney* wore the Crown of Bayes;
As well an honour to our *British* Land,
As she that sway'd the Scepter with her hand;
Mars and *Minerva* did in one agree,
Of Arms and Arts he should a pattern be,
Calliope with *Terpsichore* did sing,
Of Poetrie, and of musick, he was King;
His Rhetorick struck *Polimnia* dead,
His Eloquence made *Mercury* wax red;
His *Logick* from *Enterpe* won the Crown,
More worth was his then *Clio* could set down.
Thalia and *Melpomene* say truth,
(Witness *Arcadia* penned in his youth,)
Are not his tragick Comedies so acted,
As if your ninefold wit had been compacted.
To shew the world, they never saw before
That this one Volume should exhaust your store;
His wiser dayes condemn'd his witty works,
Who knows the spels that in his Rhetorick lurks,
But

But some infatuate fools soon caught therein,
 Fond *Cypias* Dame had never such a gin,
 Which makes severer eyes but slight that story,
 And men of morose minds envy his glory:
 But he's a Beetle-head that can't descry
 A world of wealth within that rubbishlye,
 And doth his name, his work his honour wrong,
 The brave refiner of our British tongue,
 That sees not learning, valour and morality,
 Justice, friendship, and kind hospitality,
 Yea and Divinity within his book,
 Such were prejudicate, and did not look.
 In all Records his name I ever see
 Put with an Epithite of dignity,
 Which shews his worth was great, his honour such,
 The love his Country ought him, was as much.
 Then let none disallow of these my straintes
 Whilst English blood yet runs within my veins.
 O brave *Achilles*, I wish some *Homer* would
 Engrave in Marble, with Characters of gold
 The valiant *scars* thou didst on *Flanders* coast,
 Which at this day fair *Belgia* may boast.
 The more I say, the more thy worth I stain,
 Thy fame and praise is far beyond my strain.
 O *Zutphen*, *Zutphen* that most fatal City
 Made famous by thy death, much more the pity:
 Ah! in his blooming prime death pluckt this rose
 Ere he was ripe, his thread cut *Atropos*.
 Thus man is born to dye, and dead is he,
 Brave *Hector*, by the walls of *Troy* we see.

O Who

O who was near thee but did fore repine
He rescued not with life that life of thine:
But yet impartial Fates this boon did give,
Though *Sidney* di'd his valiant name should live:
And live it doth in spite of death through fame,
Thus being overcome, he overcame.

Where is that envious tongue, but can afford
Of this our noble *Scipio* some good word.
Great *Bartas* this unto thy praise adds more,
In sad sweet verse, thou didst his death deplore.

And *Phenix Spencer* doth unto his life,
His death present in tale to his wife.

Stella the fair, whose streams from Conduits fell
For the sad loss of her dear *Astrophel*.

Fain would I shew how he fames paths did tread,

But now into such Lab'rins I am lead,
VVith endless turnes, the way I find not out,

How to persist my Muse is more in doubt;

VVhich makes me now with *Silvester* confess,

But *Sidney's* Muse can sing his worthiness.

The Muses aid I crav'd, they had no will

To give to their Detractor any quill,

VVith high disdain, they said they gave no more,

Since *Sidney* had exhausted all their store.

They took from me the scribbling pen I had,

(I to be eas'd of such a task was glad)

Then to reveng this wrong, themselves engage,

And drave me from *Parnassus* in a rage.

Then wonder not if I no better sped,

Since I the Muses thus have injured.

I pen-

I penſive for my fault. ſate down, and then
Errata through their leave, threw me my pen,
 My Poem to conclude, two lines they deign
 Which writ, ſhe bad return't to them again;
 So *Sidney's* fame I leave to *Englands* Rolls,
 His bones do lie interr'd in ſtately *Pauls*.

His Epitaph.

Here lies in fame under this ſtone,
Philip and *Alexander* Both in one;
 Heir to the Muſes, the Son of *Mars* in Truth,
 Learning, Valour, Wiſdome, all in virtuous youth,
 His praiſe is much, this ſhall ſuffice my pen,
 That *Sidney* dy'd 'mong moſt renown'd of men.



In honour of *Du Bartas*, 1 6 4 1.

Among the happy wits this age hath ſhown.
 Great, dear, ſweet *Bartas* thou art matchleſs
 known;

My raviſh'd Eyes and heart with ſaltering tongue,
 In humble wiſe have vow'd their ſervice long,
 But knowing th'task ſo great, & ſtrength but ſmall,
 Gave o're the work before begun withal,
 My dazled ſight of late review'd thy lines,
 Where Art, and more then Art, in nature ſhines,
 Reflection from their beaming Altitude,
 Did thaw my frozen hearts ingratitude;

Which

Which Rayes darting upon some richer ground,
Had caused flours and fruits soon to abound;
But barren I my Dusey here do bring,
A homely flour in this my latter Spring,
If Summer, or my Autumn age do yield,
Flours, fruits in Garden, Orchard, or in Field,
They shall be consecrated in my Verse,
And prostrate offered at great *Bartons* Herse;
My muse unto a Child I may compare,
Who sees the riches of some famous Fair,
He feeds his Eyes, but understanding lacks
To comprehend the worth of all those knacks:
The glittering plate and Jewels he admires,
The Hats and Fans, the Plumes and Ladies tires,
And thousand times his mazed mind doth wish
Some part (at least) of that brave wealth was his,
But seeing empty wishes nought obtain,
At night turns to his Mothers cot again,
And tells her tales, (his full heart over-glad)
Of all the glorious sights his Eyes have had:
But finds too soon his want of Eloquence,
The silly pratler speaks no word of sense,
But seeing utterance fail his great desires,
Sits down in silence, deeply he admires:
Thus weak brain'd I, reading thy lofty stile,
Thy profound learning, viewing other while;
Thy Art in natural Philosophy,
Thy Saint like mind in grave Divinity;
Thy piercing skill in high Astronomy,
And curious insight in Anatomy:

Thy

Thy Physick, musick and state policy,
 Valour in warr, in peace good husbandry.
 Sure lib'ral Nature did with Art not small,
 In all the arts make thee most liberal.

A thousand thousand times my senseless senses
 Moveless stand charm'd by thy sweet influences;
 More senseless then the stones to *Amphions* Lute,
 Mine eyes are sightless, and my tongue is mute;
 My full astonish'd heart doth pant to break,
 Through grief it wants a faculty to speak:
 Volleys of praises could I eccho then,
 Had I an Angels voice, or *Bartas* pen:
 But wishes can't accomplish my desire,
 Pardon if I adore, when I admire.
 O France thou did'st in him more glory gain
 Then in thy *Martel*, *Pipin*, *Charlemain*,
 Then in St. *Lewes*, or thy last *Henry* Great,
 Who tam'd his foes in warrs, in bloud and sweat.
 Thy fame is spread as far, I dare be bold,
 In all the Zones, the temp'rate hot and cold.
 Their Trophies were but heaps of wounded slain,
 Thine, the quintessence of an heroick brain.
 The oaken Garland ought to deck their brows,
 Immortal Bayes to thee all men allows.
 VVho in thy tryumphs never won by wrongs,
 Lead'st millions chain'd by eyes, by ears, by tongues
 Oft have I wondred at the hand of heaven,
 In giving one what would have served seven.
 If e're this golden gift was shew'd on any,
 Thy double portion would have served many.

Unto

Unto each man his riches is assign'd
Of Name, of State, of Body and of Mind:
Thou hadst thy part of all, but of the last,
O pregnant brain, O comprehension vast:
Thy haughty Stile, and rapted wit sublime
All ages wondring at, shall never climb.
Thy sacred works are not for imitation,
But Monuments to future Admiration.
Thus *Bartas* fame shall last while stars do stand,
And whilst there's Air or Fire, or Sea or Land.
But least mine ignorance should do thee wrong,
To celebrate thy merits in my Song.
I'll leave thy praise to those shall do thee right,
Good will, not skill, did cause me bring my Mite.

His Epitaph.

Here lyes the Pearle of France, *Paradisus* Glory;
The World rejoyc'd at's birth, at's death was sorry.
Art and Nature joyn'd, by heavens high degrees
Now shew'd what once they ought, *Humanity*:
And Natures Law, had it been revocable
To rescue him from death, Art had been able.
But Nature vanquish'd Art, so *Bartas* dy'd,
But Fame out-living both, he is reviv'd.



In Honour of that High and Mighty Princess

Queen Elizabeth

OF HAPPY · MEMORY.

The Proeme.

Although great Queen thou now in silence lye
 Yet thy loud Herald Fame doth to the sky.
 Thy wondrous worth proclaim in every Clime,
 And so hath vow'd while there is world or time.
 So great's thy glory and thine excellence,
 The sound thereof rapt every humane sence,
 That men account it no impiety,
 To say thou wert a fleshly Diety :
 Thousands bring offerings (though out of date)
 Thy world of honours to accumulate,
 'Mongst hundred Hecatombs of roaring verse,
 Mine bleating stands before thy royal Herse.
 Thou never didst nor canst thou now disdain
 T' accept the tribute of a loyal brain.
 Thy clemency did yerst esteem as much
 The acclamations of the poor as rich,
 Which makes me deem my rudeness is no wrong,
 Though I resound thy praises 'mongst the throng.

The

The Poem.

No *Phœnix* pen, nor *Spencers* poetry,
 No *Speeds* nor *Cambdens* learned History,
Elizabs works, warrs praise, can e're compaſs,
 The World's the Theatre where ſhe did act.
 No memoryes nor volumes can contain
 The 'leven Olympiads of her happy reign:
 Who was ſo good, ſo juſt, ſo learn'd ſo wiſe,
 From all the Kings on earth ſhe won the prize.
 Nor ſay i more, then duly is her due,
 Millions will teſtifie that this is true.
 She hath wip'd off th' aſperſion of her Sex,
 That women wiſdome lack to play the Rex:
Spain Monarch ſayes not ſo, nor yet his hoſt:
 She taught them better manners, to their coſt.
 The *Salique* law, in force now had not been,
 If *France* had ever hop'd for ſuch a Queen.
 But can you Doctors now this point diſpute,
 She's Argument enough to make you mute.
 Since firſt the ſun did run his nere run race,
 And earth had once a year, a new old face,
 Since time was time, and man unmanly man,
 Come ſhew me ſuch a *Phœnix* if you can?
 Was ever people better rul'd then hers?
 Was ever land more happy freed from ſtirrs?
 Did ever wealth in *England* more abound?
 Her victoryes in forreign Coaſts reſound,
 Ships more invincible then *Spain's* her foe
 She wrackt, ſhe ſackt, ſhe ſunk his Armado:

Her stately troops advanc'd to *Lisbon's* wall
Don Anthony in's right there to install:
She frankly helpt, *Franks* brave distressed King,
The States united now her fame do sing,
She their Protectrix was, they well do know
Unto our dread Virago, what they owe.
Her Nobles sacrific'd their noble blood,
Nor men nor Coyn she spar'd to do them good.
The rude untamed *Irish*, she did quell.
Before her picture the proud *Tyrone* fell.
Had ever prince such Counsellours as she?
Her self *Minerva* caus'd them so to be.
Such Captains and such souldiers never seen,
As were the Subjects of our *Pallas* Queen.
Her Sea-men through all straights the world did
Terra incognita might know the fount. (round;
Her *Drake* came laden home with Spanish gold:
Her *Essex* took *Cades*, their Herculean Hold:
But time would fail me, so my tongue would to,
To tell of half she did, or she could doe.
Semiramis to her, is but obscure,
More infamy then fame, she did procure.
She built her glory but on *Babel's* walls,
World's wonder for a while, but yet it falls.
Fierce *Tomris*. (*Cyrus* heads-man) *Scythians* queen,
Had put her harness off, had shee but seen
Our Amazon in th' Camp of *Tilbury*,
Judging all valour and all Majesty
Within that Princess to have residence,
And prostrate yielded to her excellence.

Dido first Foundress of proud *Carthage* walls,
 (Who living consummates her Funeralls)
 A great *Eliza*, but compar'd with ours,
 How vanisheth her glory, wealth and powers.
 Profuse proud *Cleopatra*, whose wrong name,
 Instead of glory, prov'd her Countryes shame:
 Of her what worth in Storyes to be seen,
 But that she was a rich Egyptian Queen.
Zenobia potent Empress of the East,
 And of all these, without compare the best,
 Whom none but great *Aurelius* could quell;
 Yet for our Queen is no fit Parallel.
 She was a Phoenix Queen, so shall she be,
 Her ashes not reviv'd, more Phoenix she.
 Her personal perfections, who would tell,
 Must dip his pen in th' *Heleconian* well,
 Which I may not, my pride doth but aspire
 To read what others write, and so admire.
 Now say, have women worth? or have they none?
 Or had they some, but with our Queen is't gone?
 Nay Masculines, you have thus taxt us long,
 But she, though dead, will vindicate our wrong.
 Let such as say our Sex is void of Reason,
 Know tis a Slander now, but once was Treason.
 But happy *England* which had such a Queen;
 Yea happy, happy, had those dayes still been;
 But happiness lyes in a higher sphere,
 Then wonder not *Eliza* moves not here:
 Full fraught with honour, riches and with dayes
 She set, she set, like *Titan* in his rayes.

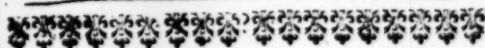
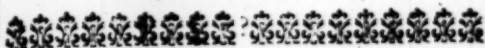
No more shall rise or set so glorious sun
 Untill the heavens great revolution,
 If then new things their old forms shall retain,
Eliza shall rule *Albion* once again.

HER EPITAPH.

*Here sleeps THE Queen, this is the Royal Bed,
 Of th' Damask Rose, sprung from the white and red,
 Whose sweet perfume fills the all-filling Air :
 This Rose is wither'd, once so lovely fair.
 On neither tree did grow such Rose before,
 The greater was our gain, our loss the more.*

Another.

*Here lyes the pride of Queens, Pattern of Kings,
 So blaze it Fame, here's feathers for thy wings.
 Here lyes the envi'd, yet unparalled Prince,
 Whose living virtues speak, (though dead long since)
 If many worlds, as that Fantastick fram'd,
 In every one be her great glory fam'd.*



Dauids Lamentation for Saul and Jonathan.

2. Sam. 1. 19.

A Las slain is the Head of Israel,
 Alluſtrious *Saul* whoſe beauty did excell,
 Upon thy places mountainous and high,
 How did the Mighty fall, and falling dye?
 In *Gath* let not this things be ſpoken on,
 Nor publiſhed in ſtreets of *Aſhalon*,
 Leſt daughters of the Philiftines rejoyce,
 Leſt the uncircumciſ'd liſt up their voice.
 O *Gilbo* Mounts, let never pearled dew,
 Nor fruitfull ſhowres your barren tops beſtrew,
 Nor fields of offerings ever on you grow,
 Nor any pleaſant thing e're may you ſhow;
 For there the Mighty Ones did ſoon decay,
 The ſhield of *Saul* was vilely caſt away,
 There had his dignity ſo fore a ſoyle,
 As if his head ne're felt the ſacred oyle.
 Somerimes from crimſon blood of gaſtly ſlain,
 The bow of *Jonathan* ne're turn'd in vain:
 Nor from the ſar, and ſpoils of Mighty men
 With bloodleſs ſword did *Saul* turn back agen.

Pleasant and lovely, were they both in life,
 And in their death was sounnd no parting strife.
 Swifter then swiftest Eagles so were they,
 Stronger then Lions ramping for their prey.
 O Israels Dames, o'reflow your beauteous eyes
 For valiant *Saul* who on Mount *Gilbo* lyes,
 Who cloathed you in Cloath of richest Dye,
 And choice delights, full of variety,
 On your array put ornaments of gold,
 Which made you yet more beauteous to behold.
 O! how in Battle did the mighty fall
 In midst of strength not succoured at all.
 O lovely *Jonathan*! how wast thou slain?
 In places high, full low thou didst remain.
 Distrest for thee I am, dear *Jonathan*,
 Thy love was wonderfull, surpassing man,
 Exceeding all the love that's Feminine,
 So pleasant hast thou been, dear brother mine,
 How are the mighty fall'n into decay?
 And warlike weapons perished away?

To the Memory of my dear and ever honoured Father

Thomas Dudley Esq;

who deceased, July 31. 1653. and of his Age, 77.

BY duty bound, and not by custome led
 To celebrate the praises of the dead,
 My mournfull mind, fore prest, in trembling verse
 Presents my Lamentations at his Herse,
 Who was my Father, Guide, Instructor too,
 To whom I ought whatever I could doe:
 Nor is't Relation near my hand shall tye;
 For who more cause to boast his worth then I?
 Who heard or saw, observ'd or knew him better?
 Or who alive then I, a greater debtor?
 Let malice bite, and envy know its fill,
 He was my Father, and he praise him still.
 Nor was his name, or life lead so obscure
 That pitty might some Trumpeters procure.
 Who after death might make him falsely seem
 Such as in life, no man could justly deem.
 Well known and lov'd, where ere he liv'd, by most
 Both in his native, and in foreign coast,
 These to the world his merits could make known,
 So needs no Testimonial from his own;
 But now or never I must pay my Sum;
 While others tell his worth, I'll not be dumb:

One

One of thy Founders, him *New-England* know,
Who staid thy feeble sides when thou wast low.
Who spent his state, his strength, & years with care
That After-comers in them might have share.
True Patriot of this little Commonweal,
Who is't can tax thee ought, but for thy zeal?
Truths friend thou wert, to errors still a foe,
Which caus'd Apostates to maligne so.
Thy love to true Religion e're shall shine,
My Fathers God, be God of me and mine.
Upon the earth he did not build his nest,
But as a Pilgrim what he had, possesse.
High thoughts he gave no harbour in his heart,
Nor honours pufft him up, when he had part:
Those titles loath'd, which some too much do love
For truly his ambition lay above.
His humble mind to lov'd humility,
He left it to his race for Legacy:
And oft and oft, with speeches mild and wise,
Gave his in charge, that Jewel rich to prize.
No ostentation seen in a'l his wayes,
As in the mean ones, of our foolish dayes,
Which all they have, and more still set to view,
Their greatness may be judg'd by what they shew.
His thoughts were more sublime, his actions wise,
Such vanities he justly did despise.
Nor wonder 'twas, low things ne'r much did move
For he a Mansion had, prepar'd above.
For which he sigh'd and pray'd & long'd full sore
He might be cloath'd upon, for evermore.

Oft spake of death, and with a smiling chear,
He did exult his end was drawing near,
Now fully ripe, as shock of wheat thats grown,
Death as a Sickle hath him timely mown,
And in celestial Barn hath hous'd him high,
Where storms, nor showrs, nor ought can damnifie.
His Generation serv'd his labours cease;
And to his Fathers gathered is in peace.
Ah happy Soul, 'mongst Saints and Angels blest,
VWho after all his toyle, is now at rest:
His hoary head in righteousness was found:
As joy in heaven on earth let praise resound.
Forgotten never be his memory,
His blessing rest on his posterity:
His pious Footsteps followed by his race,
At last will bring us to that happy place
Where we with joy each others face shall see,
And parted more by death shall never be.

His Epitaph.

*Within this Tomb a Patriot lyes
That was both pious, just and wise,
To Truth a shield, to right a Wall,
To Sectaries a whip and Maul,
A Magazine of History,
A Prizer of good Company
In manners pleasant and severe
The Good him lov'd, the bad did fear,
And when his time with years was spent
If some rejoyc'd, more did lament.*



AN EPITAPH

On my dear and ever honoured Mother

Mrs. Dorothy Dudley,

Who deceased Decemb. 27. 1643. and of her age, 61:

• Here lyes;

A worthy Matron of unspotted life,
 A loving Mother and obedient wife,
 A friendly Neighbor, pitiful to poor,
 Whom oft she fed, and clothed with her store;
 To Servants wisely awful, but yet kind,
 And as they did, so they reward did find:
 A true Instructor of her Family,
 The which she order'd with dexterity.
 The publick meetings ever did frequent,
 And in her Closet constant hours she spent;
 Religious in all her words and wayes,
 Preparing still for death, till end of dayes:
 Of all her Children, Children, liv'd to see,
 Then dying, left a blessed memory.

Contemplations.

CONTEMPLATIONS.

Some time now past in the Autumnal Tide,
 When *Phaon* wanted but one hour to bed,
 The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
 Where gilded o're by his rich golden head.
 Their leaves & fruits seem'd painted, but was true
 Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew,
 Rapt were my senses at this delectable view.

2
 I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought I,
 If so much excellence abide below;
 How excellent is he that dwells on high?
 Whose power and beauty by his works we know.
 Sure he is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,
 That hath this under-world so richly dight:
 More Heaven than Earth was here, no winter & no
 (night.)

3
 Then on a stately Oak I cast mine Eye,
 Whose ruffling top the Clouds seem'd to aspire;
 How long since thou wast in thine Infancy?
 Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admiring
 Hath hundred winters past since thou wast borne
 Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn,
 If so, all these as nought, Eternity doth scorn.

4 The

Then higher on the glistering Sun I gaz'd,
 Whose beams was shaded by the leavie Tree,
 The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,
 And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
 Soul of this world, this Univerfes Eye,
 No wonder, some made thee a Deity:
 Had I not better known, (alas) the same had I.

Thou as a Bridegroom from thy Chamber comes,
 And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,
 The morn doth usher thee, with smiles & blushes,
 The Earth reflects her glances in thy face.
 Birds insects, Animals with Vegative,
 Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive:
 And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

Thy swift Annual, and diurnal Course,
 Thy daily streight, and yearly oblique path,
 Thy pleasing fervor, and thy scorching force,
 All mortals here the feeling knowledg hath
 Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night,
 Quaternal Seasons caused by thy might:
 Hail Creature, full of sweetness, beauty & delight.

Art thou so full of glory, that no Eye
 Hath strength, thy shining Rayes once to behold?
 And is thy splendid Throne erect so high?
 As to approach it, can no earthly mould.
 How full of glory then must thy Creator be?
 Who gave this bright light luster unto thee:
 Admir'd, ador'd for ever, be that Majesty.

Silent alone, where none or saw, or heard,
 In pathless paths I lead my wandering feet,
 My humble Eyes to lofty Skyes I rear'd
 To sing some Song, my mazed Muse thought meet.
 My great Creator I would magnifie,
 That nature had, thus decked liberally :
 But Ah, and Ah, again, my imbecility!

9

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
 The black clad Cricket, bear a second part,
 They kept one tune, and plaid on the same string.
 Seeming to glory in their little Art.
 Shall Creatures abject, thus their voices raise ?
 And in their kind resound their makers praise :
 Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no higher layes.

10

When present times look back to Ages past,
 And men in being fancy those are dead,
 It makes things gone perpetually to last.
 And calls back moneths and years that long since
 It makes a man more aged in conceit, (fled
 Then was *Methuselah*, or's grand-fire great :
 While of their persons & their acts his mind doth

11

(treat.

Sometimes in *Eden* fair, he seems to be,
 Sees glorious *Adam* there made Lord of all,
 Fancies the Apple, dangle on the Tree,
 That turn'd his Sovereign to a naked thral.
 Who like a miscreant's driven from that place,
 To get his bread with pain, and sweat of face:
 A penalty impos'd on his backsliding Race.

12 Here

Here sits our Grandame in retired place,
 And in her lap, her bloody *Cain* new born;
 The weeping Imp oft looks her in the face,
 Bemoans his unknown hap, and fate forlorn;
 His Mother sighs, to think of Paradise,
 And how she lost her bliss, to be more wise,
 Believing him that was, and is, Father of lyes.

Here *Cain* and *Abel* come to sacrifice,
 Fruits of the Earth; and Fatlings each do bring,
 On *Abels* gift the fire descends from Skies,
 But no such sign on false *Cain's* offering;
 With sullen hateful looks he goes his wayes.
 Hath thousand thoughts to end his brothers dayes,
 Upon whose blood his future good he hopes to raise

There *Abel* keeps his sheep, no ill he thinks,
 His brother comes, then acts his fratricide,
 The Virgin Earth, of blood her first draught drinks
 But since that time she often hath been cloy'd;
 The wretch with gasty face and dreadful mind,
 Thinks each he sees will serve him in his kind,
 Though none on Earth but kindred bear, then could

(he find.

Who fancies not his looks now at the Barr,
 His face like death, his heart with horror fraught,
 Nor Male-factor ever felt like warr,
 When deep despair, with wish of life hath sought,
 Branded with guilt, and crusht with treble woes,
 A Vagabond to Land of *Nod* he goes
 A City builds, that wals might him secure from foes.

Who thinks not oft upon the Father's ages.
 Their long descent how nephews sons they saw,
 The starry observations of those Sages,
 And how their precepts to their sons were law,
 How Adam sigh'd to see his Progeny,
 Cloath'd all in his black sinfull Livery, (fly:
 Who neither guilt, nor yet the punishment could

17

Our Life compare we with their length of dayes
 Who to the tenth of theirs doth now arrive?
 And though thus short, we shorten many wayes,
 Living so little while we are alive;
 In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight
 So unawares comes on perpetual night,
 And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight:

18

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,
 And then the earth (though old) stil clad in green,
 The stones and trees, insensible of time,
 Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;
 If winter come and greeness then do fade,
 A Spring returns, and they more youthfull made,
 But Man grows old, lies down, remains where once

20

(he's laid,

By birth more noble then those creatures all,
 Yet seems by nature and by custome curs'd,
 No sooner born, but grief and care makes fall
 That state obliterate he had at first:
 Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again
 Nor habitations long their names retain,
 But in oblivion to the final day remain,

P

Shall

Shall I then praise the heavens the trees, the earth
 Because their beauty and their strength last longer
 Shall I wish there, or never to had birth,
 Because they're bigger, & their bodies stronger?
 Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade and dye,
 And when unmade, so ever shall they lye,
 But man was made for endless immortality.

21

Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm
 Close sate I by a goodly Rivers side,
 Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;
 A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd.
 I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
 Now thought the rivers did the trees excel.
 And if the sun would ever shine, there would I

22

(dwell

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye:
 Which to the long'd for Ocean held its course,
 I markt, nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lye
 Could hinder ought, but still augment its force:
 O happy Flood, quoth I, that holds thy race
 Till thou arrive at thy beloved place.
 Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace

23

Nor is't enough, that thou alone may'st slide,
 But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do meet,
 So hand in hand along with thee they glide
 To *Thetis* house, where all imbrace and greet:
 Thou Emblem true, of what I count the best,
 O could I lead my Rivolets to rest,
 So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye

Ye Fish which in this liquid Region 'bide,
 That for each season, have your habitation,
 Now salt, now fresh where you think best to glide
 To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
 In Lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry,
 So nature taught and yet you know not why,
 You wary folk that know not your felicity.

25

Look how the wantons frisk to tast the air,
 Then to the colder bottome streight they dive,
 Eftsoon to *Niptrun's* glassie Hall repair
 To see what trade they great ones there doe drive,
 Who forrage o're the spacious sea-green field,
 And take the trembling prey before it yield,
 Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins

26

(their shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
 And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
 The sweet-tongu'd Philomel percht ore my head,
 And chanted forth a most melodious strain
 Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
 I judg'd my hearing better then my sight,
 And wish't me wings with her a while to take my

28

(flight.

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares,
 That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,
 Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares
 To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm
 Thy cloaths ne're wear, thy meat is every where.
 Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer, (fear
 Reminds not what is past, nor whats to come dost

P 2

The

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
 Sets hundred notes unto thy scattered crew,
 So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
 And warbling out the old begin anew,
 And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
 Then follow thee into a better Region,
 where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion

29

Man at the best a creature frail and vain,
 In knowledg ignorant, in strength but weak,
 Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,
 Each storm his state, his mind, his body break,
 From some of these he never finds cessation,
 But day or night, within, without, vexation,
 Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest,

30

(near'st Relation

And yet this finfull creature, frail and vain,
 This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
 This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,
 Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow,
 Nor all his losses, crosses and vexation,
 In weight, in frequency and long duration.
 Can make him deeply groan for that divine Tran-

31

(station

The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,
 Sings merrily, and steers his Barque with ease,
 As if he had command of wind and tide,
 And now become great Master of the seas;
 But suddenly a storm spoiles all the sport.
 And makes him long for a more quiet port.
 Which'gainst all adverse winds may serve for sort.

So

So he that faileth in this world of pleasure,
 Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th' sowre,
 That's full of friends, of honour and of treasure,
 Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heav'n's bow
 But sad affliction comes & makes him see (cr.
 Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety;
 Only above is found all with security.

33.

O Time the fatal wrack of mortal things,
 That draws oblivions curtains over kings,
 Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not;
 Their names without a Record are forgot. (dust
 Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th'
 Nor wit nor gold, nor buildings scape times rust;
 But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone
 Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

The Flesh and the Spirit.

I N secret place where once I stood
 I Close by the Banks of *Lacrim* flood
 I heard two sisters reason on
 Things that are past, and things to come;
 One flesh was call'd, who had her eye
 On worldly wealth and vanity;
 The other Spirit, who did rear
 Her thoughts unto a higher sphere:
 Sister, quoth Flesh, what liv'st thou on
 Nothing but Meditation?

Both

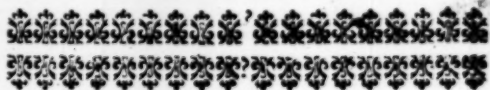
Doth Contemplation feed thee so
 Regardlessly to let earth goe ?
 Can Speculation satisfy
 Notion without Reality ?
 Dost dream of things beyond the Moon
 And dost thou hope to dwell there soon ?
 Hast treasures there laid up in store
 That all in th' world thou count'st but poor ?
 Art fancy sick, or turn'd a Sot
 To catch at shadowes which are not ?
 Come, come, Ile shew unto thy sence,
 Industry hath its recompence.
 What canst desire, but thou maist see
 True substance in variety ?
 Dost honour like ? acquire the same,
 As some to their immortal fame :
 And trophyes to thy name erect
 Which wearing time shall ne re deject.
 For riches dost thou long full fore ?
 Behold enough of precious store.
 Earth hath more silver, pearls and gold,
 Then eyes can see, or hands can hold.
 Affe^c's thou pleasure ? take thy fill,
 Earth hath enough of what you will.
 Then let not goe, what thou maist find,
 For things unknown, only in mind.
Spir. Be still thou unregenerate part;
 Disturb no more my settled heart,
 For I have vow'd, (and so will doe)
 Thee as a see, still to pursue.

And combat with thee will and must,
Untill I see thee laid in th' dust.
Sisters we are, yet twins we be,
Yet deadly feud 'twixt thee and me;
For from one father are we not,
Thou by old Adam wast begot,
But my arise is from above.
Whence my dear father I do love.
Thou speakst me fair, but hatst me sore;
Thy flatt'ring shews Ile trust no more.
How oft thy slave, hast thou me made,
when I believ'd, what thou hast said,
And never had more cause of woe
Then when I did what thou bad'st doe.
Ile stop mine ears at these thy charms,
And count them for my deadly harms.
Thy sinfull pleasures I doe hate,
Thy riches are to me no bait,
Thine honours doe, nor will I love;
For my ambition lyes above.
My greatest honour it shall be
When I am victor over thee,
And triumph shall, with laurel head,
When thou my Captive shalt be led,
How I do live, thou needst not scoff,
For I have meat thou know'st not off,
The hidden Manna I doe eat,
The word of life it is my meat.
My thoughts do yield me more content
Then can thy hours in pleasure spent.

Nor are they shadows which I catch,
Nor fancies vain at which I snatch,
But reach at things that are so high,
Beyond thy dull Capacity;
Eternal substance I do see,
With which enriched I would be :
Mine Eye doth pierce the heavens, and see
What is invisible to thee.
My garments are not silk nor gold,
Nor such like trash which Earth doth hold,
But Royal Robes I shall have on,
More glorious then the glistering Sun;
My Crown not Diamonds, Pearls, and gold,
But such as Angels heads infold.
The City where I hope to dwell,
There's none on Earth can parallel ;
The stately Walls both high and strong,
Are made of pretious *jasper* stone ;
The Gates of Pearl, both rich and clear,
And Angels are for Porters there ;
The Streets thereof transparent gold,
Such as no Eye did e're behold,
A Chrystal River there doth run,
Which doth proceed from the Lambs Throne :
Of Life, there are the waters sure,
Which shall remain for ever pure,
Nor Sun, nor Moon, they have no need,
For glory doth from God proceed :
No Candle there, nor yet Torch light,
For there shall be no darksome night.

From

From ſickneſſes and infirmity,
For evermore they ſhall be free,
Nor withering age ſhall e're come there,
But beauty ſhall be bright and clear ;
This City pure is not for thee,
For things unclean there ſhall not be :
If I of Heaven may have my fill,
Take thou the world, and all that will.

*The Vanity of all worldly things.*

A She ſaid vanity, ſo vain ſay I,
Oh ! vanity, O vain all under Sky ;
Where is the man can ſay, lo I have found
On brittle Earth a Conſolation ſound ?
What is't in honour to be ſet on high ?
No, they like Beaſts and Sons of men ſhall dye :
And whil'ſt they live, how oft doth turn their iare,
He's now a captive, that was King of iare.
What is't in wealth, great Treasures to obtain ?
No that's hut labour, anxious care and pain,
He heaps up riches, and he heaps up torrow,
It's his to day, but who's his heir to morrow ?
What then ? Content in pleaſures canſt thou find,
More vain then all, that's but to graſp the wind.
The ſenſual ſenſes for a time they pleaſe.
Mean while the conſcience rage, who ſhall appeaſe ?
What

What is't in beauty? No that's but a snare,
 They're foul enough to day, that once were fair.
 What is't in flowring youth, or manly age?
 The first is prone to vice, the last to rage.
 Where is it then, in wisdom, learning arts?
 Sure if on earth, it must be in those parts:
 Yet these the wisest man of men did find
 But vanity, vexation of mind.
 And he that knowes the most, doth still bemoan
 He knows not all that here is to be known.
 What is it then, to doe as *Stoicks* tell,
 Nor laugh, nor weep, let things go ill or well.
 Such *Stoicks* are but Stocks such teaching vain,
 While man is man, he shall have ease or pain,
 If not in honour beauty, age nor treasure,
 Nor yet in learning wisdom youth nor pleasure,
 Where shall I climb, sound, seek search or find
 That *Summum Bonum* which may stay my mind?
 There is a path, no vultures eye hath seen,
 Where Lion fierce, nor lions whelps have been,
 Which leads unto that living Crystal Fount,
 Who drinks thereof, the world doth nought account
 The depth & sea have said tis not in me, (count
 With pearl and gold, it shall not valued be.
 For Saphire, Onix, Topaz who would change:
 Its hid from eyes of men, they count it strange.
 Death and destruction the same hath heard,
 But where & what it is, from heaven's declar'd,
 It brings to honour, which shall ne're decay,
 It stores with wealth which time can't wear away.

It yieldeth pleasures far beyond conceit,
And truly beautifies without deceit, (fade
Nor strength, nor wisdom nor fresh youth shall
Nor death shall see, but are immortal made.
This pearl of price, this tree of life, this spring
Who is possessed of, shall reign a King.
Nor change of state, nor cares shall ever see,
But wear his crown unto eternity.
This satiates the Soul, this stayes the mind,
And all the rest, but Vanity we find.

F I N I S



The Author to her Book.

THou ill-form'd offspring of my feeble brain,
 Who after birth did'st by my side remain,
 Till snatcht from thence by friends, less wise then
 Who thee abroad, expos'd to publick view, (true
 Ma'le thee in raggs, halting to th' preſs to trudge,
 Where errors were not leſſened (all may judge)
 At thy return my bluſhing was not ſmall,
 My rambling brat (in print) ſhould mother call,
 I caſt thee by as one unfit for light,
 Thy Viſage was ſo irkſome in my ſight ;
 Yet being mine own, at length affection would
 Thy blemiſhes amend, if ſo I could :
 I waſh'd thy face, but more defects I ſaw,
 And rubbing off a ſpot, ſtill made a flaw.
 I ſtretcht thy joynts to make thee even feet,
 Yet ſtill thou run'ſt more hobling then is meet ;
 In better dreſs to trim thee was my mind,
 But nought ſave home-ſpun Cloth, i'th' houſe I find
 In this array, 'mongſt Vulgars mayſt thou roam
 In Criticks hands, beware thou doſt not come ;
 And take thy way where yet thou art not known,
 If for thy Father aſkt, ſay, thou haſt none :
 And for thy Mother ſhe alas is poor,
 Which cauſ'd her thus to ſend thee out of door.

Several other Poems made by the Author upon
 Diverse Occasions, were found among her Papers
 after her Death, which she never meant should
 come to publick view, amongst which, these
 following (at the desire of some friends
 that knew her well) are here inserted

Upon a Fit of Sicknefs, Anno. 1632.
Ætatis sue, 19.

TWice ten years old, not fully told
 Since nature gave me breath,
 My race is run, my thread is spun,
 lo here is fatal Death.
 All men must dye, and so must I
 this cannot be revok'd
 For Adams sake, this word God spake
 when he so high provok'd.
 Yet live I shall, this life's but small,
 in place of highest bliss,
 Where I shall have all I can crave,
 no life is like to this.
 For what's this life, but care and strife?
 since first we came from womb,
 Our strength doth waste, our time doth hast,
 and then we go to th' Tomb.

O bubble

O Bubble blast, how long can'st last?
 that alwayes art a breaking,
 No sooner blown, but dead and gone,
 ev'n as a word that's speaking.
 O whil'st I live this grace me give,
 I doing good may be.
 Then death's arrest I shall count best,
 because it's thy decree;
 Bestow much cost there's nothing lost,
 to make Salvation sure,
 O great's the gain, though got with pain,
 comes by profession pure.
 The race is run, the field is won,
 the victory's mine I see,
 For ever know, thou envious foe,
 the soyle belongs to thee.

Upon some distemper of body.

In anguish of my heart repleat with woes,
 And wasting pains, which best my body knows,
 In tossing slumbers on my wakeful bed,
 Bedrencht with tears that flow'd from mournful
 Till nature had exhausted all her store, (head
 Then eyes lay dry, disabled to weep more;
 And looking up unto his Throne on high,
 Who sendeth help to those in misery;
 He chac'd away those clouds, and let me see
 My Anchor cast i'th' vale with safety.
 He eas'd my Soul of woe, my flesh of pain,
 And brought me to the shore from troubled Main;
 Before

Before the Birth of one of her Children.

All things within this fading world hath end,
 Adversity doth still our joyes attend;
 No eyes so strong no friends so dear and sweet,
 But with deaths parting blow is sure to meet.
 The sentence past is most irrevocable,
 A common thing, yet oh inevitable,
 How soon, my Dear, death may my steps attend.
 How soon't may be thy Lot to lose thy friend,
 We both are ignorant, yet love bids me
 These farewell lines to recommend to thee,
 That when that knot sunty d that made us one,
 I may seem thine, who in effect am none.
 And if I see not half my dayes that's due,
 What nature would, God grant to yours and you;
 The many faults that well you know I have,
 Let be interr'd in my oblivions grave,
 If any worth or virtue were in me,
 Let that live freshly in thy memory
 And when thou feel'st no grief, as I no harm,
 Yet love thy dead, who long lay in thine arms:
 And when thy loss shall be repaid with gains
 Look to my little babes my dear remains.
 And if thou love thy self, or loved'st me
 These O protect from step Dames injury.
 And if chance to thine eyes shall bring this verse,
 With some sad sighs honour my absent Herse;
 And kiss this paper for thy loves dear sake,
 Who with salt tears this last Farewel did take.

A. B.

To my Dear and loving Husband.

IF ever two were one, then surely we.
 If ever man were lov'd by wife, then thee;
 If ever wife was happy in a man,
 Compare with me ye women if you can.
 I prize thy love more then whole Mines of gold,
 Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
 My love is such that Rivers cannot quench,
 Nor ought but love from thee, give recompence.
 Thy love is such I can no way repay,
 The heavens reward thee manifold I pray.
 Then while we live, in love lets so persevere,
 That when we live no more, we may live ever.

*A Letter to her Husband, absent upon
 Publick employment.*

My head, my heart, mine Eyes, my life, nay more,
My joy, my Magazine of earthly store,
If two be one, as surely thou and I,
How stayest thou there, whilst I at Ipswich lye?
So many steps, head from the heart to sever
If but a neck, soon should we be together:
I like the earth this season, mourn in black,
My Sun is gone so far in's Zodiack,
Whom whilst I joy'd, nor storms, nor frosts I felt,
His warmth such frigid colds did cause to melt.
My chilled limbs now nummed lye forlorn;
Return, return sweet Sol from Capricorn;

In this dead time, alas, what can I more (bore?
 Then view those fruits which through thy heat I
 Which sweet contentment yield me for a space,
 True living Pictures of their Fathers face.
 O strange effect! now thou art *Southward* gone,
 I weary grow, the tedious day so long;
 But when thou *Northward* to me shalt return,
 I wish my Sun may never set, but burn
 Within the Cancer of my glowing breast,
 The welcome house of him my dearest guest.
 Where ever, ever stay, and go not thence,
 Till natures sad decree shall call thee thence;
 Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,
 Here, thou there, yet both but one.

A. B.

Another.

Phaëus make haste, the day's too long, he gone,
 The silent night's the fittest time for moan;
 But stay this once, unto my suit give ear,
 And tell my griefs in either Hemisphere:
 (And if the whirling of thy wheels don't drown'd)
 The woful accents of my doleful sound,
 If in thy swift Carrier thou canst make stay,
 I crave this boon, this Errand by the way.
 Commend me to the man more lov'd then life,
 Shew him the sorrows of his widdowed wife;
 My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my brackish tears
 My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubting fears,
 And if he love, how can he there abide?
 My Interest's more then all the world beside.

Q

He

He that can tell the starrs or Ocean sand,
Or all the grasse that in the Meads do stand,
The leaves in th' woods, the hail or drops of rain,
Or in a corn-field number every grain.
Or every mote that in the sun-shine hops,
May count my sighs, and number all my drops:
Tell him, the countless steps that thou dost trace,
That once a day, thy Spouse thou mayst embrace;
And when thou canst not treat by loving mouth,
Thy rayes afar, salute her from the south.
But for one moneth I see no day (poor soul)
Like those far situate under the pole,
Which day by day long wait for thy arise,
O how they joy when thou dost light the skyes.
O *Phaëus*, hadst thou but thus long from thine
Restrain'd the beams of thy beloved shine,
At thy return, if so thou could'st or durst
Behold a Chaos blacker then the first.
Tell him here's worse then a confused matter,
His little world's a fathom under water,
Nought but the fervor of his ardent beams
Hath power to dry the torrent of these streams.
Tell him I would say more, but cannot well,
Oppressed minds, abruptest tales do tell.
Now post with double speed, mark what I say,
By all our loves conjure him not to stay.

Another.

Another.

As loving Hind that (Hartle's) wants her Deer,
Scuds through the woods and Fern with harkming
Perplext, in every bush & nook doth pry, (car,
Her dearest Deer, might answer ear or eye;
So doth my anxious soul, which now doth miss,
A dearer Dear (far dearer Heart) then this.
Still wait with doubts, & hopes, and failing eye,
His voice to hear, or person to discern.
Or as the pensive Dove doth all alone
(On withered bough) most uncouthly bemoan
The absence of her Love, and loving Mate,
Whose loss hath made her so unfortunate:
Ev'n thus doe I, with many a deep sad groan
Bewail my turtle true, who now is gone,
His presence and his safe return, still woos,
With thousand dolefull sighs & mournfull Coos.
Or as the loving Mullet, that true Fish,
Her fellow lost, nor joy nor life do wish,
But lanches on that shore, there for to dye,
Where she her captive husband doth espy.
Mine being gone, I lead a joyless life,
I have a loving phere, yet seem no wife:
But worst of all, to him can't steer my course,
I here, he there, alas, both kept by force:
Return my Dear, my joy, my only Love,
Unto thy Hinde, thy Mullet and thy Dove,
Who neither joyes in pasture, house nor streams,
The substance gone, O me, these are but dreams.

Together at one Tree, oh let us brouze,
 And like two Turtles roost within one house,
 And like the Mulletts in one River glide,
 Let's still remain but one, till death divide.

{ *Thy loving Love and Dearest Dear,*
 { *At home, abroad, and every where.*

A. B.

To her Father with some verses.

MOst truly honoured, and as truly dear,
 If worth in me, or ought I do appear,
 Who can of right better demand the same?
 Then may your worthy self from whom it came.
 The principle might yield a greater sum,
 Yet handled ill, amounts but to this crum;
 My stock's so small, I know not how to pay,
 My Bond remains in force unto this day;
 Yet for part payment take this simple mite.
 Where nothing's to be had Kings loose their right
 Such is my debt, I may not say forgive,
 But as I can, I'll pay it while I live:
 Such is my bond, none can discharge but I,
 Yet paying is not payd until I dye.

A. B.



In reference to her Children, 23. June, 1656.

I Had eight birds hatcht in one nest,
 Four Cocks there were, and Hens the rest,
 I nurst them up with pain and care,
 Nor cost, nor labour did I spare,
 Till at the last they felt their wing.
 Mounted the Trees, and learn'd to sing;
 Chief of the Brood then took his flight,
 To Regions far and left me quite:
 My mournful chirps I after send,
 Till he return, or I do end,
 Leave not thy nest, thy Dam and Sire,
 Fly back and sing amidst this Quire.
 My second bird did take her flight,
 And with her mate flew out of sight:
 Southward they both their courie did bend,
 And Seasons twain they there did spend:
 Till after blown by Southern gales,
 They Norward steer'd with filled sayles.
 A prettier bird was no where seen,
 Along the Beach among the treen.
 I have a third of colour white,
 On whom I plac'd no small delight;
 Coupled with mate loving and true,
 Hath also bid her Dam adieu:
 And where Aurora first appears,
 She now hath perch't, to spend her years;

One to the Academy flew
To chat among that learned crew :
Ambition moves still in his breast
That he might chant above the rest,
Striving for more then to do well,
That nightingales he might excell.
My fifth, whose down is yet scarce gone
Is 'mongst the shrubs and bushes flown,
And as his wings increase in strength,
On higher boughs he'l pearch at length.
My other three, still with me nest,
Untill they'r grown, then as the rest,
Or here or there, they'l take their flight,
As is ordain'd, so shall they light.
If birds could weep, then would my tears
Let others know what are my fears
Lest this my brood some harm should catch,
And be surpriz'd for want of watch,
Whilst pecking corn, and void of care
They fall un'wares in Fowlers snare :
Or whilst on trees they sit and sing,
Some untoward boy at them do sling:
Or whilst allur'd with bell and glasse,
The net be spread, and caught, alas.
Or least by Lime twigs they be soyl'd,
Or by some greedy hawks be spoyl'd.
O would my young, ye saw my breast,
And knew what thoughts there sadly rest,
Great was my pain when I you bred,
Great was my care, when I you fed,

Long did I keep you soft and warm,
An with my wings kept off all harm,
My cares are more, and fears then ever,
My throbs such now, as 'fore were never :
Alas my birds, you wisdom want,
Of perils you are ignorant,
Of times in grass, on trees, in flight,
Sore accidents on you may light.
O to your safety have an eye,
So happy may you live and die :
Mean while my dayes in tunes Ile spend,
Till my weak layes with me shall end.
In shady woods I'll sit and sing,
And things that past, to mind I'll bring.
Once young and pleasant, as are you,
But former toyes (no joyes) adieu.
My age I will not once lament,
But sing, my time so near is spent.
And from the top bough take my flight,
Into a country beyond sight,
Where old ones, instantly grow young,
And there with Seraphims set song :
No seasons cold, nor storms they see;
But spring lasts to eternity,
When each of you shall in your nest
Among your young ones take your rest,
In chirping language, oft them tell,
You had a Dam that lov'd you well,
That did what could be done for young,
And nurs't you up till you were strong,

And fore she once would let you fly,
 She shew'd you joy and misery;
 Taught what was good, and what was ill,
 What would save life, and what would kill?
 Thus gone, amongst you I may live,
 And dead, yet speak, and counsel give:
 Farewel my birds, farewel adieu,
 I happy am, if well with you.

A.B.

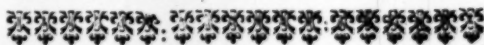
*In memory of my dear grand-child Elizabeth
 Bradstreet, who deceased August, 1605.
 being a year and half old.*

Farewel dear babe, my hearts too much content,
 Farewel sweet babe, the pleasure of mine eye,
 Farewel fair flower that for a space was lent,
 Then ta'en away unto Eternity.
 Blest babe why should I once bewail thy fate,
 Or sigh the dayes so soon were terminate;
 Sith thou art settled in an Everlasting state.

2.

By nature Trees do rot when they are grown.
 And Plumbs and Apples throughly ripe do fall,
 And Corn and grasse are in their season mown,
 And time brings down what is both strong and tall,
 But plants new set to be eradicate,
 And buds new blown, to have so short a date,
 Is by his hand alone that guides nature and fate.

L



In memory of my dear grand child

Anne Bradstreet.

*Who deceased June 20. 1669. being three years and
seven Moneths old.*

With troubled heart & trembling hand I write;
The Heavens have chang'd to sorrow my de-
How oft with disappointment have I met, light.
When I on fading things my hopes have set?
Experience might 'fore this have made me wise,
To value things according to their price:
Was ever stable joy yet found below?
Or perfect bliss without mixture of woe.
I knew she was but as a withering flower,
That's here to day, perhaps gone in an hour;
Like as a bubble, or the brittle glass,
Or like a shadow turning as it was.
More fool then I to look on that was lent,
As if mine own, when thus impermanent.
Farewel dear child, thou ne re shall come to me,
But yet a while, and I shall go to thee;
Mean time my throbbing heart's chear'd up with
Thou with thy Saviour art in endless bliss. (this

*On my dear Grand-child Simon Bradstreet,
Who dyed on 16. Novemb. 1669. being but
a moneth, and one day old.*

No sooner come, but gone, and fal'n asleep,
Acquaintance short, yet parting caus'd us weep,
Three flours, two scarcely blown, the last i'th' bud,
Cropt by th' Almightyes hand; yet is he good,
With dreadful awe before him let's be mute,
Such was his will, but why, let's not dispute,
With humble hearts and mouths put in the dust,
Let's say he's mercifull as well as just.
He will return, and make up all our losses,
And smile again, after our bitter crosses.
Go pretty babe go rest with Sisters twain
Among the blest in endless joyes remain.

A.B.

*To the memory of my dear Daughter in Law,
Mrs. Mercy Bradstreet, who deceased Sept. 6.
1669. in the 28. year of her Age.*

And live I still to see Relations gone,
And yet survive to sound this wailing tone;
Ah, woe is me, to write thy Funeral Song,
Who might in reason yet have lived long,
I saw the branches lopt the Tree now fall;
I stood so nigh, it crusht me down withal;
My bruised heart lies sobbing at the Root,
That thou dear Son hath lost both Tree and fruit.
Thou then on Seas sailing to forreign Coast;
Was ignorant what riches thou hadst lost.

But

But ah too soon those heavy tydings fly,
To strike thee with amazing misery ;
Oh how I sympathize with thy sad heart,
And in thy griefs still bear a second part :
I lost a daughter dear, but thou a wife,
Who lov'd thee more (it seem'd) then her own life.
Thou being gone, she longer could not be,
Because her Soul she'd sent along with thee.
One week she only past in pain and woe,
And then her sorrows all at once did go ;
A Babe she left before, she soar'd above,
The fifth and last pledg of her dying love,
E're nature would, it hither did arrive,
No wonder it no longer did survive.
So with her Children four, she's now at rest,
All freed from grief (I trust) among the blest ;
She one hath left, a joy to thee and me,
The Heavens vouchsafe she may so ever be.
Chear up (dear Son) thy fainting bleeding heart,
In him alone, that caused all this smart ;
What though thy strokes full sad & grievous be,
He knows it is the best for thee and me.

*A. B.**A. B.*



A Funeral Elogy,

*Upon that Pattern and Patron of Virtue, the
truely pious, peerless & matchless Gentlewoman*

Mrs. Anne Bradstreet,

right Panaretos,

*Mirror of Her Age, Glory of her Sex, whose
Heaven-born-Soul leaving its earthly Shrine,
chose its native home, and was taken to its*

Rest, upon 16th. Sept. 1672.

ASk not why hearts turn Magazines of passions,
And why that grief is clad in sev'ral fashions;
Why She on progress goes, and doth not borrow
The smallest respite from th'extreams of sorrow,
Her misery is got to such an height,
As makes the earth groan to support its weight,
Such storms of woe, so strongly have beset her,
She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better;
Her comfort is, if any for her be,
That none can shew more cause of grief then she.
Ask not why some in mournfull black are clad;
The Sun is set, there needs must be a shade.
Ask not why every face a sadness throwdes;
The setting Sun ore-cast us hath with Clouds.

Ask

Ask not why the great glory of the Skye
That gilds the starrs with heavenly Alchamy,
Which all the world doth lighten with his rayes,
The *Persian* God the Monarch of the dayes;
Ask not the reason of his extasie,
Palenefs of late, in midnoon Majesty,
Why that the palefac'd Empress of the night
Disrob'd her brother of his glorious light.
Did not the language of the starrs foretel
A mournfull Scene when they with tears did swell?
Did not the glorious people of the Skye
Seem sensible of future misery?
Did not the lowring heavens seem to express
The worlds great losse, and their unhappiness?
Behold how tears flow from the learned hill,
How the bereaved Nine do daily fill
The bosome of the fleeting Air with groans,
And wofull Accents, which witness their moanes.
How doe the Goddesses of verse the learned quire
Lament their rival Quill, which all admire?
Could *Mars*'s Muse but hear her lively strain,
He would condemn his works to fire again.
Methinks I hear the Patron of the Spring,
The unshorn Diety abruptly sing.
Some doe for anguish weep, for anger I
That Ignorance should live, and Art should die.
Black, fatal, dismal, inauspicious day,
Unblest for ever by *Sol*'s precious Ray,
Be it the first of Miseries to all;
Or last of Life, defam'd for Funeral.

When

When this day yearly comes, let every one,
Cast in their urne, the black and dismal stone.
Succeeding years as they their circuit goe,
Leap o're this day, as a sad time of woe.
Farewell my Muse, since thou hast left thy shrine,
I am unblest in one, but blest in nine.
Fair *Thespian* Ladies, light your torches all,
Attend your glory to its Funeral,
To court her ashes with a learned tear,
A briny sacrifice. let not a smile appear.
Grave Matron, who so seeks to blazon thee,
Needs not make use of witts false Heraldry;
Who so should give thee all thy worth would swell
So high, as 'twould turn the world infidel.
Had he great *Maro's* Muse, or *Tully's* tongue,
Or raping numbers like the *Thracian* Song,
In crowning of her merits he would be
sumptuously poor, low in Hyperbole.
To write is easie but to write on thee,
Truth would be thought to forfeit modesty.
He'l seem a Poet that shall speak but true;
Hyperbole's in others, are thy due.
Like a most servile flatterer he will show
Though he write truth, and make the subject, You.
Virtue ne're dies, time will a Poet raise
Born under better Starrs, shall sing thy praise.
Praise her who list, yet he shall be a debtor
For Art ne're feign'd, nor Nature fram'd a better.
Her virtues were so great, that they do raise
A work to trouble same, astonish praise.

When

When as her Name doth but salute the ear,
Men think that they perfections abstract hear.
Her breast was a brave Pallace, a *Broad-street*,
Where all heroick ample thoughts did meet,
Where nature such a Tenement had tane,
That others souls, to hers, dwelt in a lane.
Beneath her feet, pale envy bites her chain,
And poison Malice whetts her sting in vain.
Let every Laurel, every Myrtel bough
Be stript for leaves t'adorn and load her brow.
Victorious wreathes, which 'cause they never fade
Wife elder times for Kings and Poets made.
Let not her happy memory e're lack
Its worth in Fames eternal Almanack, (plore,
Which none shall read, but straight their loss de-
And blame their Fates they were not born before.
Do not old men rejoyce their Fates did last,
And infants too, that theirs did make such hast,
In such a welcome time to bring them forth,
That they might be a witness to her worth.
Who undertakes this subiect to commend
Shall nothing find so hard as how to end.

Finis & non. John Norton.

Omnia Romanz fiant: Miracula Gentis.